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OF ANY
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MAGAZINE

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MIRROR

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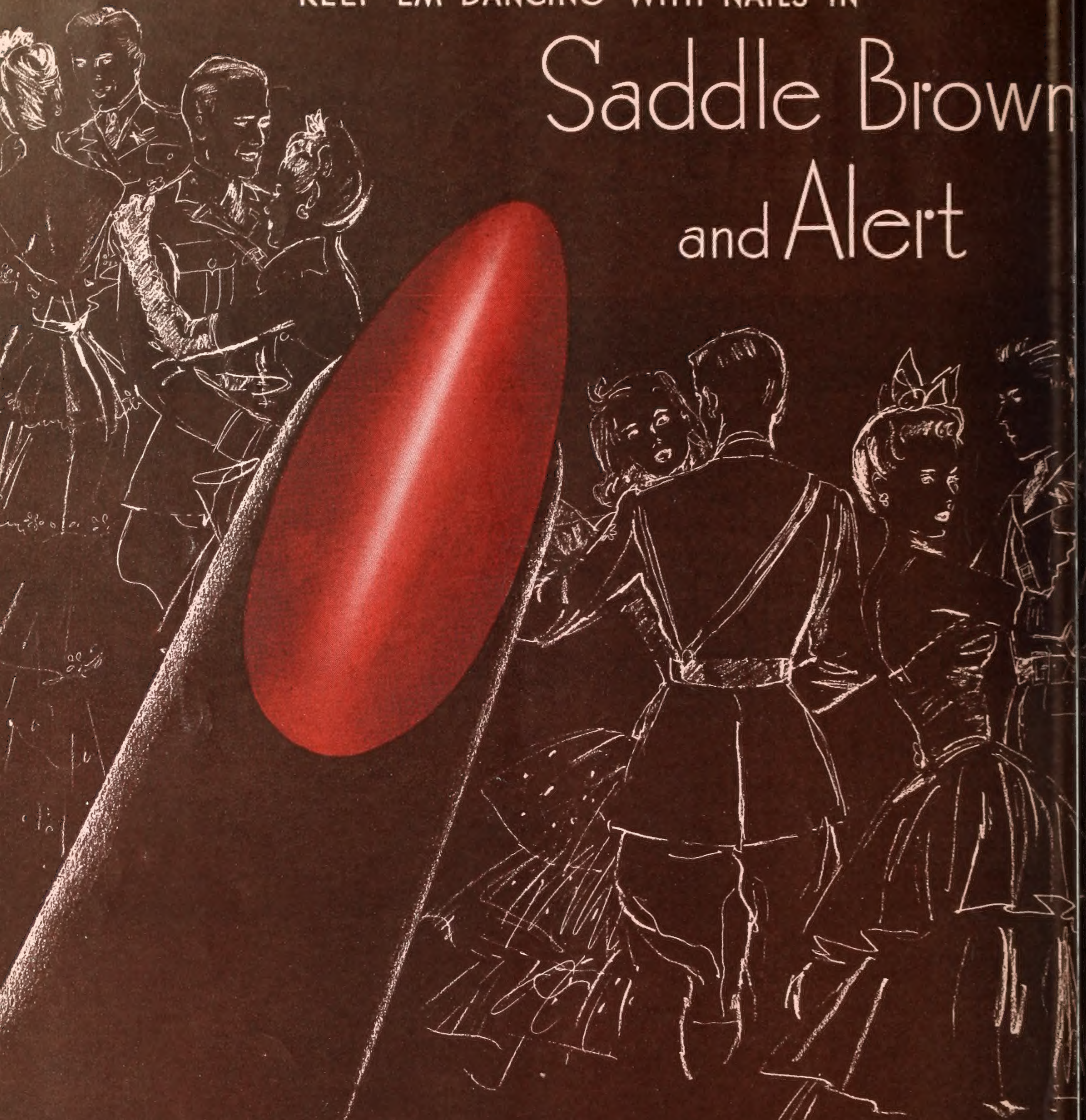


ANN SHERIDAN
BY PAUL HESS

2 GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS IN HOLLYWOOD by Hedda Hopper

KEEP 'EM DANCING-WITH NAILS IN

Saddle Brown and Alert

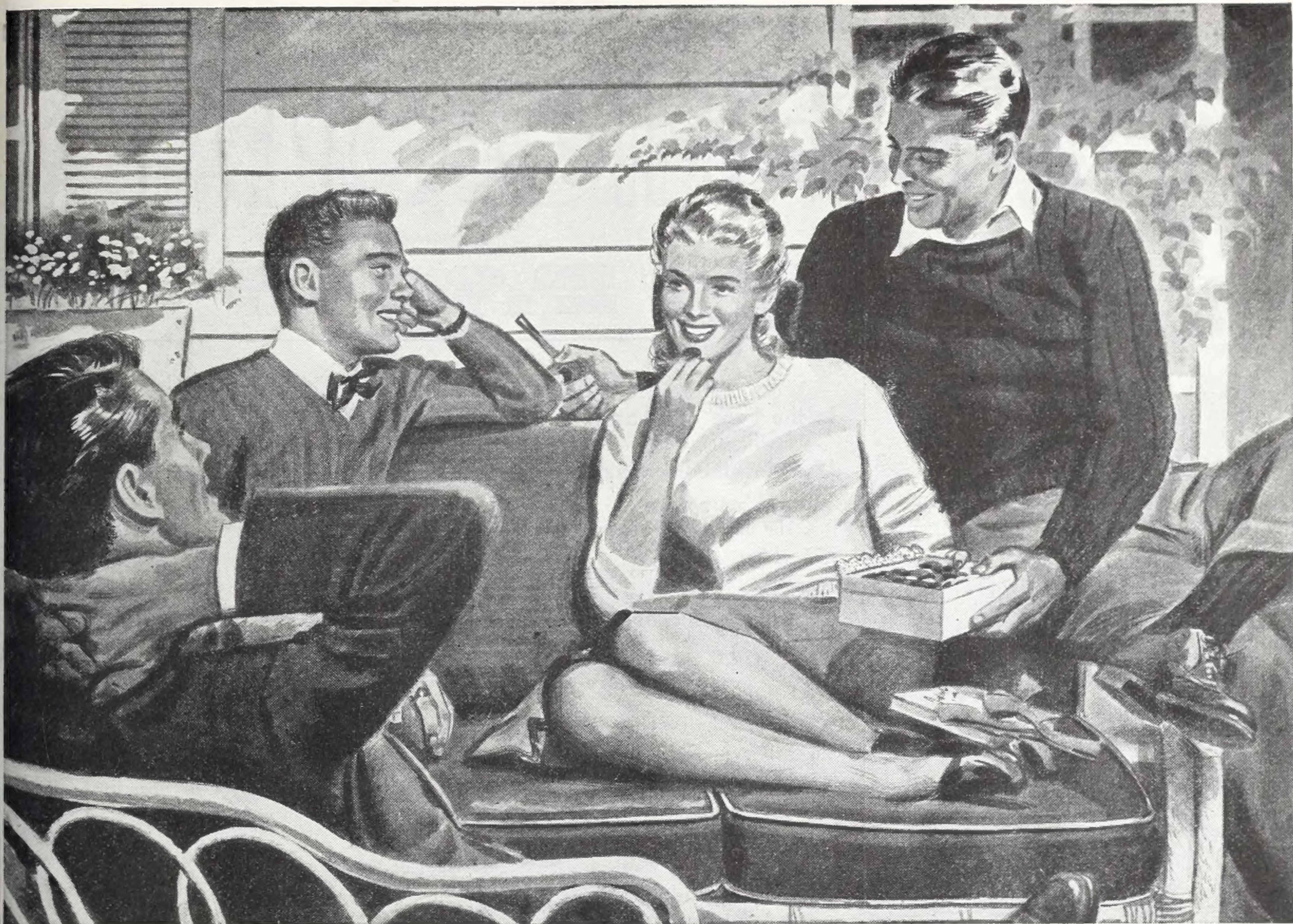


Hearts should be gay, laughter lighthearted—and you should be looking your charming best when you date with men in the Service! You will, in these spring shades by Cutex. SADDLE BROWN—gallant red-brown . . . a particular compliment to your dashing young cavalryman! ALERT—captivating, merry rose-red . . . to keep the memory of your dear hands burning bright! Wear them gaily and—keep 'em dancing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

Newest Shades by CUTEX





Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

You'll "star" in your own crowd—if your Smile is right!

For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep yours sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

THUMBS UP, plain girl! You don't need beauty to make your dreams come true.

You can win what you want in life, *if your smile is right*. You can be popular, successful—a star on the stage of your own special world.

But your smile must have *magnetic appeal*. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. It must be big, warm-hearted, winning!

For that kind of a smile you must have bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *gums that are healthy, gums that keep their firmness*.

**Never take chances with
"pink tooth brush"**

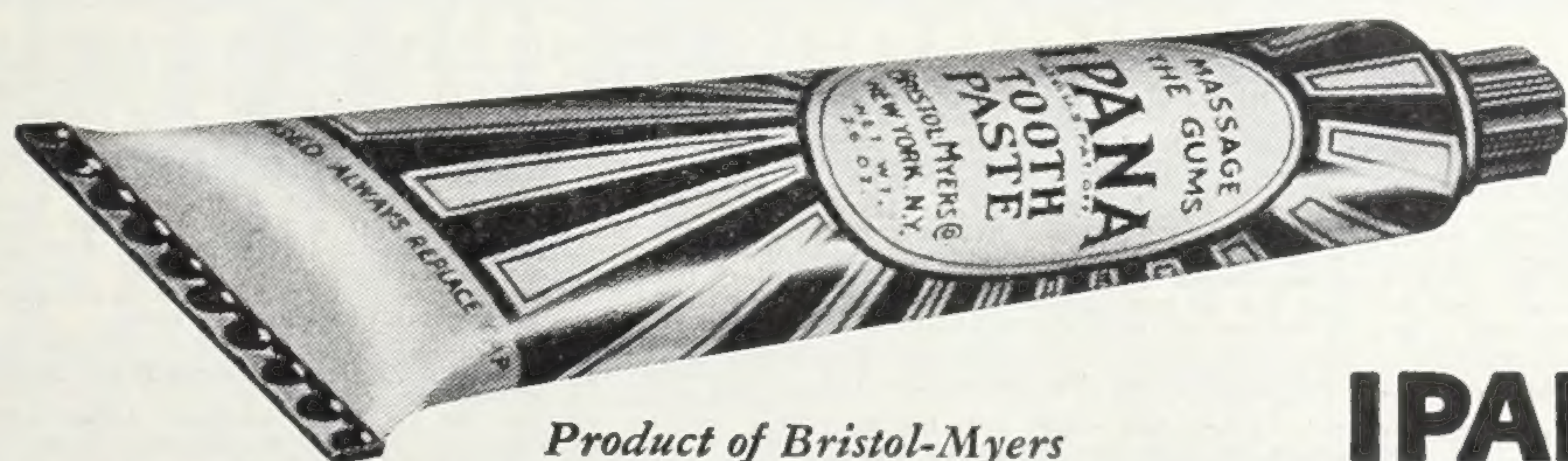
So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!* He may tell you your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists,

he'll probably suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your druggist today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

THE
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!"

This was John Milton's idea of the glad-
some month.

Leo's idea is bounteous, too,
In bringing "Tortilla Flat" to you!

Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling
novel. A more mirthful group of folk
than dwell, and love, and gambol in the
place called Tortilla Flat you never
did see.



There are new laurels to pin on Spencer
Tracy as *Pilon*—an authority on those
three essentials of the gay life—Wine,
Women and Song!

There's Hedy Lamarr, as Dolores. They
call her "Sweets". You'll soon see why.

There's John Garfield, as Danny, who
inherited two houses and a watch. But
his eye for an attractive female was his
own to begin with.

Others? Lots of them, and all good.
Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Donald
Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Henry O'Neill.
A veritable galaxy. The director? A fel-
low named Fleming. Victor Fleming.
Maybe you've heard of some of his
many pictures—"Gone With The
Wind", for instance. "Captains Coura-
geous" too. A capable chap, you'll
agree. Screen play by John Lee Mahin
and Benjamin Glazer.



On the horizon also
is Leo's speedy
musical "Ship
Ahoy". Coming to
you in a breeze on
waves of laughter
with a cargo of stars
and songs and
swing-tunes and
saucy sirens. The
sirens are ship-shape.

Salutes to the care-
free crew: Eleanor
Powell, Red Skelton, Bert (Stage-Star)
Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and the justly-fa-
mous Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

Ahoy there Director Eddie Buzzell and
screen play writer Harry Clork for a
see-worthy entertainment.

To "Tortilla Flat" and
"Ship Ahoy" Leo gaily
tips his Spring bonnet.

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

**MOVIE
MIRROR**

HELEN GILMORE
Editor

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COVER: Ann Sheridan, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
EDMUND DAVENPORT, Art Director

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**GANGWAY! HERE COMES M-G-M's
CARGO OF MUSICAL FUN!**

ELEANOR

**POWELL
"Red" SKELTON**



"SHIP AHOY!"

On waves of laughter comes a boat-load of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. Eleanor Powell taps her way to new breath-taking heights. Red Skelton never funnier with riotous Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien and a screenful of melody by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Ship Ahoy! Oh, Boy!



with **BERT LAHR • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN**
and **TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA**

Screen Play by Harry Clork
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

The Dorsey Dervishes send you aquiver with "Last Call For Love", "Poor You", "I'll Take Tallulah" and other hits.

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Up-to-the-minute example of an old Hollywood case is Van Heflin's getting the male lead in "Tulip Time"



Who'd ever connect Sonja Henie with a headache? Some people in Hollywood do



Man in new demand is Herbert Marshall; the "why" isn't hard to figure out

BY RUTH WATERBURY

It isn't hard for Hollywood to figure out today why personalities like Herbert Marshall and Jack Holt are "coming back" . . . that's because the younger men have already gone or soon will be gone to the war . . . and even though it may seem a bit silly for Jack Holt to be making screen love to Gene Tierney, perhaps it may be just as well for the young girls of America to realize they may have to make these romantic compromises, too. . . .

Hollywood takes the fact that Van Heflin rather than Robert Sterling will be in "Tulip Time" as merely one of those cases where a certain actor got "hot at the box office" . . . as Heflin has . . . and thereby forces the less established actor out of a role. . . .

Hollywood smiles mockingly or romantically, depending upon its mood of the moment, over the fact that Dolores del Rio has a new career due to her having fallen in love with Orson Welles and he with her. . . .

Hollywood looks at talented actresses like Frances Farmer and Miriam Hopkins, around taking whatever roles they can get and instantly knows the answer . . . these girls are paying the price of uncontrolled temperament. . . .

Ah, yes, the insiders of Hollywood know all these things . . . but what is baffling them right now is why three

personalities who were supposed to be "through" are distinctly nothing of the sort. . . .

These disturbing people are George Sanders, Hedy Lamarr, and Sonja Henie and actually the Hollywood insiders would like to wring all three of their beautiful necks . . . the only obstacle being if they did they'd wring themselves out of several million dollars . . . and nobody ever gets that emotional in Hollywood. . . .

Consider, first, the annoying case of Mr. George Sanders (for more personal details, see page 36) . . . the chief trouble with Mr. Sanders is that he is a fine actor, a great personality and a completely unfettered soul who doesn't scare worth a cent and who won't stay buried. . . .

Don't think Hollywood didn't try to bury him . . . for what other reason would an actor like that be and stay in a series of "B's" like the "Saint" series? . . . sometimes a fine actor is discovered in a quickie . . . there was Mr. Clark Gable in "The Painted Desert" and Mr. Robert Taylor in "Society Doctor" . . . but when a good actor stays in quickies, there's a reason, pals, and a good, strong political reason it is, too. . . .

When Mr. Sanders first arrived in Hollywood he had the notion that all he was supposed to do was to act when before a camera . . . a couple of powers-that-be started to set him

right . . . he was told the things he was supposed to do when off screen, as well as on, so what did Mr. Sanders do then . . . he did as he pleased . . . he got put in the "Saint" series by way of disciplining him . . . he continued to do as he pleased . . . he got cast for a row of such heavies as would have killed most performers . . . the difficulty there was that he made the heavies so attractive he usually took the audience's attention away from the heroes, who seemed very colorless by contrast. . . .

They exposed Mr. Sanders to a couple of interviewers . . . and Mr. Sanders got a very bad press, which he distinctly deserved, as he didn't bother to be polite . . . that bad press could have slaughtered a lesser player . . . but it didn't slaughter Mr. Sanders . . . not at all . . . he went right on . . . now, at last, he has a real leading role . . . a meaty, romantic though rather cruel role in Somerset Maugham's greatest story "The Moon And Sixpence" . . .

The answer to his popularity? The indestructible acting ability of Mr. Sanders and the simple, pleasant fact that the public loves good acting and will go to see it. . . .

The public wants beauty, too, and will pay for that regardless . . . and beauty and glamour indestructible are what Hedy Lamarr possesses. . . .

Don't think (Continued on page 75)

BARBARA STANWYCK says:

*"There's a woman like me
in every great man's life!"*

... living in the
shadows, taking my
romance when the
world isn't looking!"

BARBARA STANWYCK
gives the greatest
performance of her
entire career!

BRIDE OF THE STORM!

DAUGHTER OF DISASTER!

QUEEN OF THE
GAMBLING
HALLS!

BARBARA
STANWYCK AND JOEL
McCREA

in

"THE Great Man's Lady"

DONLEVY

with BRIAN

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. RIVER
Original Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and Seena Owen • Based on a Short
Story by Vina Delmar • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Howl-of-the-month film: Bob Hope and Madeleine Carroll in "My Favorite Blonde"



"Magnificent" is the word for it: Sabu and Rosemary DeCamp in "Jungle Book"

✓✓ My Favorite Blonde (Paramount)

It's About: A vaudevillian who becomes involved with a British secret service agent.

BOB HOPE turns in his best acting to date in this farcical howl that has Madeleine Carroll a beautiful British agent attempting to deliver a code message to Los Angeles and poor Bob the dope who goes along for the ride.

Bob, a vaudevillian, co-stars with a roller-skating penguin that is due in Hollywood for pictures. Madeleine, pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge in Bob's dressing room the night he departs for Hollywood and accompanies him West, thinking to throw her pursuers off the track. When things get too thick, Madeleine pins the beetle bearing the code message under Bob's coat lapel, whereupon he, innocent of it all, becomes the victim of Nazis Gale Sondergaard, George Zucco and Lionel Royce.

And oh, yes, the sight of Bing Crosby in a mere bit part only adds to the audience's delight.

How people will love this; how walls will ring with laughter! It makes us happy just to write about it.

Your Reviewer Says: The howl of the month.

The Best Pictures of the Month

My Favorite Blonde

The Male Animal

Jungle Book

To The Shores Of Tripoli

The Great Man's Lady

The Gold Rush

Best Performances

Bob Hope in "My Favorite Blonde"

Percy the Penguin in "My Favorite Blonde"

Jack Carson in "The Male Animal"

Henry Fonda in "The Male Animal"

Barbara Stanwyck in "The Great Man's Lady"

"The Little Fellow" in "The Gold Rush"

✓✓ Jungle Book (Korda-U.A.)

It's About: Men's greed amidst the jungle's ever-lurking dangers.

A PAGEANTRY of sound, color and primitive beauty comes to life on the screen in Alexander Korda's Technicolor production of Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." Sabu, the young Indian lad, plays the boy raised by a wolf pack. Wise to the ways of the jungle, he is friends with all beasts except the tiger, his enemy, who finally forces him into a small village governed by Joseph Calleia. Here Rosemary DeCamp, his real mother, cares for the wolf boy, takes him into her home and accustoms him to the ways of man. But when Calleia and greedy men of the village learn the wild boy guards the secret of the hidden treasure they turn against him, driving him back to the jungle.

Magnificent beasts prowling amidst the lush scenes of the jungle, the magnificent lost palaces and the tremendous fire scenes contribute grandeur and beauty to entertainment that is different, novel and delightfully fantastic.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty and beasts in rare setting.

(Continued on page 96)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 101

sister against sister!

Love made them hate — each other!

THE MEN IN



THEIR LIVES

BETTE SAYS:
"What I want I
go after — and
I get it!"

OLIVIA SAYS:
"I'm going to be
hard — just as
hard as she is!"

A sensational novel
throbs to life! The cast is
one of WARNER BROS.
best — the picture is one
of Warner Bros.' biggest!

BETTE DAVIS • OLIVIA de HAVILLAND • GEO. BRENT • DENNIS MORGAN
in
"In This Our Life"

CHARLES COBURN • FRANK CRAVEN • BILLIE BURKE • Directed by John Huston Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the
Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



A before-the-curtain-goes-up premiere parley between Dottie Lamour and Paulette Goddard



A "between you and me and the lamp post" conversation at the Brown Derby—the Don Ameches



Nothing to listen to here; but something to look at. Mary Martin wears a new dress at Ciro's; husband Halliday helps show it off

TEN Facts About Ten Personalities: Lana Turner is attending a Los Angeles Charm School.

Cary Grant will become an American citizen any day now.

Quit kidding! Jack Benny paid \$350,000 in income taxes.

Judy Garland is now down to ninety-eight pounds and has her studio frantic with concern over her health.

Greer Garson is Hollywood's choice for Number One Lady of Charm.

George Raft sponsors a sports car-

nival that travels from camp to camp, putting on fights for the boys.

Carole Landis has had her name changed through the courts from Frances Ridste to Carole Landis.

Victor McLaglen is the only man in the U. S. A. who can present Uncle Sam with a private army of light-horse cavalry men and women.

Rosalind Russell will adjust her picture activities so she can spend as much time as possible near her husband Fred Brisson in camp.

Claire Trevor and husband Clark Andrews are having a trial separation

Hollywood Goes Mexican: Viva Mexico! Here comes Hollywood's beauty, glamour and talent, stars, writers, producers and their wives to entertain the thousands of Mexican soldiers in camp at Ensenada.

Joel McCrea and his beautiful wife Frances Dee, Jimmy Cagney and his two brothers, Mary Martin, who killed the lads with (Continued on page 10)

Good Catch, Marion— but can you Catch a Man?



Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

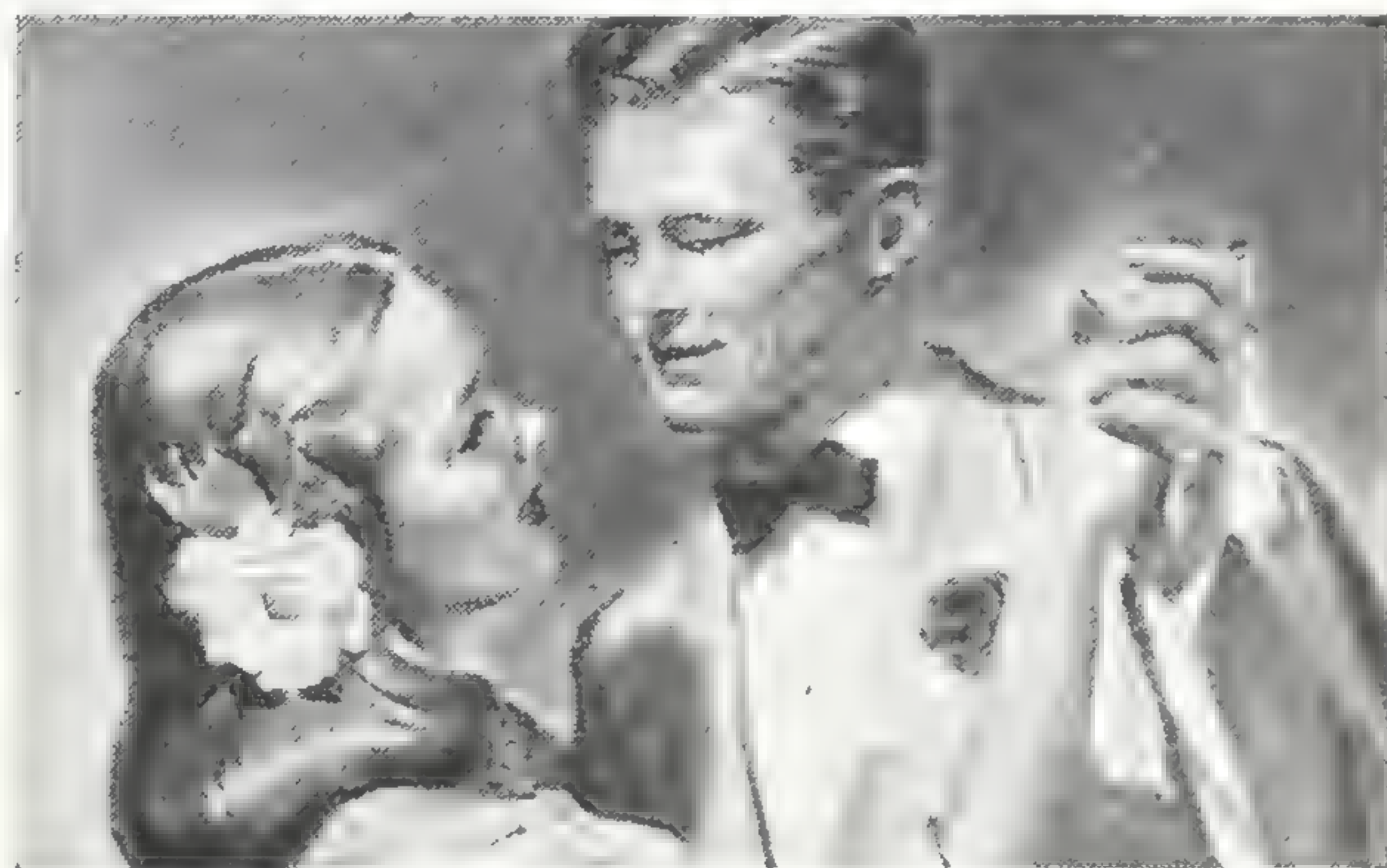
Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!



Refresh up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something more to prevent risk of underarm odor!



Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can trust Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. Mum won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your drug-gist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.



MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Making merry in Mexico are Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea, part of the star contingent that put on an Ensenada show for the Mexican Army. Grins by America's Colonel Rayner and Mexico's Commander Leon



Mary Martin looks pretty; the Mexican Navy looks admiring. Show was termed "a good-will tribute to our sister republic"



Hand-some picture of Lupe Velez, now a blonde, being introduced by Mexico's Clark Gable, Arturo de Cordova

Stop-off at San Diego is used for fast legwork by Dick Powell, wife Joan Blondell and energetic J. Cagney

(Continued from page 8) her song, "Do It Again," Joan Bennett and producer husband Walter Wanger were on the "among those present" list. The boys cheered Joan Blondell's blonde beauty and husband Dick Powell's singing; Lupe Velez's and Desi Arnaz's Spanish songs, the antics of golden-haired Lucille Ball and Martha O'Driscoll. The soldier seniors went mad over Jinx Falkenburg, Laurel and Hardy, Mexico's favorite comics, Ann Miller's legs and the dozens of other attractions that were a part of the "Yanks Are Coming" program.

Mexican officers acted as hosts to the stars, whom the boys from Mexico will never forget. Viva Hollywood, says Cal.

Who Threw That: It was bound to happen. A crash of glass broke the Sunday quiet of Brentwood. Presently, up the walk of the Tyrone Power home came a tall sheepish man with a

baseball bat. He was met at the door by a maid with a baseball. "I told you this was going to happen, Mr. Cooper," said the maid. The tall man scratched his head and looked at the hole in the window.

"Didn't think I could hit it this far," he said.

"That's the second time," said the maid. "The other Sunday, when Mr. and Mrs. Power were having breakfast, it came right into the patio and almost hit Mr. Power on the head."

"I know. I apologized to Mr. and Mrs. Power . . . Uh . . ."

"Why don't you knock it off over (Continued on page 12)





...and in a little while she'll be sitting there—ALONE

"S the same old story . . . men ask to meet her, then wish they hadn't. The dance, one close-up, and her glamour begins to fade. She knows it too, but she doesn't know why.

The world is full of women like that—women who might be more popular, happily married, but for one thing* which unfortunately they may not expect.

Halitosis (bad breath) is the offense unforgivable. If you ever came face to face with this condition, you can readily understand why it might be the death

warrant for Romance.

Since you, yourself, can offend without realizing it, and since your best friends won't tell you, you should take the easy, delightful precaution that so many really nice people insist on. Simply use Listerine Antiseptic every night and every morning, and between times before social or business engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant immediately makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases

of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation produces.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be welcome at parties, never, *never* omit Listerine. It's a most important part of your toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER



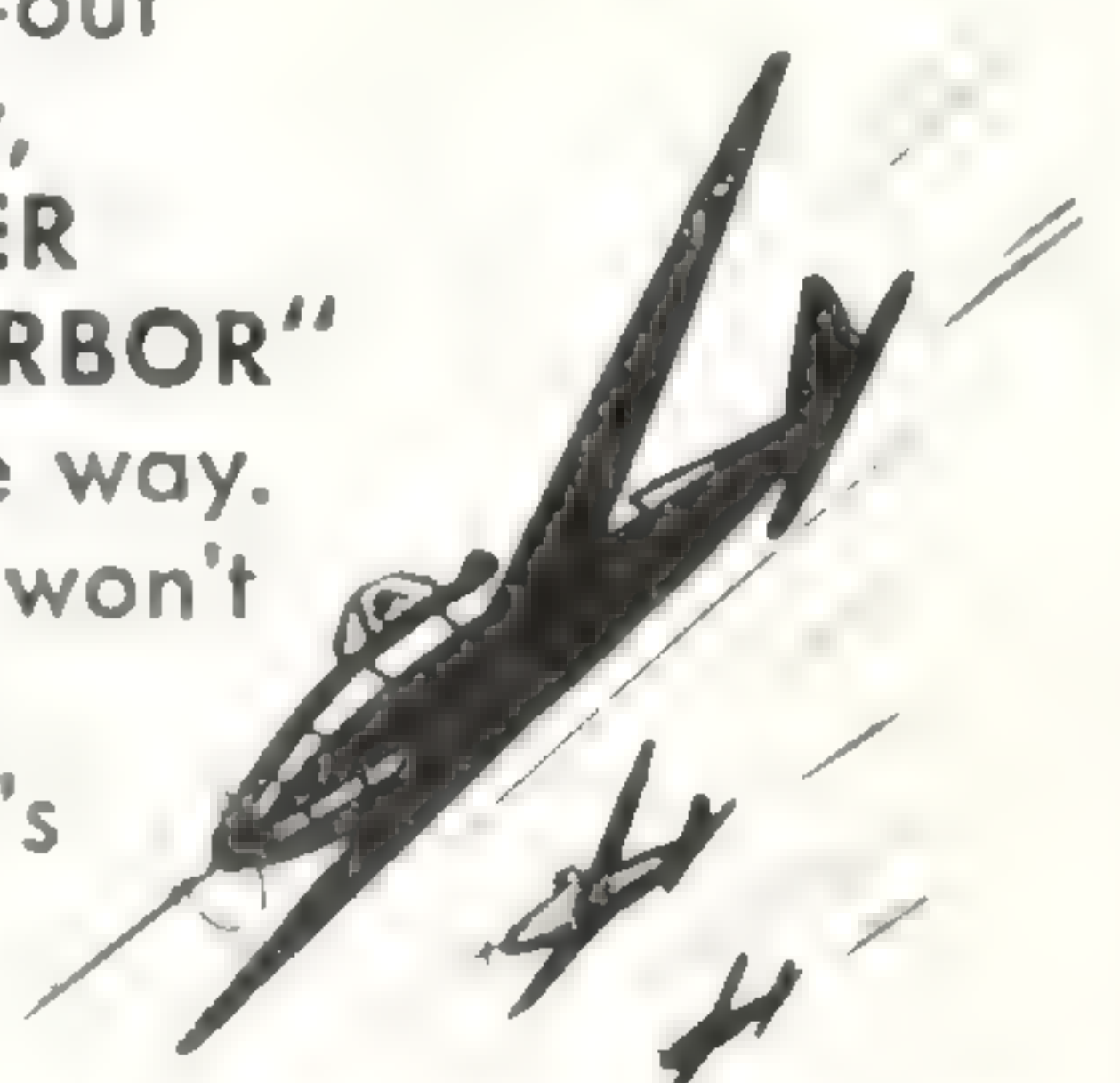
YOUR BREATH

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

SALUTING OUR HEROES WITH A BIG PICTURE

EVER since THE DASTARDLY ATTACK of LAST DEC. 7th, AMERICA has BEEN waiting FOR a picture LIKE "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR." Now REPUBLIC brings it to YOU! Combining a STIRRING salute to OUR valiant armed FORCES with an EXCITING STORY of ACTION and ROMANCE, "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR" WILL thrill you FROM start to FINISH. HEADING the IMPRESSIVE CAST are DONALD M. BARRY, FAY MCKENZIE, and ALAN CURTIS, with SIG RUMANN, RHYS WILLIAMS, IAN KEITH, and DIANA DEL RIO. Every patriotic AMERICAN will enjoy "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"—enjoy IT as a tribute TO the heroes OF our country, AND enjoy IT as a DRAMATIC STORY played BY an exciting CAST. With our WHOLE nation GOING all-out FOR victory, "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR" POINTS the way. HIROHITO won't LIKE it, but YOU will. It's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

CALYORK'S Inside Stuff

Breaking the Brown Derby bread together are Laraine Day and Roger Pryor, who separated from Ann Sothern



Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan to you) and his wife. For a Tarzan chuckle, see page 14

(Continued from page 10) in that direction, toward Jesse Lasky's house?" asked the maid.

"Reckon I'll have to," said the culprit. "And . . . uh . . . I'll pay for the window."

And Gary Cooper went back to his regular Sunday batting practice for the role of Lou Gehrig in "The Pride Of The Yankees."

Which reminds us. The other day we came upon Gary down at the Victory House (see page 76) in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, selling Defense Bonds. We paused to hear him talk. We're glad we did.

"This park has certain memories for me," he told the crowd after making his initial appeal to buy bonds. "It isn't so many years ago that I used to sit on a bench here, look up at the buildings and wonder which one of the offices I could walk into and make a sale."

"I was selling a variety of things in those days, trying to get enough money for carfare to and from Hollywood. I didn't have any idea of get-

ting into pictures as an actor, you understand, but a couple of my pals from Montana were doing all right riding the ponies in Westerns and figured I could pick up a few pennies at that.

"I sure never thought that I would ever attract a crowd in Pershing Square to see me!"

With that, he resumed his bond-buying appeal and broke the record. Good work, Gary. Keep it up.

Academy Awards Echoes: Although the Academy Award dinner is over and the Oscars given to Gary Cooper and Joan Fontaine have been admired echoes that will linger a long time perhaps with a lasting effect, still float about on California's balmy breezes.

It is true Miss Fontaine was so overcome as to be speechless and had almost to lean upon Ginger Rogers who presented the award, for courage. On the other hand, Olivia, who lost accompanied Lt. James Stewart and Burgess Meredith to a local night spot after the dinner and was so over-

come at having lost she had to be supported to the door for fresh air.

To neither girl should go criticism for her natural reactions. If the men couldn't take it, why should the girls be expected to? And certainly Gary Cooper's pitiful groping for words, his giggling and halting speech were more noticeable than Joan's feminine reaction. Yet everyone loved Gary Cooper for his lack of poise. He wouldn't be Coop otherwise.

Bob Taylor's consolation prize to wife Barbara Stanwyck, up for her role in "Ball Of Fire," was a beautiful gold bracelet. Jimmy Gleason, who felt keenly at having lost to Donald Crisp, gave his wife a gift, too.

"I knew you'd feel badly at my losing," he said, "so I brought you this present." It was three lumps of sugar from the Award dinner.

Jimmy Stewart's cry of "Aha, Gary Cooper!" when he opened the envelope with Gary's name, showed his happiness at his friend Coop's luck.

Wendell Willkie was the center of all eyes at the dinner and no wonder. Hollywood hasn't had so handsome a visitor in many a day. Gary Cooper, incidentally, referred to Mr. Willkie as "perhaps our next president" and Bob Hope declared his loyalty by displaying a monstrous Willkie button pinned under his coat lapel. It brought down the house when Bob flashed it from the platform.

No one laughed harder than Willkie.

Last-Minute Flashes: Cupid has at last caught up with Rudy Vallee, target for tonight's date. Rudy will marry pretty brunette Mary McBride, nine-

A "Fink Scoop" picture of a last-minute flash: Rudy Vallee and fiancée, nineteen-year-old Mary McBride



Enchant Him with New Beauty! go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

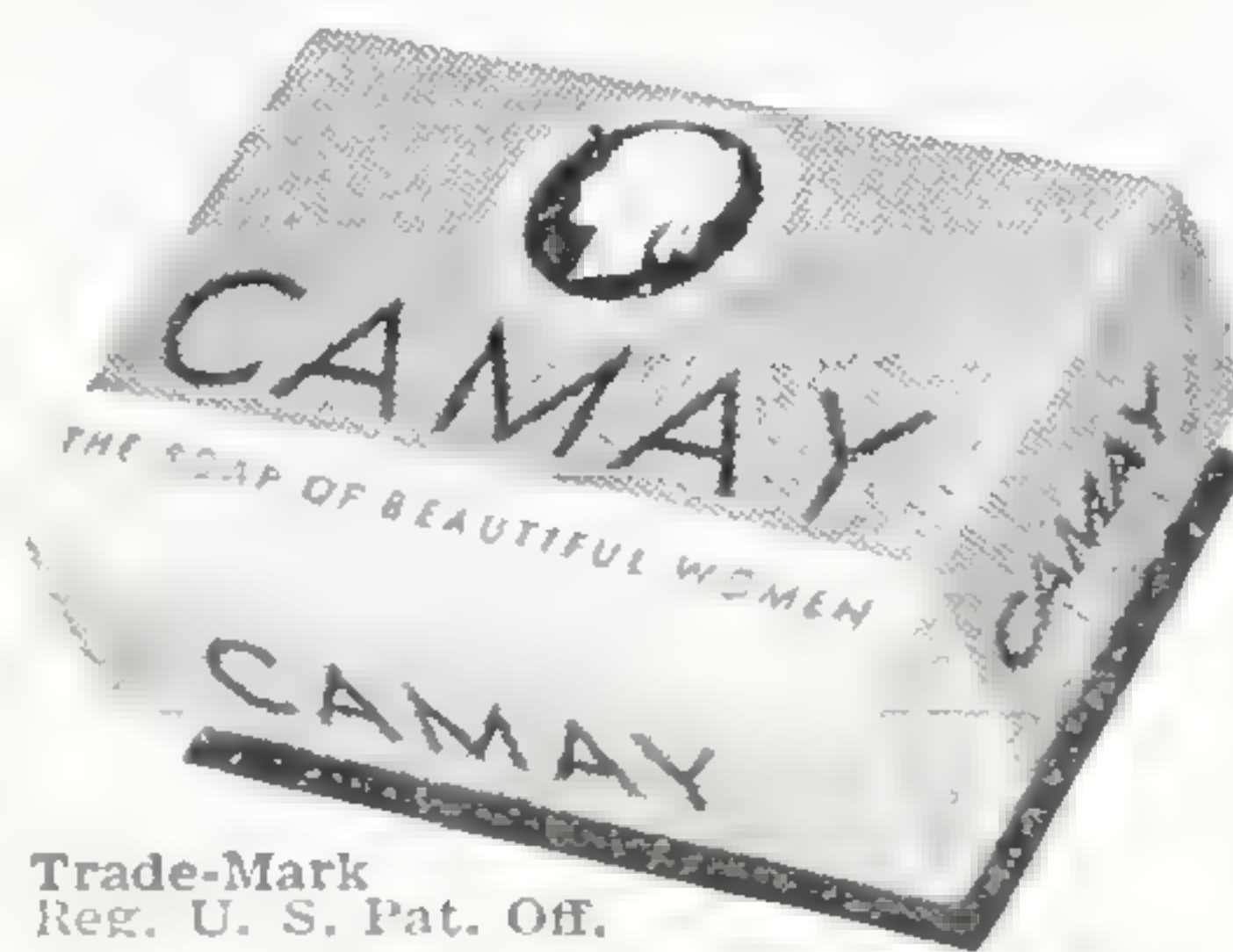


This lovely bride is Mrs. Angus G. Wynne, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, who says: "My complexion has a new lease on loveliness since I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Try this exciting beauty idea, based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

A SKIN radiantly fresh...exquisitely lovely! What man can resist it? With the help of Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet such a lovely skin may soon be yours.

Perhaps, without knowing it, you have been cleansing your skin improperly. Or have failed to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be. Then the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring thrilling new loveliness!



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just *mild*—it is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!...TONIGHT!"

Even one treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and thrillingly alive. But stay with Camay and this easy routine night and morning for at least 30 days. Within a very short while you should see an enchanting... exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



Below: Everybody lined up to look at Loretta Young who sported a new-type sequined braid evening coat. Escort is husband Tom Lewis

Photographers' plum at the "Reap The Wild Wind" premiere was Mrs. John Wayne who came bedecked in white fur wrap, flanked by John



Evelyn Ankers looks over the program, Richard Denning looks over Evelyn. Both like the view



teen-year-old student at U.C.L.A., according to the bride-to-be's mother. Rudy who is popular in Hollywood has everyone wishing him well.

Free French—Free American: Ladies and gentlemen, greet our newest American—Mr. Charles Boyer, who has taken his final oath of allegiance to these United States.

Emerging from the Federal Court, where he awaited his turn in a line of more than 500 seeking naturalization papers, the actor said feelingly:

"I love France and its culture and civilization. From them I feel I have acquired a rich heritage which I believe will inspire me in proving my

loyalty to my new country. I am deeply grateful that the United States has seen fit to honor me with citizenship."

Boyer has been taking a leading part in National Defense and is a leader on the Victory Committee.

These can be the kind of "times that try men's souls," especially those of our foreign-born Americans. Friends were talking of this the other day after the R.A.F. raid on Paris which resulted in so many Frenchmen's losing their lives and wondering about the secret thoughts of French-born Boyer and his English wife Pat Paterson.

English John Loder and his French

wife early in the conflict came to the parting of the ways over political views, but have since reconciled.

In a continental town such as this, with its many foreigners, it requires tact, understanding and love to live in peace and friendly communion.

May we always keep those qualities.

Our Chuckle Corner: We couldn't help but think that none is so awed by genius as the man who is in the same line of work. Take Red Skelton. He hung about among all the jostling fans at the entrance of the Westwood Village Theater after the "Gold Rush" preview in order to glimpse Charlie Chaplin and maybe ask for his autograph. And Red one of the fastest growing comics in Hollywood! . . .

Hollywood can't help but giggle over the plight of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, who left M-G-M and signed with Edward Small Productions to get away from the *Tarzan* epics. You've guessed it—the first Small assignment has Johnny and Maureen together again

and in another Tarzan picture. . . .

Hollywood loved the story, true or not, that went the rounds after its "attack." It seems General MacArthur, on learning of our air raid, cabled Washington: "If you can hold out for thirty days, we will send reinforcements."

The attendance of Leopold Stokowski in a little Pico Boulevard jive joint where only the most rabid of jitterbugs go and whose only Hollywood customers have been Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper has the whole town buzzing. What's more, Leopold remained three hours applauding the maddest of the dancers like fury. . . .

W. C. Fields claims his blood donation to the Red Cross turned out badly. All they could get from his veins was old rye and gin fizzes.

Cupid By Proxy: Joan Crawford, without meaning to, precipitated a romance between a man and woman she never met. It began when one of the syndicated columns carried a story that Joan would return to the "good old-fashioned kind of kissing" for her role in Columbia's "He Kissed The Bride."

One of her fans, Dorothy McClure of Davenport, Iowa, wrote a letter of protest against this type of role for the star and the letter was published. Subsequently, it was read by Donald Irvine of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Irvine wrote a letter to Miss McClure in which he took issue with her, claiming that Miss Crawford was at her best in romantic roles, even if they were a bit torrid. That started the ball rolling and the two young people soon were corresponding regularly. The star has received a wire which announced the engagement of Irvine and Miss McClure and retailed the story behind the engagement.

Now all Cal wants to know is how the good old-fashioned kind of kissing differ from the 1942 brand.

Joan definitely refuses to enlighten us. She says, "G'wan, you find out for yourself."

Tidbits: The Dennis Morgans, who have erroneously been reported as separated time and again, will welcome their third child. . . .

By the time you read this, Joan Montaine and Errol Flynn will have their final citizenship papers. Joan was born in Japan of British parents. Flynn is a native of Ireland. 'Tis said a tired heart may prevent Errol's entrance into Uncle Sam's forces. . . . Pola Negri, the dark and mysterious role who mourned so noisily for the late Rudolph Valentino, is back in Hollywood again, determined to play only heroine roles and not character roles. Well, why not? In compari-



**HOW MANY KISSES
IN A CAKE
OF SOAP?**

THAT DEPENDS, little lady, on whether you've discovered this amazing secret—that there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against offending . . . and that it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! "Double-protection" may mean double the number of kisses . . .



**UMMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS...
HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT
IS "DOUBLE
PROTECTION"?**

IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

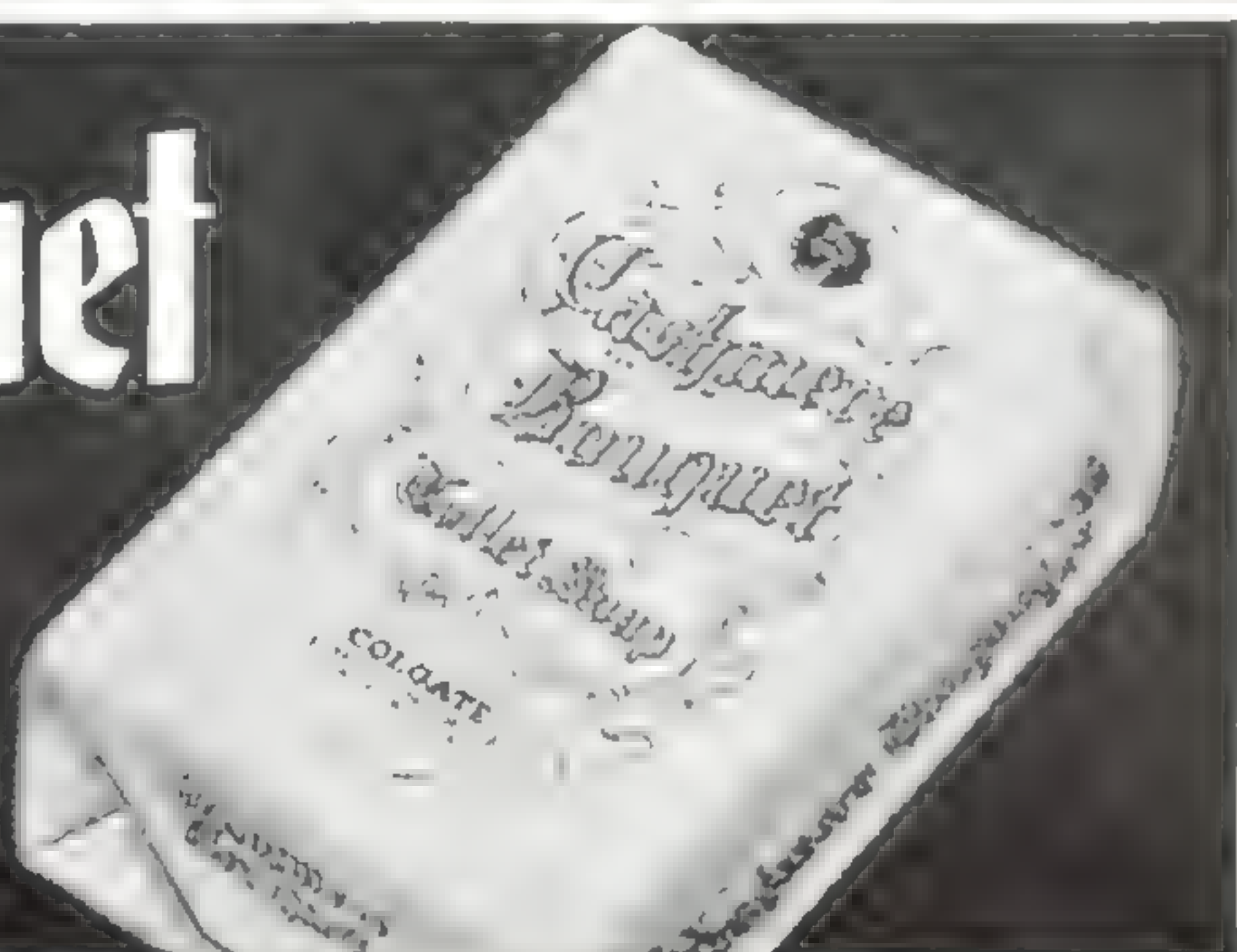


**THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND
HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL
THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY... YOU'LL
PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET**

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super-sensitive*, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfume soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

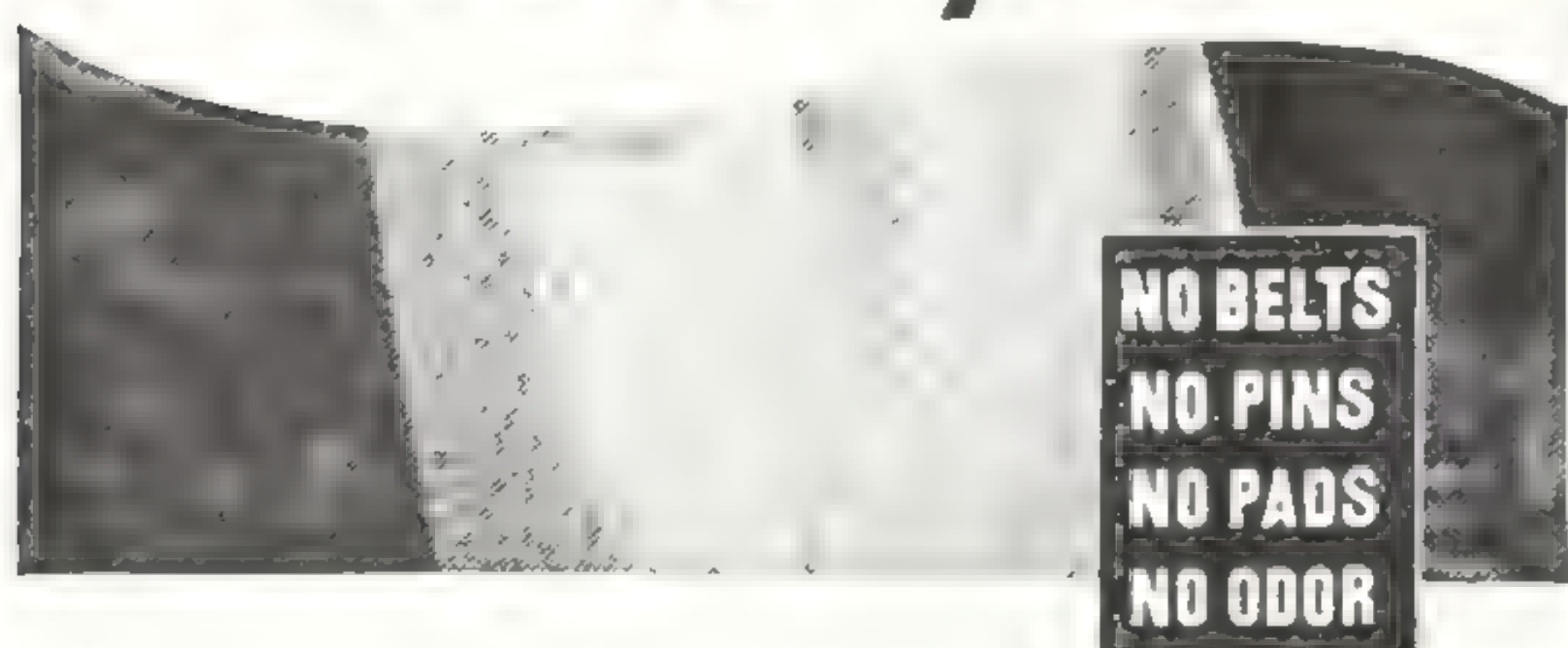
**Cashmere Bouquet
Soap**

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING





GET YOUNG IDEAS —use Tampax



YOUTH sets the fashion in the world of today. The younger set does not hold back from trying new ideas and new ways. All through the country's famous colleges for young women, Tampax is especially in favor.

And why not? Progressive women know that Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be *worn internally!* No bulging "line" is possible and chafing is eliminated. Made of pure surgical cotton, it absorbs gently and naturally—permits no odor to form. Each Tampax comes sealed in one-time-use applicator, for quick and dainty insertion. Really you do not *feel* Tampax while wearing it, and disposal furnishes no problem at all.

Now 3 sizes of Tampax: Regular, Super, Junior. They meet every individual need. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you real bargain. Join the millions using Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, N. J.

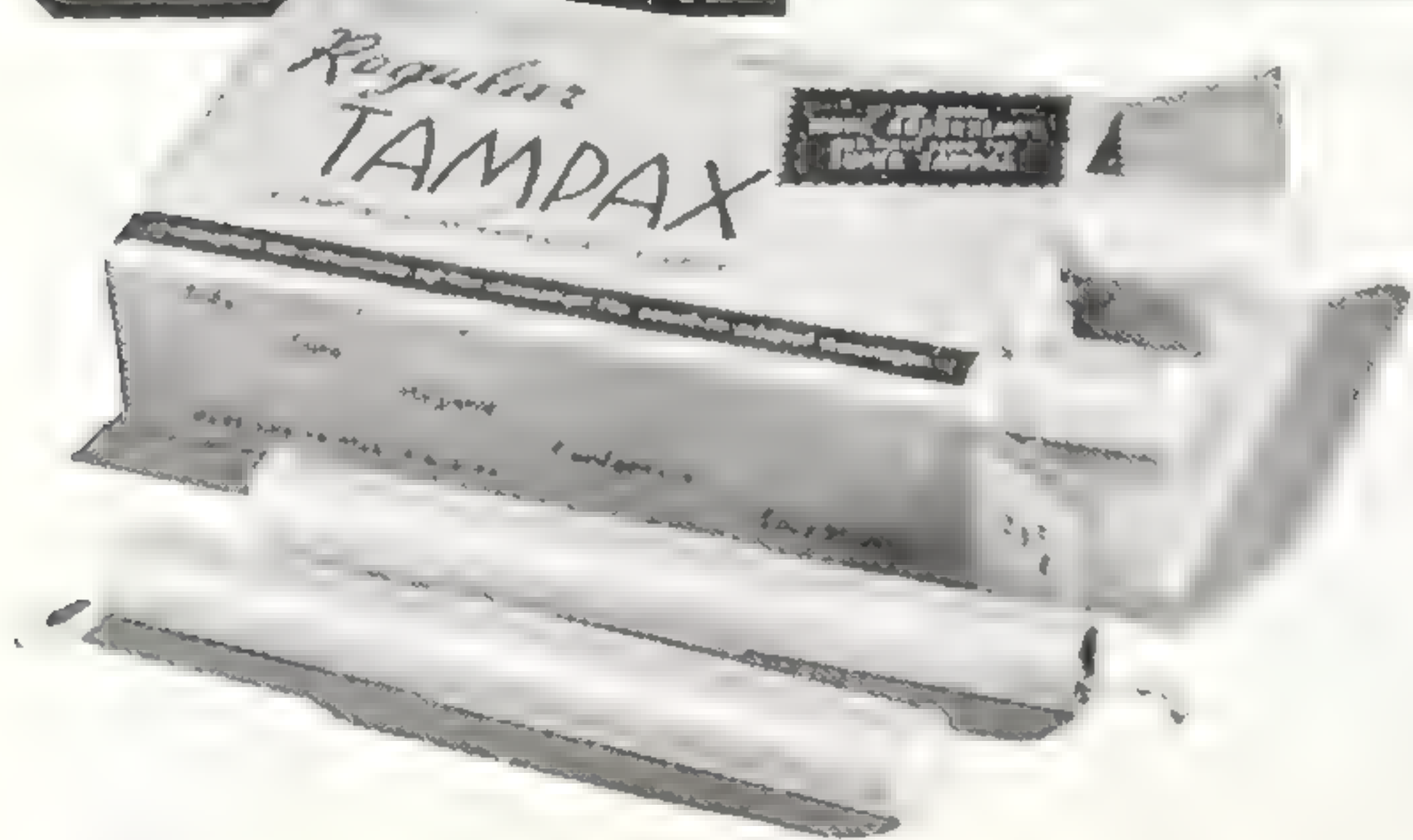


Figure it out for yourself! The gentlemen keep up their constitutions; the ladies keep up the chatter. Left: Nancy Kelly and Bentley Ryan at Ciro's; below: Desi Arnaz and wife Lucille Ball in Brown Derby nook



son to the age difference between some of our present glamour girls and their leading men, Pola could draw Mickey Rooney without a murmur. Incidentally, guests at a Palm Springs inn awaited Pola's dramatic entrance with bated breath. All day long they refused to leave the garden or any spot that commanded a view of the entrance.

At eight o'clock in the evening an oddly dressed woman in old white sneakers and scarf tied about her head walked into the lobby. This was Pola. This was anticlimax. This was Palm Springs. . . .

Know why Joel McCrea walked out of Paramount's picture "I Married A Witch," a story that pleased him mightily? It was because Joel got one preview glimpse of the billboards that billed Veronica Lake's name all over the place, glorifying the Blonde Bombshell, while down in one insignificant corner was the name Joel McCrea.

Incidentally, Veronica is continuing to upset her studio on two counts. First, by enormous salary demands; secondly, by appearing in public with hair tied up in nets, wearing unattractive clothes and looking as un-

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

glamorous as anything you've ever glimpsed in your life.

Cupid on a Spree: Hollywood was sorry to hear that their favorite two-some, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, have decided to share their time and hearts with others. The town has grown so used to seeing these sweethearts together it was something of a shock to glimpse Bonita out stepping with Jack Briggs, young RKO actor, while Jackie beat the drums in various night clubs alone.

"It isn't that we're not friends and won't see each other," they told Cal. "But we're young and think maybe we'd best go about with others, too." . . .

Friends say Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton will marry within a few months. Well, maybe and maybe not. Anyway, to be on the safe side we're reporting the news. . . .

Before Nancy Kelly eloped and married Edmond O'Brien, from whom she is now divorced, she almost

loped with Irving Cummings, Jr., hanging her mind at the last minute.

Now Irving and Nancy are continuing their broken romance and this time may finish the trip to the altar.

Ginny Simms is throwing more confusion into her romantic status with Kay Kyser by being seen everywhere with Bill Lundigan, a nice guy with whom to be seen, incidentally. . . .

The elopement of Artie Shaw, ex-Ir. Lana Turner, with Betty Kern, daughter of song writer Jerome Kern, came after an ardent wooing by Shaw of a Hollywood woman story editor. Something of this sort usually precedes a Shaw elopement. . . .

Incidentally, a verbal spanking in the woodshed of Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M boss, has resulted in Miss Turner's being seen less with various orchestra boys in local dance halls. Little Miss Turner has to behave like a coming star these days.

Personal Note To Laurence Olivier: Our young son Torquin, tall for his nine years, is appearing in a scene with several other British children for the picture "Eagle Squadron," so that you, his daddy, may see him when the picture is released in England. Torquin's mother, Jill Esmond, who is also acting in the picture, thought this would be a wonderful opportunity for you to glimpse your boy. We hope your duties with the R.A.F. won't keep you from seeing this picture.



Crowd: Jeanne Howlett and Jane Wyners, director of the Jr. Division of the AWVS, pour for the privates
E, 1942



ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE . . . Jantzen ingenuity to line up your figure for shore beauty . . . with bras that really uplift . . . with foundation control in charge of slimming, trimming, smoothing and such . . . with exciting Lastex yarn knitted fabrics in rich lush colors that hold their loveliness through sun, through water. Left—"Midriff". . . sleek Velva-cord, 5.50 . . . right, "Sweetheart". . . new light-weight Velva-lure with white pique trim, 5.95. Other models 4.95 to 10.95 at leading stores throughout America.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS • PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

HIGH ATOP NOB HILL

*You see more of San Francisco
when you stop at the "Mark"*



Your window is a view
window . . . your door-
way leads straight down
the Hill—by short walk
or quick taxi—to the
financial and business dis-
tricts, to the smart shops,
theatres, to famous China-
town and Latin Quarter.
★ No matter how brief or
how crammed with engage-
ments your visit, you will
see more of San Francisco
—her beauty, her romance,
her fascinating life—when
you stop at The Mark. ★ Rates
from \$5. Garage in building.
★ *Special reduced rates for ★
service men and their families*

HOTEL
MARK HOPKINS

SAN FRANCISCO

GEO. D. SMITH, General Manager

Speak FOR YOURSELF

P.S. to Canada: Marlene
Dietrich in "The Spoilers"
is no laughing matter!



\$10.00 PRIZE

One Side of a Momentous Question

I AM not criticizing any one star or
producer—for the sole reason that
the blame falls not on one of them,
but on them all. Therefore, straight
from my heart, I send this plea to the
entire film colony.

Today, as everyone knows, the
world at large is battling and its peo-
ples are sad and worried. From near-
ly every American family a son or
brother is represented in the fight for
human freedom. I have one brother
now in the service and three others of
draft age. My father and mother are
badly broken up about the situation
and I get terribly homesick for my
brother. How can we forget the perils
he is going through, how can we try to
be gay, when every week there are
more motion pictures based on the
dangers of war?

Listen, Hollywood, please listen, and
act quickly. We don't mind the sugar
and tire rationing, not at all! We'd
gladly give up anything for our coun-
try—anything but our loved ones.
Help us to keep our minds free of
depressed thoughts by giving us gay
comedies, not scenes of war and heart-
break. You stars are helping a lot by
selling Defense Bonds; you can help
this way, too. Show us a new world—
one that is brighter, and I'm sure we'll
win this war.

HAZEL KAGY,
Farmdale, O.

*Maybe you don't agree with the
above letter; at any rate, you'll want
to see the other side of the question as
presented by Eleanor Whitehurst in
her letter beginning on page 19.*

\$5.00 PRIZE

"I Can't Imagine . . ."

I CAN'T imagine—Charles Boyer or
Cesar Romero in trunks.
Laraine Day or Olivia de Havilland as
"molls."

Freddie Bartholomew as a "Dead End
Kid."

Marlene Dietrich laughing out of sheer
pleasure.

Gene Autry as a playboy.

Henry Fonda or Gary Cooper as gang-
sters.

Mickey Rooney as a great lover.

Tyrone Power losing the girl.

Ann Sheridan without her oomph.

Ingrid Bergman without a perfect per-
formance.

Johnny Weissmuller as a hen-pecked
husband.

Frieda Inescort without her inimitable
poise.

Hedy Lamarr a great actress.

Bette Davis as a normal human being
(on the screen).

Katharine Hepburn taking orders.

Anyone giving advice to Orson Welles
or George Sanders.

Anybody more beautiful than Mad-
eleine Carroll, Hedy Lamarr or Vic-
tor Mature (he's positively too good
to be true).

Anybody more handsome than Rob-
ert Taylor.

Anybody more perfect than Cary
Grant.

This hectic world without a Holly-
wood to afford relief and escape from
our routine life and from the
anxiety that has enveloped all of us
these days.

FAY HICKS,
Guelph, Ont., Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"Acting the Fool"?

FROM the screen fare that Hollywood has been dishing out lately, one would be inclined to believe there was a shortage of comedians—which there definitely is not.

I no sooner get over seeing the dignified Ronald Colman doing a Bill Lowell, than up pops Charles Boyer in a Melvyn Douglas act. To make matters worse, the long-suffering Hette Davis and even Garbo emerge on the screen as female Bob Hopes. They've also got Nelson Eddy acting the fool.

These stars do not belong in comedy roles. It cheapens their distinction, and shatters the grand illusions of their fans. Let the bona-fide comedians take care of the comedy. They handle it much better.

LEON PETERSEN.
Salt Lake City, U.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Other Side of the Question

UNDERSTAND that serious, thought-provoking pictures are box-office failures. The United States people are seeking to forget the horrors this war is causing, and because our land to date is not a battlefield, they, or we, are succeeding too well, I fear.

At the present time, I know of no means of getting the picture of what we must expect, and prepare for, than the movies.

Reading or listening does not impress on our minds images, facts, truth, half so well as the movies. A movie shows us life in such a way that we are a (Continued on page 82)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned against plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter published in this department in good faith, owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of the manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Ellen Drew
IN PARAMOUNT'S
"The
Remarkable
Andrew"



Beautify dull, lifeless skin with *Color Harmony Face Powder*



ENHANCE the appeal of your beauty by giving your skin a lovelier color tone. You can do this with the correct color harmony shade of powder created for your colorings by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Once you try it, you'll always like it because...

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
...it clings perfectly and really stays on

Remember, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there's a color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder to individualize your beauty. One dollar.

TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
...the color stays on through
every lipstick test. One dollar

ROUGE...lifelike color
harmony shades to beau-
tify your type. Fifty cents

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PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Make-Up"..... FREE. 25-6-71

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Rose ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN ☐ Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE ☐	

'As Free and Limber
as the Rhumba"...say
*Arthur Murray
Dancers...

Real-Form
GIRDLES OF GRACE

The stirring rhythm of Rhumba demands freedom, comfort and control. "Raschel Knit — Fashioned to Fit" endows Real-Form with perfect fit, blessed ease. Won't roll or "hike up" guaranteed non-run. LASTEX yarn for complete two-way stretch.



Illustrated:
Nylon, Rayon and Lastex pantie girdle — \$2.50. Other girdles or pantie girdles (with or without panels or removable crotches) \$2.50 to \$4.00 at all stores.

ACTUALLY OUTLASTS OTHER GIRDLES
"IMPORTANT IN THESE DAYS OF NECESSARY CONSERVATION..."



The lady couldn't take it in her stride! Jean Rogers and Bill Lundigan park-benching it in "Sunday Punch"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE**—Columbia: An unpleasant tale with Glenn Ford as the seaman and Ian MacDonald the brutal ship's captain. Ford tries to become famous as an author so he can publish the ship's diary to expose the brutality of conditions aboard ship and thus free his friend Stuart Erwin. (May)

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT—Warners: Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who discovers a Nazi spy ring led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson, and from then on it's a hard chase. The cast is expert but the melodrama is not so expertly executed. (April)

✓ **AMONG THE LIVING**—Paramount: Albert Dekker plays a dual role as the brother who returns home to find that his twin, whom he had thought dead, is alive and insane. When the insane one escapes and sets upon a round of murder, the sane brother is taken for the killer and almost lynched. Susan Hayward, Frances Farmer and Harry Carey are also fine. (March)

BAHAMA PASSAGE—Paramount: Madeleine Carroll arrives on Dildo Cay with her scoundrel father to manage the island for Stirling Hayden and his mentally deranged mother, Flora Robson. Madeleine sets out for Stirling, who's married to Mary Anderson, but don't waste your time seeing what happens. (March)

✓ **BEDTIME STORY**—Columbia: Loretta Young, Broadway star who wants to retire, finally divorces her playwright husband, Fredric March, and marries banker Allyn Joslyn, but Freddie interrupts her honeymoon much to Joslyn's embarrassment and Loretta's amusement. Robert Benchley and Joslyn are killingly funny. (March)

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake decide to go to college in this latest instalment of the adventures of the *Bumpstead* family. They conceal their marriage, which leads to many complications.

BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT—20th Century-Fox: Fast-moving mystery with Lloyd Nolan as the detective *Michael Shayne* who leaves his fiancée, Mary Beth Hughes, to board a luxury liner cruise to Hawaii to pursue a gang of Nazi saboteurs.

BOMBAY CLIPPER—Universal: Stolen jewels provide the motive for a lot of thrilling goings-on aboard the *Pacific Clipper*. Newspaperman William Gargan is determined to discover the jewels and there's a strange assortment of characters aboard the plane. Irene Hervey provides the romantic interest. (April)

✓ **BORN TO SING**—M-G-M: A clever little comedy-musical, with Leo Gorcey, Ray McDonald and Rags Ragland trying to get back from a crooked show producer the music written by Virginia Weidler's father. The youngsters score brightly and tiny Richard Hall is a panic. (April)

BROOKLYN ORCHID—Hal Roach-U.A.: Wil-

liam Bendix, owner of a fleet of taxicabs, is married to Grace Bradley and Joe Sawyer is married to Florine McKinney who doesn't like Miss Bradley. But when a third woman enters the picture, the turmoil gets going, but it doesn't get anywhere. Marjorie Woodworth is beautiful. (April)

✓ **BUGLE SOUNDS, THE**—M-G-M: A bonanza for Wallace Beery fans is this story of a hard-bitten Army sergeant who is forced to turn his regiment into a tank outfit. With Marjorie Main as

SHADOW STAGE

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is sentimental sidekick, and Lewis Stone. (March)

ADETS ON PARADE—Columbia: Freddie Bartholomew runs away from military school and befriends by newsboy Jimmy Lydon, who builds up his self-confidence. When Jimmy's father black-mails Freddie's father, he returns to school and pretends to have escaped from kidnapers.

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—Warners: This timely picture is about the training of bush country recruits to become R.C.A.F. flyers, and has many exciting moments. The story has Jimmy Cagney as an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who earns the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Alan Hale for his unethical conduct, but gets regenerated. With Brenda Marshall. (May)

CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE — Edward Small-U.A.: Glamorous make-believe, with romance, thrills, rescues and sword plays galore: With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing twin sons of a Corsican family who have been separated as babies and then come together to set out on their deeds of revenge. (March)

COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE—G-M: Another winner, packed with genial entertainment, is this latest in the series, in which Mickey Rooney must take out poor little rich girl, Donna Reed, who finally learns a few tricks and gives a sensation. Andy's heart still belongs to an Rutherford, however. (May)

DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE — Warners: Nancy Coleman is the British girl spy who lands in New York hospital where John Garfield is in-coming and with his aid brings about the downfall of a Nazi spy ring. Raymond Massey is the Nazi and Moroni Olsen his chief henchman. (May)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal: Eccentric Hugh Herbert inherits a pickle factory which sponsors a radio program featuring Richard Davies and Gene Frazer in a newlywed series. Hugh gets himself all mixed up in a plot to substitute Anne Wynne for Jane. With Mischa Auer.

DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY—M-G-M: Sound solid entertainment, with interne Robert Sterling ignoring a hospital ruling to bring critically injured Ann Ayars to the hospital, where Lewes and Lionel Barrymore save the day for them. He falls in love with Kildare, but he doesn't succumb to her charms. (March)

FLEET'S IN, THE—Paramount: This gay musical is fun and entertainment. William Holden is a shy sailor who his fellow gobs believe is irresistible to women. They bet he can kiss Dorothy Foy, dance-hall singer, who loathes sailors, which leads to many complications. With Eddie Macken, Betty Hutton, Leif Erickson and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. (April)

FOUR JACKS AND A JILL—RKO-Radio: This story provides a mediocre background for the acting of Ray Bolger, the clowning of Eddie Foy, and the singing of June Havoc. Anne Shirley, though a fake publicity stunt, secures a good job as night-club musicians Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs and William Bleas, and cabdriver Desi Arnaz helps him hoax along. (April)

GLISCO LIL—Universal: Irene Hervey goes to look for a gambling club in order to help her old gambling daddy, Minor Watson, but this alienates the family of her fiancé, Kent Taylor, who are the leaders of a reform organization. (May)

GENTLEMAN AT HEART, A—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, clever, money-making bookie, tries to enter the world of art because he's fallen for Carole Landis, who runs an art dealer's shop. His endeavors lead to a lot of laughs. Milton Berle gives his characteristic performance as Romero's gelling associate and J. Carrol Naish, a painter of copies masterpieces, is very funny.

HELLZAPOPPIN'—Mayfair-Universal: This comedy movie will either have you shrieking your lungs off with laughter or will leave you cold and stifled. Olsen and Johnson have taken their madway riot and transcribed it to the screen in all its wow and zest, madness and nit-wittery. With Reta Raye, Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer also mixed up in the deal. (March)

INVADERS, THE—Columbia: An impressive masterpiece, this story of seven Nazis stranded in Canadian soil. The performances of Leslie Howard as a vacationing author, Laurence Olivier, French-Canadian trapper, and Raymond Massey, Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally are Niall MacGinnis, Eric Portman and Glynis Johns. (May)

IT STARTED WITH EVE—Universal: By odds Durbin's best picture, this has her as a check girl who pinch-hits for Robert Cummings's wife, since his dying father, Charles Laughton, wants to see the girl his son will marry. But Laughton's so pleased with her that he proceeds to wed her, which causes no end of difficulties. (May)

L HOUSE BLUES—Universal: Nat Pendle, who has been pardoned from prison, refuses to leave because he wants to remain in stir to produce the big prison show, but when Ralf Harolde escapes, Nat goes after him and meets Anne Corne and singer Robert Paige.

(Continued on page 104)

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN



Only Tangee
has the New Satin-Finish

ALL YOU'VE EVER LONGED FOR

IN A LIPSTICK

An Announcement
by Constance Luft Huhn

HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE
Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks



3 LOVELY TANGEE SHADES

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

WE are constantly seeking to give our Tangee Lipsticks exactly those qualities you tell us you want most. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. You demanded a lipstick that would give your lips a softer, glossier sheen... with a texture *not too moist*, yet *not too dry*... that really stays on without smearing or smudging.

In bringing you our new SATIN-FINISH we have made, we believe, the most important cosmetic advance of the past 20 years. Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick—a combination of Tangee's wonderfully flattering shades, Tangee's soothing and protective pure cream base, and the flawless grooming of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The Geo. W. Luft Co., Distributors.....417 Fifth Ave., New York City
Send "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.
LIPSTICK & ROUGE: CHECK ONE ☐ NATURAL ☐ THEATRICAL RED ☐ RED-RED
FACE POWDER: CHECK ONE ☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan
I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____ MA62

HOW TO SAVE YOUR FACE



Blonde lady of "The Shanghai Gesture" makes a smart gesture, gives away, for free, an "on guard" cue

Pointers to the Ladies From Pretty Phyllis Brooks

The pert Miss Brooks did her last big scene from her new big picture, "The Shanghai Gesture," gave an "I'm going away but you keep on having fun" party for the armed forces (she's the organizer of the famous "Parties Unlimited") and then dashed out of Hollywood bound for a series of one-night stands in Eastern Army camps.

For that, she got a lot of applause from the khaki contingent because she showed herself a trouper, gave out with smiles and always looked the way the boys thought a blonde—or a brunette, for that matter—should look.

She managed that last bit of business not without a few forehead-wrinkling moments, for a lady who does a lot of plane and train hopping exposes her face to heavy skin damages.

Her beauty discovery brought up a point about powder that's usually forgotten. She found that powder is a protection, as well as a beautifier. "A heavier first coat of powder and plenty of time taken to pat it in gives your skin real protection," she says. "Of course, I always carefully whiff off the excess with a little brush to be sure I have a natural look."

So, while you may not be in the Army-camp limelight this summer, you'll still be in the sunlight and a strong sun shows up your powder technique. Get yourself a magnifying mirror, look at your skin, realize that all those little ridges and indentations must be covered thoroughly with powder if you're going to look like a finished production. The more powder you apply, the less chance that summer dust is going to penetrate your pores, which means less worry about make-up, more compliments for your summer-day face.

Puff-Up

Powder puffs up for discussion! You can get puffed up yourself if you say yes to all these questions:

Is your dressing table supplied with puff-a-day packages to be used liberally by your guests—and you?

Do you wash your puff (and that means your bath puff, too!) as soon as it looks the least bit off color?

Do you absolutely never borrow—or lend—a powder puff?

Do you know a grimy puff is an A-1 invitation to blackheads to blitz you?

Do you realize you can lose out in a love match if, when you open your compact, the puff isn't as fresh and dainty as you seem to be?

Looking For A Job?

Look yourself over first before the interviewers get a chance to look you over and say no . . .

. . . because there are criminal powder fingerprints on your new spring hat.

. . . because your neck looks as if it belongs to someone else's face. That's the result of forgetting powder work below the chin line.

. . . because the white collar of your dress, which started out to be your crisp businesslike touch, has now developed a yellow streak from too close contact with your throat.

You can give these powder pitfalls a quick brush-off just by being sure you use a powder brush to do away with all surplus powder on your face and neck.

Smart Susie Says:

It's thumbs down on that "no powdered" look this summer. It's a V for Victory (social or otherwise) sign for the face that's prettily made up—i.e., not a too-light powder because that gives you a tired look; not a too-dark powder because that adds years to your age.

Two-minute Problem

Anxious lady: How can I know a good powder?

Sage siren: Judge it for three things: fine consistency, adhesive quality, evenly distributed color.

A.L.: Can I tell that by looking at it in a box?

S.S.: No, never! It's better to play around with samples. Feel the powder with your fingers to see that it's not gritty. Try it on your skin to find its clinging powers; spread it out on a tissue to see that the color is not grainy.

Don't Do For Dates:

1. Don't get powder on your dancing partner's uniform. (That powder brush is really a must!)
2. Don't try making eyes unless your eyebrows are free from any flyaway powder. (Use that eyebrow brush after making up!)
3. Don't skimp on the dressing-room intermission time. Better to take ten minutes more away from the male than to come back with a make-up job that will do a fast fade-out after ten seconds.

New Beauty Shampoo Leaves Hair More Alluring SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Glamour for Gala Nights . . . Enchanting new hair-do! Front hair parted in the center, then swept up and forward into two smooth, sleek rolls. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.

Thrilling new improvement in Special Drene!
Hair conditioner now in it makes amazing difference
. . . leaves hair lovelier, easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference . . . after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels . . . because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be so delighted, too, when you discover how much easier your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Surpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, itchy dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene

removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something for your hair no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a professional Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop!



Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Special DRENE Shampoo
with **HAIR CONDITIONER** added

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!**



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!



IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE *Rita*
TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like laughs — riots — fun — stars?
You'll get 'em!

The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! *It's swell!*



Rita
HAYWORTH
Victor
MATURE
JOHN SUTTON
CAROLE LANDIS

WATCH FOR
THESE
2 GREAT
HITS!

Theodore Dreiser's

MY GAL SAL IN TECHNICOLOR

with
JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH
Directed by **IRVING CUMMINGS** • Produced by **ROBERT BASSLER** • Screen Play by **Seton I. Miller, Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg**

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH" and "MY GAL SAL" plus four new smash 1942 model hits including: "OH THE PITY OF IT ALL" and "HERE YOU ARE"

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO

in **MOONTIDE**

with **Thomas Mitchell**
Claude Rains



None But The Brave

A FEW weeks ago I had the experience of hearing a talk by Cecil B. DeMille at a luncheon celebrating his thirtieth anniversary in motion pictures. He spoke that day for those of us in the film industry to which he has contributed so greatly in the thirty years since "The Squaw Man," Hollywood's first five-reel film which he produced in a barn near Los Angeles. But what he had to say was for the ears of every American who cares in the year 1942 what his future is to be.

We heard Cecil DeMille speak just three days before another Hollywood personality went to a camp where others of his mind have been sequestered for the war's duration. I wish that Lew Ayres had been with us to hear Cecil DeMille that day. A man with as much courage to do what he thinks is right, even to the point of sacrificing his country, is deserving of a chance for the greater glory which the rest of us are privileged to fight for and win.

Some speeches are words strung together to make a glistening but worthless necklace. A precious few are thrilling calls to action which men and women listen to and hasten to heed. It would be impossible to state as vividly the stirring thoughts expressed by Cecil DeMille in any but his own words. So I am bringing them to you here.

ERNEST V. HEYN

Mr. DeMille speaking:

OUR wise and gallant allies, the Chinese, have a saying to the effect that one picture is worth a thousand words. Multiply that by about 176,000 (the number of single pictures that make up an 11,000-foot motion picture) like—well, like "Reap The Wild Wind"—and you begin to appreciate the potentialities of this industry in putting across to the nation ideas that it needs today—needs so much and so deeply for its own salvation.

I don't need to enumerate those ideas—those principles which we must hang on to if we are to come through this deadly crisis without mortal wounds.

Freedom is a simple word, and so familiar—so familiar that, like the mainspring of a clock, we're not conscious of it until it stops. We just can't conceive of not being allowed to speak as we please, to read what we please, to listen to whatever radio program we please, and to kneel to the God who made us, in whatever church we please.

This is the first war in which the entire population of the nation is on the front because the front goes completely around the world, nor is there any place to which we can retreat. Never before has every newly-born baby and every bent old man been on the field of battle.

This nation needs to get mad. Forget hours and profits, roll up its sleeves, spit on its hands, and go to work. We

are just beginning to hear the distant rumble and roar of the assembly lines throughout the nation. We are just beginning to forget partisanship and organize efficiently our brains, our genius, and our vast labor power with one single aim, victory.

No drama in the world's history has had more heroic actors than the American men and boys fighting on the various fronts of the world today. Their unparalleled deeds of bravery, courage and endurance in the cause of liberty dim the saga of Ulysses.

But Liberty is a woman, a beautiful, desirable and very jealous woman. No woman likes to be taken for granted. Look at her there in your harbor. No Hollywood glamour girl can equal her attraction as she stands there holding her torch aloft, with the ocean at her feet, and the stars in her hair.

She's not to be won by idlers nor held by complacency. She demands an offensive against intolerance and bigotry. She demands an offensive that combines the pride of the past—with the might of the present—to end for all time invasion against the rights of the free men who protest their love for her.

Those are her terms, and none but the brave deserve the fair.

THE job of motion pictures is to help bring home a full realization of this crisis and of the deadly peril that lurks in internal squabbles. Hitler and the Mikado think they can conquer the world but we, motion pictures, have already conquered it. We have invaded every country, not to bring it death and destruction, or to take from it its wealth, but to bring it our wealth which is humor and drama, and science and art.

In the midst of battles and convoy departures to foreign lands, of bombing raids and disturbing headlines, we have it in our power to show a lonesome soldier what home looks like, to mirror to him and to all men the joys of freedom. We can give harassed America relaxation and rest and, occasionally, even an hour of peace and laughter.

The world knows us and likes us. Only the other day, a member of the Dutch press told me that she had received a cable from Batavia while that outpost of freedom was in the midst of a bombing raid. The people of Batavia wanted to know who won the Academy awards!

It is a touching tribute and a magnificent responsibility.

As for the future of the motion-picture industry, your guess is as good as mine. But whatever its future may be, it's bound up with a free America.

And America will last, ladies and gentlemen. It is the oldest country on earth. It was conceived in the mind of the first man to wear chains, and before that—in the Mind of God.

In the Face of Death—

EXCITING MOMENTS WITH LIEUT. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR. IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC



Official U. S. Navy photograph

You thought you'd find young Doug in a swivel chair. You find him here instead—fighting shoulder to shoulder with your sons and brothers

BY WILBUR MORSE JR.

THE explosion of the oil tanker was like a monstrous belch from hell itself.

Fierce orange flames and huge puffs of black smoke swirled around the sinking ship and then leapt skyward like some ghastly geyser.

It was all over in less than sixty seconds: The streak of the torpedo directly across the path of the destroyer . . . the deafening roar as the torpedo struck a tanker off the port bow . . . the momentary pyre of oil and debris and men . . . and then utter darkness again as the convoy crept on through the fog-laden night.

On the bridge of the USS L——, a tall young Navy lieutenant wiped his hand across his eyes and then strained vainly to catch another sight of the sickening scene. There was only a great grey wall of fog, where a minute before Death had dropped the curtain on another convoy casualty in the North Atlantic.

Lieutenant (jg) Douglas Fairbanks Jr. USNR, hero of a hundred make-believe battles in the movies, had just had his first grim taste of actual war.

Suddenly the destroyer which had

been slinking silently through the gloom was alive with action.

Over the public address system came the scream of a peremptory buzzer, *da-da-da-da-da!* Instantly its mechanical falsetto was followed by the curt command: "All hands, general quarters!"

Officers and men scrambled up the gangways to their battle stations, hitching the straps of their life jackets and preservers as they ran.

From the chart room came the *buzz-buzz-buzz* of the direction finder, groping for audible contact with the submarine. Engines were reversed. The destroyer wheeled, circled, turned sharply, like an animal darting and feinting before an attack on a hidden enemy.

Now the instruments show the submarine is but 250 yards off the starboard bow. The captain of the destroyer gives order to head directly for it and as the racing ship passes over the spot to which the direction finder had guided it, a pattern of three depth charges drops from the stern.

Giant, gushing fountains rise in the wake of the plunging destroyer. The

USS L—— wheels and circles again, seeking some sign of oil or debris on the surface which will indicate a hit. But the seething seas offer no proof that the depth charges have found their target.

Again the maneuver. Again the pattern of three depth charges.

But now the direction finder has stopped registering. Possibly the Nazi has crash-dived so deep as to be out of range. Perhaps the concussion has put him out of commission without blowing him up.

The hunt continues for an hour and then comes word from the Squadron Commander of the lead destroyer in the convoy to rejoin formation. And back to its position in the eerie, shrouded parade of ships speeds the USS L——.

FROM Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr. one learns little of what he has been through in his gruelling five months at sea.

It is from his brother officers and from a few simple, succinct official reports that we have pieced together this odyssey of filmland's first veteran



of the Battle of the Atlantic.

For almost half a year Doug has been on arduous, active sea duty. No swivel-chaired desk or "morale" mission was handed this handsome young man, whose trim appearance in Navy blue and gold braid reasonably might have justified his being assigned some short job, where, in the spotlight of his professional position, he might have raised funds, recruited, or performed one of the many other tasks which help the Navy rouse public interest in itself.

As a matter of fact, with his background of long residence abroad, his successful diplomatic mission to South America last summer, as President Roosevelt's special emissary, and his experience in international affairs gained as one of the principal workers and speakers of the pre-war "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies," Douglas Fairbanks Jr. would have made an ideal naval attaché at one of the United States embassies. His political perception is as keen as his social sense.

But instead, Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (Continued on page 66)



My most embarrassing

The laugh's on her! A celebrated columnist signs up to sound

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Fateful Hopper faux pas was Hedda's little business with Fred Brisson, wife Roz Russell and a baleful Cary Grant



WHERE on earth do I begin? No one can live in this town as long as I have without having marked up a pretty fair score of embarrassing moments. The first one that springs to mind occurred not so long ago just after I moved into my new house, which, incidentally, I'm crazy about. I had been like a kid with a new toy, wanting to show it off to all of my friends and listen to their praises. So, every time I'd run into any of them and they'd say: "Hedda, I hear your house is simply grand. I'm dying to see it!" I'd reply: "Drop over *any* afternoon and have cocktails with me. I get home around six, but Molly (my housekeeper) is there anyhow and she'll take care of you till I arrive." All in all, I suppose I invited half of Hollywood in this lighthearted fashion.

Sooo—late one Thursday afternoon about ten days after I'd moved in I motored home from the office through

a cold, driving rain, completely frazzled out, dreaming of a hot bath and bed—and there, huddled on my front steps, was the most bedraggled trio of half-frozen humans: Roz Russell and hubby Freddie Brisson and Cary Grant.

"What on earth—?" I began, but Cary fixed me with a baleful glare. "Ha!" he snarled. "So *this* is your vaunted hospitality! Phooey!"

Of course it was Molly's day off. There had been no one to answer the bell and the poor goops had been sitting there holding a council of war. So I, who had entertained rosy dreams of myself seated before the library fire, clad in a becoming tea gown, graciously dispensing hospitality (with Molly doing all the work, of course) had to build that same fire and rustle around in wet clothes and muddy shoes, getting out ice cubes and fixing drinks for as tough a gang of kibitzers as you've ever met up

with! And all the thanks I got was: "What? No hors d'oeuvres?"

Speaking of face-burning episodes. I can remember, when we still had our Turf Club balls which were the big social event of the whole season. I was seated at the Number one table with the *creme de la creme* of San Francisco and Los Angeles society. Suddenly—in the midst of one of those pauses—I let out a shriek of ribald laughter. Well, talk about the "Raised Eyebrow Department!" I was too embarrassed to attempt any explanation then, but I'm not so secretive any more—so I'll tell you!

I had worked right up to the day before this elegant clambake, forgetting all about a new gown until my hostess called and said: "What color dress are you wearing, Hedda? I don't want to wear the same." "I don't know, darling—I'll have to call you back."

'Twas then I realized there was no

moments in Hollywood

off about her hot-water mishaps



Twinkle, twinkle in everybody's eye at the memory of the party Hedda threw for Willkie. Cecil B. DeMille helped do the honors; poor Mary Pickford (far right) was the little lady who wasn't there



There's a silver lining in the cloud that hangs over Hedda as a result of the Janet Gaynor-Adrian episode



time to have a new one fitted, so I called up my pal, Edith Head, at Paramount—designer and ace-in-the-hole—and told her the jam I was in. She said she didn't know what she had but by the time I got over there she would have something for me. I squeezed myself into a beautiful black and gold number, worn by Claudette Colbert in a picture which hadn't even been previewed. Then I phoned Laykin, the jeweler, told him what I was wearing and he sent jewels to match—a spray of honeysuckle six inches long on a chain of yellow diamonds with ring and earrings. At that, I called Dick Jaeckel, my favorite furrier, told him nothing but sable could cover such opulence and appeared at the party, dressed to the teeth. When I burst into that cackle at the dinner table, I'd just realized that all I owned, on my body, were my shoes, stockings and scanties!

Another (Continued on page 95)



Right-about love

The unsuspected story of why Hedy Lamarr suddenly announced her engagement to George Montgomery

BY ROSEMARY WEST



The biggest romantic double shuffle Hollywood has had in years took place when George Montgomery, who so recently was Ginger Rogers's big moment became "The man I'll marry" to . . .

. . . Hedy Lamarr who in the past few months had been steadily gazing into the eyes of John Howard. The engagement announcement dazed Hollywood; the story behind it will tickle them



DON'T let anyone give me any more talk about the sights I've missed, the Taj Mahal by moonlight, or of having seen Shelley plain or even beauty bare, as they say Euclid alone saw it.

For I have seen Hedy Lamarr in love.

I've seen George Montgomery with Hedy and in love with her. And, chickadees, that really is a view.

It is a strange thing how you can know of people that they have been married and divorced and remarried and once more divorced and yet that they have never really been wed or in love before. One glance and you know this is true of Hedy these days. She's completely, devastatingly, wildly in love with this Montgomery.

And he? Well, you heard, of course, about Ginger Rogers and perhaps about five or six others before her. Yet I don't think they touched him. He has never been married. But this! Touching him, indeed! He's visibly engulfed, innundated, completely sur-

rounded, and the glow of pure joy he gives off makes an aurora borealis look like a ten watt bulb.

I saw these enchanted two together on the day that they announced their engagement and it was like chatting with a bewitched Venus de Milo and a bemused Apollo Belvedere, only gayer.

They had been out in the sun, somewhere, and they came rushing in, Hedy with her raven's-wing hair all tumbled and her smiling mouth scarlet with lipstick and George looming beside her all great hands and feet and shoulders and height and they entirely restored your faith, this grim spring of 1942, in man as a glorious animal. Laughing together, they collapsed on one end of a long couch and I thought of the magic their beauty had created for both of them, this girl from Vienna and this boy from a Montana farm, whose parents were Russians. They had travelled the world half around to come to fame and one another and they had

every right to be satisfied with these results.

Hedy spoke first. "I love him for his looks," she said.

"It was those looks that ran me out of Montana," George said, and proceeded to kiss her.

Hedy held out her left hand. "See my gorgeous ring," she said. It was a very square, very white diamond.

"The man from the jeweler's is downstairs," he explained. "I only rent it by the hour."

"I really love him because he beats me," said Hedy, rolling her mocking eyes to high heaven. So George kissed her again.

"I'm really marrying her to cut down on my florist bill," he countered.

"Or to save tires."

"And gasoline."

They came up for air then and Hedy looked at me and for the first time she was serious. "I'm marrying him because now for three months we have seen each other every day, yet the more we saw (Continued on page 85)

Good-bye Again

The plain truth — why Myrna Loy has made this second, and final, break with husband Arthur Hornblow

BY SARA HAMILTON



MYRNA LOY, the screen's perfect wife, is divorcing her producer husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. A few weeks previous to the announcement Mr. Hornblow saw his wife aboard the train that carried her to New York for several Navy relief programs. They seemed happy and contented in their marriage. The truth is they were desperately unhappy and when Myrna returned to Hollywood her mind was made up—she and her husband could no longer live together.

Hollywood, frankly, was not surprised at the announcement. It's almost inevitable that patched-up quarrels and separations seldom work out and it was over a year ago that Hollywood's ideal couple first announced to the world their unhappiness and separation. At that time the town was shocked, for up to then there had been no intimation of discord. But the instant the news broke, gossip tumbled forth like water from a dam. Rumors of a beautiful blonde's supplanting Myrna in Mr. Hornblow's affections flew thick and fast. These rumors were proven to be false and, when Myrna and Arthur again moved into their quiet, beautiful home, all gossip was forgotten—except by those who knew the real underlying reason for the discord.

The reason, to be frank and honest, is a difference in values, as viewed from the angle of a plain American girl and a renowned sophisticate.

Myrna Loy, born Myrna Williams, came from plain salt-of-the-earth

people in the average American town of Helena, Montana. Her childhood and girlhood were pretty much the average happy childhood of any family. Myrna herself was homely, freckled and determined to be an actress. When the family moved to Los Angeles, Myrna attended Venice High School, far from the swankiest school in town.

Her efforts toward the fulfillment of her stage ambitions found her dancing in a prologue at Grauman's Chinese Theater where she was discovered by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino who started Myrna off on her career of an Oriental femme fatale. Her metamorphosis from weird Mongolian to quiet well-bred wifehood on the screen came slowly, beginning, if you please, in a Chevalier picture.

INTO her life about this time appeared Arthur Hornblow Jr., charming, sophisticated writer, product of Dartmouth College and the world of the New York theater. He it was who gave her courage in that hard professional struggle to change her film type. His enthusiasm was contagious. Myrna Williams Loy was enchanted; Myrna Williams Loy fell in love. And for several years she waited loyally until he was free to marry her.

When they were married in Mexico, in June, 1936, Myrna Loy stepped into a new world—the world of Arthur Hornblow, sophisticate.

Arthur was a man who gives importance to his friends, to his home

and to the appointments of his home. Before every dinner party it was he who went carefully about the dining table seeing that each detail was perfect. The wines must be a certain temperature; the silver must be flawless; every course must be a gem.

Myrna regarded her husband's fastidiousness with good-natured acquiescence. But all this was a far cry from the tastes of the Montana girl who, at the peak of her fame, could still return home for a visit and fit as snugly as a glove into the simple ways of her people.

It became (Continued on page 76)

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- *Myrna Loy:* Appearing in M-G-M's "Shadow Of The Thin Man" page 76
- *Jean Fontaine:* Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "This Above All" . . . page 77
- *John Payne:* Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Footlight Serenade" page 78
- *Shirley Temple:* Appearing in Edward Small's "Miss Annie Rooney" page 79

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Mary Kay

Personal Conquest

A thing of magic and moods, of despair and exultation, this life of the girl who didn't want to live—Joan Fontaine

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Olivia and Joan on a small scale, Joan behind her sister—"as usual," she'd say



They had asked her, Joan, to be in movies! She looked at the world with shining eyes

SHE was born, this girl who was to become Joan Fontaine, twenty-three years ago on October 22, in the International Settlement of Tokio, Japan. She was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. de Havilland, two handsome, intelligent people who continually battled, and she inherited both their temperaments. So, until she found her true love, she was always at war with herself and her environment.

The doctors wrapped her in cotton batting at birth and despaired of rearing her. All through her growing years she saw one recurrent sight, the medical men standing around her bed, when she was two-and-a-half, and when she was five, and later when she was eight, and on until she was seventeen. The medical men would shake their heads and whisper, "Why does this child keep on living?"

Now Joan Fontaine can make a joke about it, now that she has her fame and her true love.

"I walked on the set of 'The Constant Nymph' the morning after the Academy Award," Joan says, "and did a love scene with Charles Boyer. When it was over, Eddie Goulding, the director, rushed over to me, put his arms around me and said, 'Joan, Joan, you were born to play Tessa.'" She laughs mockingly. "So now I know why I went on living."

With her blonde hair in pigtails, her face guiltless of make-up, her too-slim figure enveloped in grey slacks and a loose pullover of red wool, she looks like neither Mrs. Brian Aherne, mistress of a dignified house, nor Joan Fontaine, Academy Award winner for 1941. Except for the troubled beauty of her face and the professional modulations of her voice, you might think her a rather careless schoolgirl.

But the moment she began telling her life story, you forgot the school-

girl and knew that you were in the presence of a being always destined for greatness.

Joan Fontaine has to be great because her very sensitivity makes her feel so inferior. She inherited her inferiority from her scholarly father, who was a direct descendant of Sir Peter de Havilland of Oliver Cromwell's court. He was a Cambridge graduate and a rich English gentleman in his own right, but he always felt inferior to his flaming, beautiful wife who had been an opera star. Young Joan felt inferior to her tempestuous mother, also, but she had an even closer rival. She always had Olivia, her sister.

OLIVIA is a year and three months older than Joan, a terrific advantage in childhood, and she was always beautiful while Joan was homely. She was always healthy, while Joan was continually ill. She was always adored and daring, while Joan was ignored and timid.

"There wasn't any branch of school life that Liv wasn't good at," Joan says. "She was always at the head of her classes and, at the same time, she was the prize athlete. She was beautiful and popular, and there I was, with my freckles and my pug nose and my mousey hair, always left out of things. I'd study like mad and get to be head of a class and then I'd become ill and have to stay at home and lose out. I never got a single athletic honor until I was in the seventh grade. Then I got a stunner. I was made Lieutenant Captain of the second baseball team and I was so excited that when the game came along I went on the field and couldn't pitch a thing. Of course, the whole school laughed while I wished that I might die of humiliation. When that horrible game (Continued on page 70)



Loane Portner

GEORGE SANDERS



puts women in their place

Get your smelling salts ready! You're in for a stiff shock

"YOU hate women, too?" we asked. "On the contrary," (Mr. Sanders pronounces it "contr'y" in that rich-timbred, English-accented lethargic voice of his) "on the contrary, I love women—in their place."

But this is getting ahead of the story. Because before the subject of women and where they belong in the Sanders scheme of things came up, Mr. S. had sung his hymn of hate in dispraise of other and, doubtless, more important matters.

Interviews, for example. He dislikes them intensely and habitually faces baffled reporters with a heavy silence. To a direct "Why do you hate interviews?" he said, "I hate them because I do not get paid for them."

He thought that was frightfully funny and had himself a good laugh.

"I hate to see my picture in the papers," he continued.

"I hate to be recognized in public.

"I hate to give autographs and never do. I am always rude to people, I am afraid. I don't put on the prop smile and oblige. I just look frightfully busy. I am not a sweet person. I am a disagreeable person. I am a hateful person. I like to be hateful."

Asked why, feeling as he does about all the concomitants of being an actor—the publicity, attention, interviews, photographs, limelight—he ever chose the theater as a profession, he said, "One is attracted by the rewards, by the prizes. Similarly, in pictures, one makes more money,

with less effort, than in any other job or profession I know.

"I do not mind seeing myself on the screen because when you see yourself on the screen, you are not you, are you? You do not feel as though you are exhibiting George Sanders. You are the *Falcon* or some other fellow. I am looking forward to the time when I can be cast only as a character actor. Character actors get well paid and are let alone. That is my goal.

"But in the papers you see your picture and you feel it is terribly unimportant that you should be pictured there at all. You have done nothing, really, to deserve it. There are scientists, statesmen, great doctors, these are the men people should care about and read about. Actors should be left in their special compartment, which is the stage or screen. They should be taken out, now and again, like toys to be played with, for amusement. Besides," he smiled, "when you see your picture in a paper you can't remember that you got a large check for it!

"I am a believer in sticking to the primary things. There are three primary things: food, shelter and clothing. If you are fortunate and were not born in a field, you start out with them. Then the thing you have to do is insure that you have them for the rest of your life. You will always do something over and above the (Continued on page 72)

BY GLADYS HALL



Above: Mr. Sanders breaks down to pose on the "Sundown" set for a picture that will break up the women. Left: He does some key-work for Irving Reis, his director in "The Falcon Takes Over"



John Payne



You belong

TOGETHER

Photoplay-Movie Mirror makes this plea to recently divorced Anne Shirley and John Payne: That they stop and read this story. It is something both of them should know

BY MATILDA TROTTER



For John to think of now: The words he penned on the picture he gave the author, and the way he felt when he wrote them

REMEMBER, John Payne, the day I read your hand? Ginny Wood left us alone in the little reception room off the publicity offices at Warner Brothers.

You had laryngitis that afternoon and couldn't speak above a whisper. Remember how we laughed when I suddenly discovered that I was whispering right back at you?

You weren't very important then. You had been working hard and making pictures, but no one was particularly aware of you. Oh, you did have an exceptionally good voice and your acting wasn't too bad, but all the magnetism and vitality and warm charm that are yours somehow hadn't penetrated the silver screen and gotten through to the movie-going public.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't too keen on analyzing you; wanted to have myself for bigger and better stars, such as George Brent and Bette Davis and Livvie de Havilland, but Ginny (as usual) talked me into seeing you—said I'd love you, you were such a swell person, so thoroughly unspoiled and definitely not Hollywood.

As soon as I felt the grip of your strong hand and looked into your eyes I knew what she meant, but I didn't realize just how right she was until I had talked with you.

Perhaps you don't even remember writing these words on the picture

you gave me: "To Matilda: There was only one thing wrong. Ever—John Payne."

Well, I am sure they will come back to you now and with them the memory of how you felt when you wrote them.

And I wonder if you will recall that when you put away your pen and gave me the picture, you asked me not to publish or tell anyone the thing I had seen in your hand. I promised. How could I help it? And I have kept my word ever since, just as I have to many another star whose future and private life is an open book to me. I have kept my word because I felt that it wouldn't be fair to talk. But now that news has come of your separation and pending divorce I am going to talk—not to you but to Anne Shirley.

ANNE dear, I have liked you and followed your career ever since you were a little girl and I wanted so much to meet you when I was in Hollywood, but it seemed that each time we made an appointment to meet something always happened to break it.

Perhaps you know—or perhaps he never told you—that I analyzed John's hand back in 1938. I want to tell you just exactly what happened that afternoon. Even though he made me promise not to tell anyone what I saw that day there is no reason for me to keep silent any longer and a very good

reason for me to talk now—or so it seems to me.

Well, in reading John's hand I went through my usual routine, noted his strong character, honesty, determination, magnetism and talent for music and acting, also his career line which did not promise any particular success until around the latter part of 1941. Then, at last, I came to the love and marriage lines at the side of his hand.

As I read, we had discussed his character, health and career and were not too serious about it, but when I glanced up at him and said, "You will love twice and possibly marry twice," he (Continued on page 74)



Shirley Temple.

First Kiss - AND MISS TEMPLE

She's a self-styled "sub-deb" who no longer has her mother answering questions for her. When it comes to kisses and such, she's doing all the talking (and what talking!) herself

BY FAITH SERVICE

"I CAN'T wait till I grow up. I don't exactly know why I want to so much. I think, perhaps, I have had enough of childhood. I think you have even more fun when you grow up. I don't know what, but there is more—" Shirley paused for a moment, trying to find the word she wanted for the riches she senses ahead, then—"isn't there?" she said. There was something very poignant in the question.

Shirley and her mother were at luncheon in Shirley's bungalow on the Edward Small lot where Shirley was making "Miss Annie Rooney." Shirley is more beautiful today than she has ever been. Her skin is flawless and fair, that lovely skin that seems to have a light behind it. Her hair, now its natural color, is a russet shade, with paler gleams here and there.

Her wide-set brown eyes (and they meet yours so frankly, so honestly), her delicately cut nose and firm yet sensitive mouth are more exquisite than they were in babyhood. She is five feet, one half inch tall. Her tendency to plumpness, a baby tendency as is now evident, has slimmed to a rounded but graceful 101 pounds.

There was another difference in today's Shirley, too. Always before, at interviews, Mrs. Temple had answered the questions and spoken for Shirley. Now, Shirley was speaking for herself.

"I'M a sub-deb now," she said.

In "Miss Annie Rooney," in fact, she is playing a part two years ahead of her age. ("But she acts the way girls of my age *try* to act," laughed Shirley.) *Miss Annie Rooney* has read "Pygmalion." She talks jive. She quotes Shakespeare. She does a little jitterbug. She speaks of boys as "men." She even gets in a romantic mood. And, as some recent publicity on the film had it, "Shirley Temple Gets Her First Screen Kiss!"

As kisses go it wasn't much of a kiss. It was, actually, a peck on the cheek delivered by sixteen-year-old Dickie Moore. The big romantic moment occurs in an open-topped sports roadster. Shirley and Dickie are driving to a party. They stop for a traffic signal and Shirley is jolted into Dickie's arms. He takes advantage of this beautiful opportunity to brush his lips against Shirley's cheek.

"It felt like a butterfly," Shirley giggled, "it tickled!" Nevertheless, it was Shirley's first kiss, screen or otherwise, and she took it, as she takes everything she is called upon to do for the making of a picture, naturally, effortlessly, winsomely.

As naturally and as capably as Shirley is making adjustments, meeting her own problems on the screen, she is meeting them in life. She is putting away the things of childhood, one by one, and reaching out for the things of young girlhood.

"I don't play cops 'n' robbers any more," she said. "And I don't play with my collection of dolls any more; I haven't for over a year. I still *work* for them. That is, I have regular dress patterns and sew for them occasionally. And I keep them dusted, and in order. Because they are in my sitting room and Mom makes me keep my rooms tidy and picked up, don't you, Mom?"

Mrs. Temple smiled assent. "I do, indeed."

Shirley collects other things now, "because," she said, "I am a born collector." She has a perfume collection, "just like the grownup stars." And tiny (Continued on page 68)



Artist Vincentini's conception, drawn a few years ago for Photoplay, of a grownup Shirley. Opposite page: The Shirley of today

The Squadron was watching Paddy Carson questioningly. "Keep your eyes open for them," was his terse warning



Eagle Squadron

In the midst of the tragedy and the battle he had only Anne. "Why can't we be married?"

Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

"AS of this date, September 15, 1941, Pilot Officers Brewer, Coe and Borowsky to be transferred from operational training unit to—" the soft Scotch voice hesitated and Lieutenant McKinnon dropped his eyes from the three tall lean young Americans in the uniform of the R. A. F. who stood at attention on the opposite side of his desk. He glanced briefly at the document in his hand. "—to Number Seventy-One Eagle Squadron for active operational duty," he ended. "That's all," he added with a nod, and the three relaxed, at ease.

"Whew!" came in a long sigh of relief from Chuck Brewer. "We finally made it."

McKinnon apparently didn't hear him. "This is Flight Lieutenant Hank Starr," he said indicating another young American who was sauntering into the room. "He's come to fly back with you to your new station."

The three fledgling officers saluted their new superior who returned the gesture with good-humored carelessness, then perched himself on McKinnon's desk.

"How's it with you, my little Scotch haggis?" he demanded.

McKinnon glared at him without speaking and picked up three documents, two of them ink-stained, which he handed to Brewer and his companions. "When you get to your station you'll be given these," he told them, touching the Eagle insignia which adorned Hank's well-worn tunic. "And now—off with you—and good luck."

A few minutes later, at Hank Starr's heels, Chuck Brewer, Johnny Coe and Wadislav Borowsky entered a blacked-out plane for the short hop to their new quarters. Chuck proudly fingered the top button of his tunic which was unfastened as symbol of

his new status as flying officer. He'd waited a long time for this moment. Chuck was only twenty-two, but he'd caught the flying fever when he was a long-legged, devil-may-care kid in a Los Angeles school. Since then he'd done just about everything that anyone could do with a plane from flying over bug-infested crops and spraying them with poison to testing the latest thing in dive bombers. Then came this international mess and England's test by fire. Human beings were a lot more important than bugs, Chuck figured, and if Johnny Bull needed flyers right now for his job, there wasn't any use waiting around any longer for Uncle Sam to make up his mind.

With all his experience he had expected, when he reached England, that the next day—the next week, at the latest—he'd be up there in a Spitfire giving the Nazis what for.



THE CAST
 Chuck Brewer.....Robert Stack
 Anne Partridge....Diana Barrymore
 Paddy Carson.....John Loder
 Hank Starr.....Jon Hall
 Lt. McKinnon.....Nigel Bruce
 Johnny Coe.....Leif Erickson
 Wadislav Borowsky...Edgar Barrier

Anne cuddled the kitten. "What a dear," she crooned. Chuck leaned toward her. "That's just what I was going to say. But I wasn't thinking of the kitten."

urged. She was brave enough to tell him

Walter Wanger Productions; released by Universal. Original screen play by Norman Reilly Raine from the Cosmopolitan story by C. S. Forester. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Instead he found himself in for some stiff training in combat tactics under the strict discipline of seasoned R.A.F. pilots. But that was over, now. Chuck dropped into a seat beside Johnny Coe, his friend since their romper days, and grinned at him affectionately. "Well, Johnny, here we go." "Yeah," Johnny nodded laconically. "Tomorrow we get our first chance at the Nasties. This is what we've been waiting for." "It sure is," Chuck agreed. He glanced up as a man and girl entered the plane. The girl was slender with a lithe grace which made the severely tailored lines of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force uniform she wore seem completely feminine. Dark hair cascaded from beneath the voluminous WAAF cap framing an oval face whose determined little chin was saved from severity by the softly curved lips above it. Chuck sat up straighter and

The air-raid signal was shrill overhead. "I love you, Anne," Chuck whispered, and kissed her





"I didn't understand before, Chuck," Anne said. "I've been talking to Hank Starr and he told me. 'I'm sorry,' her eyes darkened unhappily. "I know what that means."

gave an inaudible whistle of admiration. "This sure is what I've been waiting for," he repeated.

The newcomers were Anne Partridge and Squadron Leader Paddy Carson, old friends of Hank Starr's, and after Hank introduced them he said, "Miss Partridge is on duty in our Observation Room."

"Then we'll be seeing a lot of each other," Chuck said.

Anne smiled, but her "Possibly we shall," was politely impersonal and then, apparently indifferent to Chuck's interest, she seated herself across the aisle.

"Paddy, here, is our squadron leader," Hank told the new officers. Dutifully Chuck turned his eyes from Anne and twisted around to face the tall serious young man who had followed her into the plane. His abrupt movement resulted in a commotion beneath his tunic and with a loud complaining mew a black kitten poked its head up under his chin.

Anne's face lighted with interest. "A kitten!" she exclaimed. She held out her hands. "May I hold it?" Chuck passed the tiny creature across the aisle and Anne cuddled it against one cheek. "What a dear," she crooned.

Chuck leaned toward her. "That's just what I was going to say. But I wasn't thinking about the kitten."

A ghost of a smile flickered on Anne's face, then disappeared. "What's its name?" she asked. "And where did you get it?"

"Little Blitz," Chuck answered. "She was on the CO's desk when he called us in to meet Lieutenant Starr. When she knocked over a bottle of ink and tracked up Johnny's and

Waddy's dossiers the CO threatened to court-martial her. Since she hadn't marked my papers I figured it was up to me to save her so I asked for her. She's going to be our mascot."

"I hope she brings us luck," Paddy Carson said grimly. "We're going to need it. By the way, where are you chaps from?"

"Los Angeles." Chuck and Johnny spoke in unison.

"How'd you happen to join our show?"

"Johnny didn't like the shellacking the Nazis were giving everybody so he decided to come over and take a hand," Chuck explained. "He has a theory that he's indestructible and I came along to see whether he is or not."

"And you?" Paddy turned to Wadislav Borowsky.

"I was born in Pennsylvania," he answered woodenly. "When I was twelve my mother and father took me back to the old country. We were there when the Nazis came. They killed my father and mother. When I could get away I went back to America."

Up in front the pilot cut the engines for the landing and in the silence that engulfed the plane Borowsky's next words echoed harshly. "I came to England," fanatical hatred blazed in his eyes, "to kill Nazis."

THE plane hit the ground with a gentle thud and the passengers disembarked onto a blacked-out field. In the darkness Chuck managed to edge close to Anne. "How about showing a stranger the sights tomorrow?" he suggested.

"Sorry. I'll be on duty most of the day," she replied briefly. She thrust Little Blitz into Chuck's hand and turned away, Paddy Carson at her heels.

"That's the most perfect brush-off I've ever had," Chuck grumbled. "And is our squadron leader a cold fish!"

"That's just what they call British reserve," Johnny comforted. "Don't let it get you down."

Nine experienced fighter pilots and the three new officers made up the flight next day. Just before they took off Paddy called them together for "briefing," the flying term for last-minute instructions. "And keep your eyes open for Leopards," was his final warning. The men looked at him questioningly. "Leopards are a new type fighter plane the Nazis are going to show us," he explained. "Nobody's seen them—we've just heard about them from our Intelligence chaps—but they can outfly and outshoot anything they've put in the air so far and they've got a tricky little finding device that may let us in for trouble before we know they're anywhere near us."

The flight proceeded according to plan. They crossed the English Channel at 25,000 feet, bombed a Nazi air base in occupied France, then began hedge-hopping for home, flying low over fields where French peasants stood with arms outflung in the shape of the V for Victory.

CHUCK was at peace with the world.

From time to time he talked over the radio telephone with Johnny who, with Little Blitz on his shoulder, was flying at the left. He thought of Anne, too, picturing her as she must look now with earphones clamped over her dark curls and wondering how he could break down her stand-offish manner to the point where she would give him a date.

Then suddenly out of an overcast sky there swooped a detachment of enemy planes. Their speed and the fact that the attack came when the Eagles' own instruments had given no hint of their approach, told Chuck that they were the deadly and mysterious Leopards. He soon realized that he was in for the fight of his life.

There was no getting away from the Leopard that dogged his tail, not even a chance to dive or loop out of range of its bullets. Repeatedly over the radio telephone came Paddy Carson's cool instructions: "Parsnip Squadron . . . Keep in formation," but formation was impossible against the speed and precision of the enemy.

When he was over the Channel, with his wings and instrument panel riddled with shellfire, Chuck knew that he would (Continued on page 92)

Coming-Out PARTY

A Take-Off by Ann Rutherford



First disclosure in this exposure of how to look pretty under the sun is the fashionable fact that this gored navy and white jersey skirt is a stand-aloner—i.e., Ann tucks it over her jacket and is set and ready to go

Final bit of business: Ann gets down to the story underneath—a playday two-piecer—stands on the wall and watches all the men fall for her in "This Time For Keeps"

Wind

AND

Stars



DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



Excitement, adventure, thrills—all gusty part and parcel of the newest "by DeMille" epic, a story of ships, and storms, of men and the women they love. Above: Ray Milland portrays Steve Tolliver, Southern aristocrat

Just picture it! An artist's interpretation of the five characters who are electrifying the film world in a great Hollywood masterpiece, "Reap The Wild Wind"

DRAWINGS BY
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Paulette Goddard as Loxi Claiborne, a role that has her flirting, in silks and satins, with adventurer Stuart and aristocrat Steve; staging, in hip boots and sailor pants, a fight with a dozen husky sailors



Rival of Steve both for the love of Loxi and for the control of the sailing ship line is Captain Jack Stuart, played by John Wayne. Both Wayne and Milland refused doubles for the fight, Wayne ended up with a broken finger



Because Susan Hayward looked like his six-year-old granddaughter, DeMille became interested in her, gave her a big break in the role of Drusilla Alston, Loxi's dainty red-haired cousin from Havana, who is recklessly in love with . . .



. . . Dan Cutler (Robert Preston), brother of the king of the keys. The story of America's fight to whip the wreckers who rule the keys, "Reap The Wild Wind" climaxes with a breath-taking "don't miss" underwater scene

George Raft took one look at Betty and knew she was his type. He's still looking at her—with love



What makes Betty run?

EVEN now, when 1938 and '39 seem so lost in time, she wonders how she could have let those two years knock her around the way they did. It wasn't only that as a result of them people said Betty Grable was washed up in Hollywood. Betty Grable believed so too. Further, she reflected that she had tried what she had originally thought of as "My Marriage," to Jackie Coogan, and it had become just another Hollywood first marriage—as typical as the color of her hair and the clothes in her closet and the patter she spoke at parties.

The trouble was not with either of

them, really, but with the circumstances of their pasts and what each wanted from the future. Betty was what she was: The child of a substantial St. Louis family, a lively little one who had always wanted to do more than anyone else and as a result had landed in Hollywood at the age of eleven; she was solidly practical, ambitious, aware that you never get anything for nothing. Jackie believed that as a child he had earned his living for the rest of his life, and he wanted to have fun, now.

Thus for the brisk new house they rented (in Westwood, that white-

washed college community built to service UCLA) the first thing Jackie ordered was a record player. The first thing Betty ordered was a desk, at which to sit and keep household accounts.

She would have been happier, she discovered later, if she had bought records for the machine instead. Then she would not have been tempted to sit down every month, add up the bills and compare the total with what cash was on hand. If any.

Jackie always had a better solution. "Give them to me," he'd command whenever he caught her sitting for-

She married Coogan, tried hard, couldn't help the outcome



Her memory book holds it all—the whispers, the bad moments, the final Grable glory

lornly on the sofa in the living room, a sheaf of bills in one hand, a useless checkbook in the other. Taking the little stack of reminders ("Please!" and "If Remittance Is Not Received," they all said by now) he would stick them into a manila envelope, seal it, mark it "Bills" with a red pencil, and carefully put it on the logs in the fireplace.

"Got a match?" he would ask, then; and the first three times were the times she smiled.

Then one afternoon he borrowed five dollars. "I'll stop by the store on my way home and get stuff for dinner

BY HOWARD SHARPE

with this," he told her, shrugging into his topcoat. She watched him gun the roadster in second and saw the red wigwags on the tail lights flirting as he zoomed out of the drive, tires screeching. And she suddenly thought, *For Pete's sake, grow up! We're flat, you haven't a job and you don't get any money for another year, maybe not even then. Buy hamburger with that five, not a capon and some champagne.*

It was suddenly very important to

her that he should not disappoint her in this thing. Later, after he had come home and she had laughed herself out, she realized that he had not disappointed her after all. He had not brought the hamburger, but then he had not brought the capon or the champagne, either. The right front hub cap on the car, dented this whole week long, had a shiny new one in its place; they were special caps, all chrome and very large.

"Lend me another buck," Jackie said, "and let's go down to the malt shop and have a hamburger and a malt and play (Continued on page 87)

Bob Hope, a man after the
Army's heart because of
his nonchalant profile, his
big heart and his fast work
with Madeleine Carroll
in "My Favorite Blonde"





Dorothy Lamour, who takes the lead in "Beyond The Blue Horizon," a girl who rates with the armed forces because she has the looks that look like romance



He's in on everything that happens to the Holdens, is Glenn Ford. He herewith tells on the Mr. and . . .

My pals, Brenda

The "guy, his wife and the guy's best friend" situation is a pretty touchy one. We think we've found a wonderful solution — the two of us and "The Queen"

Glenn Ford



. . . the Mrs., Brenda Marshall, better known as "the queen"

DON'T think Bill Holden has ever told anyone but me about his first date with the girl who is now his wife. They had met quite casually on the Warner lot when Bill was doing "Invisible Stripes" for the Brothers. Three months later he called Brenda Marshall up early one afternoon and made a date for that same evening. He didn't say what he had in mind. He did confide that they'd probably have a lot of fun and what more could anyone ask. Poor Brenda! She called up the beauty shop for a quick appointment and spent practically all that afternoon getting ready—hair, facial, manicure and the rest. The remainder of the time she devoted to general grooming at home. After all, she was wearing her new turquoise evening dress, wasn't she? And going out with that nice Bill Holden.

Well, Bill arrived at eight on the dot. But what a Bill! He was dressed in old clothes and a pair of riding boots, all in all as unglamorous a suitor as ever called on a lady. As it happened Bill and I had been riding all afternoon and he hadn't had time to go home and change.

"You sure look pretty in that get-up," Bill observed, not at all nonplussed. "Shall we be off?"

That first date almost wrecked Bill's romance. It was spent out in the dust of Chatworth watching the battle scenes for "The Fighting 69th."

The dates that followed convinced Brenda how much the two had in common—a gift for laughter, a lust for life, a capacity for being happy without artificial excitement and an unquenchable ardor for their work. Every now and then during the long courtship I would run into them at bowling alleys, Ping-pong courts, miniature golf courses.

Passage of time kept bringing out talents in Brenda the existence of which Bill had never even vaguely suspected. For one thing, Bill had taken it for granted that ladies (especially pretty ones) couldn't handle a gun and were atrocious marksmen in the bargain. When he discovered that Brenda was not only a crack shot but an accomplished horsewoman to boot, he immediately set out to arrange

hunting expeditions. Not the big-game safaris on which he is always ready to embark as soon as he has finished a picture. Roughing it didn't become a lady like Brenda, he felt. On the other hand, what was wrong with hunting small game, wild birds and the like? Nothing, of course.

Once the romance had acquired a little momentum, it became one of those seven-Fridays-a-week affairs. Every other night they would drop into a movie, maybe oftener than that. They went mostly "to learn," as Bill says. He and Brenda still go to the movies "to learn."

It is characteristic of an actor who is constantly striving for the best performance within his power to give that when it came time to give Brenda her engagement ring, he waited until midafternoon and the sun was just right. Then he took her by the hand, led her outside and slipped the ring on her (Continued on page 83)

and Bill



WANTED . . .

for Solitary Confinement

Some specimens of the species condemned by a male jury to a lonely life unless . . .

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

Drawings by Lucille Corcos



Bea is still working on that moss-covered motto of always being busy when a guy asks for first date. Bea spends lots of evenings knitting, figuring the come-on worth it, but Bea may get fooled. The men catch on if it's a hoax and hang up in disgust. Bea better stop being the game pretender, get herself a mauve suit with a emerald-green blouse proven man-bait, and really be busy. The presto, the dater-upper catches on it's true bluff and comes back for more.

Flossie, the Fork Flourisher

Flossie thinks forks were made to brandish in the air, which overpowering gesture does dastardly things to the gentleman across the dinner table. Flossie should restrain herself. If she hasn't enough will power to go off the silver standard she should get decked out in a black silk crepe dress with long tight chiffon sleeves. The least wild move will do wilder damage and Flossie will be forced to sit quietly like a good little lady.



Mabel the Man-Killer

Mabel thinks she's been asked out to see how many other men she can ensnare. So she keeps making eyes in the wrong direction while her escort glowers. Mabel should take unto herself a large worldly-wise milan hat with a concealing veil of sheer chiffon. It will dim the glory of those long-distance glances, keep Mabel's eyes at short range where they belong and, incidentally, light all the torches necessary by remote control.



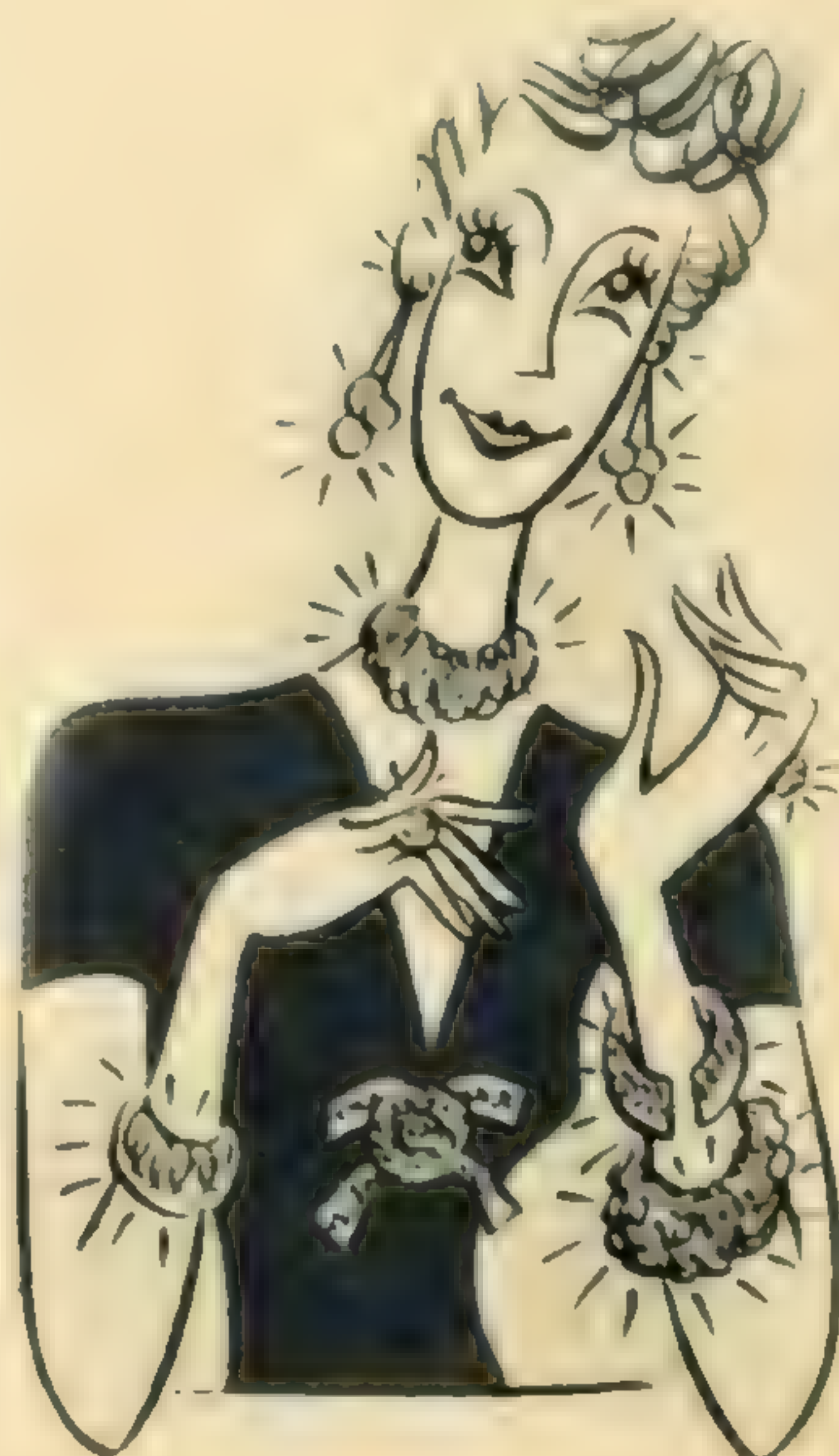
Dora "I Don't Care"

Dora is so-o-o obliging. She just doesn't care where she goes and she's always gabbing to prove it. Dora better watch out, 'cause the males like a suggestion once in a while. If Dora is an incurable case, well, she can just wear a bottle green coat dress with white piqué collars and cuffs, tip it off with a white piqué hat and the gent won't ask her where she wants to go; he'll just take her to the smartest place in town.



Flashy Florabel

Florabel, poor darling, found a bargain on the jewelry counter. In fact, she found several bargains and she wears them all at once. She thinks the two rings, and the pin, and the three bracelets, and the earrings make her drip with glamour. Matter of fact, she just drips. Let Florabel be smart, lend a pretty pink ear to this: One perfectly matched set of up-to-the-minute jewelry like the one on page 74 will get her the right kind of sparkler in record time.





"I Do" Fashion

FOR JUNE

The gentleman at the altar can be a matter of choice; but your dress, June bride, should look like this. Designer Irene dresses up Claudette Colbert to say "I do" to Joel McCrea of Paramount's "Palm Beach Story" in a basically simple white satin gown with a high collarless neckline and long tight sleeves. The bridegroom will be watching you; but the guests will have their eyes on the embroidered scroll of pearls on the bodice and the Russian-styled headdress, and on the sheer veil that sweeps down to cover the train

To brush off the shower of rice in high style, make the going-away dash to the car in a suit like Miss Colbert's here model. A slate gray dressmaker. It has three summer-suit musts—front skirt fullness, fitted hip-length jacket and wide natural shoulders. A little white pillbox and white gloves are dress-up addenda; the outfit is finished off by steel gray lid shoes. To catch the sun that you're going to be lucky enough to have shine on you, fasten the gray drapes of the pillbox with a silhouette you



To make your husband certain he's chosen a clever wife, have this Irene suit in your trousseau—a white wool with marvelous green stripes. Let your skirt have one pleat in front—it's a smart sports-suit touch; be sure your sweater blouse is bright kelly green jersey. Then, just for a clever contrast, have the stripes on the suit jacket running horizontally to those on the skirt. Accessories are sparkling white; the effect is bambastic





Be a pretty little blushing bride in an ice-cream pink print dinner dress like the one Irene designed for Claudette. It's simply cut, as a print should be; it has a large leaf pattern of black and sky blue trimming the bodice and one side of the circular skirt. A small leaf pattern of sky blue paillettes runs gaily down the V neckline, the short sleeves and the bodice. Pin a little velvet bow in your curls and you'll have a lot of other men wishing they saw you first



You'll show you know your way around a dance floor if your honeymoon dress follows that smart female evening motto, concealing yet revealing. This Irene standout does. It's of black faille with its strapless bodice outlined in black lace, its tunic flaring out smartly. Shoulder arms with a separate black lace collar fastened with a jeweled clasp and you'll have your new male acquisition looking at you as Mr. McCrea looks at Miss Colbert in "The Palm Beach Story"

You've got to believe me!

WHEN Bill Corey first saw glamour star Caryl Winslow having lunch with her director Larry Pierce and her leading man Roland Summers he fell—and fell hard. He had come out to Hollywood to get Caryl's endorsement on an advertising client's product and instead he found himself mixed up in a criminal case. For that very day Caryl was kidnapped, and Bill, because he had tried to contact her, was held by the police as a suspect.

Bill, remembering the suspicious four-fingered man he'd seen on the grounds of Caryl's home, managed to escape from the station house and, by some clever sleuthing, met up with the gang in a gambling house. Pretending to be one of them working under the big boss's orders, he got

himself to the hang-out where they were holding Caryl.

There was only one way to save her—a dangerous way, but he tried it. The gangsters, a bit suspicious of the big boss anyhow, believed his story that the boss had double-crossed them and that they would take the rap unless they did away with Caryl. Bill was given the job, with Clip to go along as overseer.

It was hard for him to convince Caryl as they rode along in the car that he was trying to save her. By a bit of double-talk that Cliff couldn't catch on to, he told her his plan—that she must jump from the car.

The minute came—the screeching of brakes . . . Caryl's plunge . . . the wild careening of the car . . .

Bill came to to find the road jammed

with cars. Two truckmen, recognizing the kidnapped star, hustled him into their car, started at top speed for the police station.

Another car behind them, trailing them . . . the police station a block ahead . . . the car behind suddenly pulling in ahead of them . . . and then the sickening sensation as their truck came to a dizzy stop.

The driver of the other car was approaching them coolly, forcing Bill out and into his machine, taking his own place behind the wheel. Ahead against the dim blue lights of the station house he could see a girl going up the steps. It looked like Caryl. Bill started to cry out. The man dug a gun into his side.

"Shut up or I'll let you have it."
The car leapt forward. . . .

Caryl was bending over Bill, trying to untie the ropes. With his free hand he drew her toward him and for a brief trembling instant their lips met

ILLUSTRATION BY C. C. BEALL



He had made many telephone calls to girls before. But this one was different. This one was to the woman he loved—and his life depended on her understanding of what he said

BY WILL OURSLER

Driving at reckless, terrifying speed. Zigzagging through darkened, deserted streets. Tires screeching as they took the corners.

The dash lights were out. Bill strained in the darkness to study the shadowed figure—calm and unperturbed and silent—behind the wheel. The upturned collar and hat brim hid his face. But Bill could still catch the metallic glint of the gun in his hand.

"YOU young men—you think too much."

Voice low, precise, full of sarcasm. There was something familiar about him. Something in the careful, studied way he spoke.

Bill drew away. He knew this was the boss. The one who had planned it. The brains.

No way out. Unless he attempted to leap from the car. And that was almost certain death, at the rate they were traveling. Yet it was a chance—

"I wouldn't try it." The man seemed to read his thoughts. "I handle this gun rather well."

Bill didn't answer. After a moment, the man said, "You took quite an interest in her. Caryl."

"Yes." His own voice sounding remote and unreal. "I wanted to help her. To get her out of the hands of people like you."

"Nothing more personal than that?" His tone full of mockery.

"Of course—nothing."

But he realized it wasn't true. Knew the sudden rise of emotion within him. And the man laughed.

"In fact, you find yourself in love."

Bill said, "It's none of your rotten business."

"Precisely. And of no importance."

The road they reached was narrow and dark and unfrequented. Flat country. No houses near nor lights nor signs of life. Far off he could hear the roar of the ocean. The tang of salt air.

"Sorry about all this. It's unfortunate." The man's voice was soft, almost mellow. "You can see that. One has position. Responsibility. And trouble comes along. You gamble and lose. And keep on losing, more and more."

That would be the gambling house. Sam. But Bill did not miss the menace in the tone, in the very gentleness of it.

"Sure," Bill (*Continued on page 78*)



Jeanette

SENDS HER MAN TO WAR

Once in every woman's life there comes this great sensation. Jeanette MacDonald felt it when she said good-by to husband Gene Raymond. You—and you—and you—will feel it, too, when the time has come to send a man off smiling

BY IDA ZEITLIN

LIKE thousands of her countrywomen, Jeanette MacDonald has waved her soldier good-by. With the mixed emotions so many of us have known and are to know, she stood at the rail of an airport and watched his ship take off—hoping, dreading; proud of him, heavy with the foretaste of loneliness and, above all, strong in the knowledge that his going was not only inevitable but right.

She has no patience with dramatics. She doesn't glory in the fact that Gene volunteered, nor indulge in self-pity. She accepts it. Not her least source of comfort is the sense that she's sharing the experience of women everywhere. "It's as if, standing alone," she says, "you feel a hand take each of yours and suddenly you're not alone but shoulder to shoulder with an army."

It's her private hunch that the idea of joining up was in Gene's mind when he started flying two years ago. They both felt war was bound to come. "When it does," he said, "I want to be up in the air, dishing it out, not down below getting it."

Jeanette has flown when occasion demanded—once, to her sick sister—once with Gene, back from their honeymoon, to reach Hollywood in time for the opening of "Firefly." But she doesn't like it. She gets airsick and scared sick. So her husband waited to take his first flying lessons till she went off on a concert tour and

broke the news on her return by presenting her with his little solo-flight pin.

She feels there's no room in marriage for concealments between husband and wife. She scoffs at what she calls the typical man who yearns to spare the little woman till things get so bad that at last he's forced to tell her, darling, we're ruined. That, she observes, is a lot of bunk. A wife should be told when there's something to worry about. After all, that's part of the marriage vow, isn't it?

So a pang shot through her at Gene's disclosure. Not because he was flying but because he'd kept it from her. "It's your life," she pointed out. "If that's what you want, you should have known I wouldn't try to interfere."

He did know that. He just hadn't wanted to worry her on tour.

"Pooh! What's the difference if I'm worried three months ago or now?" Then she relented. "Bet you're a whale of a pilot."

Her own feeling about flying didn't prevent a sympathetic understanding of his. They talked about it often. He described the sense of buoyancy and exhilaration, of oneness with the plane—how strange and lovely the world looked from up there, how far horizons gave you far perspectives against which the petty and the stupid dropped away to the nothingness where they belonged.

Sometimes she'd smile. "You're an

idiot about flying, aren't you?" But she knew he wasn't a unique idiot, having compared notes with other girls whose husbands flew. They all felt the same way.

AFTER Pearl Harbor Gene was offered an important job in civilian defense work. Jeanette reacted like any wife who loves her husband, an oh-wouldn't-it-be-wonderful-I-hope-he-takes-it-reaction. She went so far as to tell him what she hoped, but no further, sticking by her principle of no interference and no pressure.

He answered soberly. "I'm not sure I want to take it. If everybody takes defense jobs, there'll be no need for planes because there'll be nobody left to fly them."

There matters rested till shortly before Christmas. Since he's a hard young man to find gifts for, Jeanette asked him what he wanted. "You can give me," he said, "a nice identification tag."

That jolted her. "What a charming idea!" She waited, half expecting him to laugh it off. But he didn't.

"No, I'd really like a nice identification tag to wear round my neck."

Well, they're selling identification tags to civilians all over the country, but Jeanette knew well enough that Gene wasn't hanging tags round his neck to stay in Bel-Air. Also he asked her not to have it inscribed till his plans (Continued on page 90)



THE TRUTH



John Carroll tells Lana Turner how nice she looks. She always does. But the way she sometimes manages it—well!



As host and hostess, Tyrone Power and Annabella are above reproach. Yet, at a recent party, they let their imaginations go—and the guests went home agasp.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Lovely dignified Greer Garson (with Benny Thau) usually dresses right up to those adjectives. Her taste in furnishings is another matter—a very "my goodness" matter, at that.



Joan Blondell is honest to the point of telling you that she has poor taste. When she dresses to go out, she puts on whatever catches her eye. Then comes husband Dick Powell's turn

ABOUT STARS' TASTES



They may say "my deah" with an elegant accent, but actions betray more than words!

**BY
"FEARLESS"**

Ann Sheridan likes tailored suits—certain kinds. As, for instance, that "new" one she's recently acquired

because she couldn't decide which would be best. Sometimes she'd work in a dress for a day or two. Feeling she'd picked the wrong one, she'd make another choice—and the scenes would have to be reshot.

Ginger Rogers's taste in selecting her personal wardrobe is most unique. In everything else, Ginger shows rare judgment. Her clothes come from Hollywood's top feminine designer. They cost hundreds. So the story goes, it was Marlene Dietrich who took a crack at Ginger. For her role in a recent picture, Marlene had to dress like a cheap cafe entertainer. She is supposed to have gone into a local dress shop and said, "I want to see something that looks like what Ginger Rogers would pick out to wear at Ciro's!"

Speaking of Dietrich's taste, everyone knows she is one of the most stunning women in Hollywood. Marlene is also a great lover of opera. Or so it seemed to the audiences who, at opera performances, watched her as she sat in her seat and seemed to all but swoon. However, when Marlene went to a Hollywood party, she arrived with an armload of records. They were *not* opera. Neither were they Strauss waltzes, light symphonies—or even a rumba. They were recordings of Marlene's own voice—a little treat that seems to produce the same soothing effect as "Tristan And Isolde" to the Dietrich cult.

Sweaters and Lana Turner are synonymous. When M-G-M's little problem pixie dresses up occasionally, she doesn't allow her taste to run away with the practical side of her nature. At the Chinese Theater premiere of "A (Continued on page 77)

BY no wild stretch of the imagination can it be said that the stars are models of perfection. Generally speaking, the examples they set, the patterns they follow, well warrant the adulation they receive. But in some cases there's a big difference between the taste they display publicly and their real preferences. Even the very tops among them pull surprise punches occasionally.

As host and hostess, Tyrone Power and his Annabella are above reproach. At dinner guests were visibly shocked one night. Finger bowls were served containing *real live* guppys! Instead of dipping their famous fingers, the guests sat fascinated while the miniature fish disported themselves in the most amazing fashion. Oblivious to their surroundings, the guppys refused to allow the mere presence of famous stars to interrupt the natural course of their daily existence.

In former days before the war, Di-

rector Mitch Leisen was prone to present his feminine dinner guests with gifts of unusual nature. One night, Mitch entertained the Fondas, the Coopers, the MacMurrays, the Millands and other members of Hollywood's select set. When the finger bowls were served, the ladies got real oysters. All Mitch had to do was announce that each oyster contained a perfect cultured pearl! Dessert was completely forgotten. The men gathered around the ladies. Water splashed over expensive gowns and tablecloth while the oysters were pried open.

There is more to the taste-in-clothes situation in Hollywood than meets the eye. Norma Shearer, one of the most stunning on and off the screen, is anything but the decisive lady you'd expect her to be.

When she's making a picture, designers usually have to present Norma with several optional sketches for each change. There was a time when she ordered two or three dresses made up

In the Face of Death

(Continued from page 27) has been sharing windy watches aboard a destroyer, a battleship, and later a mine sweeper, with the men of the Navy who fight at sea on ships, not with salad forks at diplomatic dinners.

Doug's application for a Naval Reserve commission was no post-Pearl Harbor gesture. Immediately after World War II broke out in September of 1939, Doug volunteered for the Naval Reserve and, after studiously "boning" for the exacting examinations for a peace-time commission, was appointed an officer.

He was called to active duty in September 1941, three months before war was declared. It still gives him a chuckle to recall those two days after he sailed for Iceland, to report to the USS M—— for his first orders, Hollywood cabled that it was "imperative" he return for retakes on "The Corsican Brothers," his last film.

It was slightly symbolic of Doug's first six months in the Navy that in his very first days in the service Hollywood should try to reach out for him. For it was his film fame that was to be the earnest young officer's greatest handicap, a stiffer obstacle to overcome than any ignorance of intricate points of navigation or lack of long training in such technical matters as gunnery or engineering.

CONGRESSMEN who criticize Hollywood for its failure to march off en masse to war are not the only skeptics of the film colony's sincerity. To many an admiral, who had spent forty years attaining rank without renown, the sight of a mere stripling of a junior grade lieutenant being photographed for newspapers and newsreels, quoted in the press and on the air, was an outrage to the tradition of silent service and—an insult to his own anonymity.

"Have you hired yourself a press agent?" asked one brass hat, when Fairbanks, ashore at Reykjavik, Iceland, received more attention than all the rest of the gold braid of the patrol put together.

It was difficult for some of these superior officers to remember that Doug was known around the world as a film star. Apparently it was equally difficult for them to forget it when it came to assigning quarters or duties to the fledgling officer.

"A Hollywood star, a glamor boy, eh?" seemed their attitude. "All right, let's see if he can take it!"

Doug took it! He came up smiling under every "dirty job" he was handed to test him.

In five months at sea Doug was in eight torpedoings.

On one patrol, the destroyer to which he was attached was lost for two days in a severe storm, its gyrocompass crippled, its radio necessarily silent lest a request for directions reveal the convoy's location to enemy raiders, a dense fog preventing the navigator from obtaining his bearings from sun or stars. The lost ship was battered by heavy seas that rocked the destroyer like a bobbing tin can, pushed it over to such unbelievable lists as fifty-seven degrees; seas that picked you up and hurled you against bulkheads, waves that thundered down onto the decks and twisted iron ladders like paper.

Lashed into his bunk, Doug spent many sleepless nights, retched by seasickness, overcome by the sheer physical strain of double watches on a sleet-covered deck to which you had to hang like a leech

lest you be washed overboard.

Ofttimes, in bad weather, Doug didn't climb out of his clothes for days at a time, dropping exhausted near his station for quick naps of five minutes when relieved.

Not every minute at sea was grim, however. There were the welcome warm hours in the officers' salon, meeting messmates, making new friends, learning something of the traditions of the Navy and learning, too, that Navy men are just human beings like the rest, who carry pictures of their kids in their pocketbooks, enjoy Beethoven and talk longingly of the way the burning leaves of autumn used to smell back home.

Doug's service was varied in those months at sea. First he served with a destroyer as junior communications officer, mastering the challenging problem of decoding. On the same ship he shared a bridge watch with the Executive Officer.

Transferred to a battleship in Iceland, Doug was junior officer in charge of an anti-aircraft battery.

Later on a mine sweeper, patrolling the Atlantic Coast, Lieutenant Fairbanks was third in command.

As watch officer on the mine sweeper, Doug had one experience which left a deeper impression on him than any of his exploits on the destroyer.

In the peaceful sunshine of a quiet sea some fifty miles off the Jersey Coast, the lookout spotted an empty lifeboat, rolling on the gentle swells.

On the thwarts were the coats and caps of three men, and an empty water



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

You may not be able to give as much as men like Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—men who walk the decks of Uncle Sam's ships in the dark watches of the Atlantic . . . or men who hurl American tanks through Philippine jungles against the swarming Japs . . . or the boys who dive their bombers into the yellow tentacles reaching out for Australia.

You can't buy a plane or a ship or a tank all by yourself. But you can buy one rivet for a plane or a ship, one bolt for a tank, can't you?

ONE DEFENSE STAMP WILL DO IT!

And if you keep buying week after week, all of you, think of the rivers of rivets and bolts that will flow to our fighting men!

DO IT NOW!



barrel, dramatic evidence of the last horror-filled days of some tiny band of survivors from a nameless sunken ship who had held out as long as they could, then gone overboard rather than face the final crazed hours of starvation and thirst.

If he hadn't already realized it, Doug knew that morning that the job for which he had volunteered was no motion-picture scenario tale of gleaming gold buttons and brave banners parading by cheering throngs, but a grim, desperate game that was being played for keeps.

THAT he proved he could take it was best attested in the praise his commanding officer bestowed on Doug when he left the battleship.

"It was a pleasure to have him aboard," the skipper said. "His enthusiasm and attention to duty set a precedent which many of our young officers would do well to emulate. I would have been pleased to have had him on board permanently."

Bouquets like that are rare in the Navy. Not so rare, but just as warming and welcome was the deep and sincere regard Doug won from the men, the enlisted men whose loyalty and respect can make or break an officer.

It is on the subject of the bluejacket of the modern Navy that you can prod Lieutenant Fairbanks out of his self-imposed silence regarding his experiences so far in the service.

"They're the greatest bunch of men I've ever worked with," Doug enthuses. "Their patience is marvelous to watch; their earnestness, an inspiration. No adventuresome bravado marks the men who are serving at sea today. They're well aware of all the grim horror of war and their philosophy of patriotism is that there's a tough job to be done, and they want to help do it."

"They've got the greatest sense of humor of any class of men I've ever met and their acceptance of discipline and their display of honest respect for their officers set an example you immediately want to follow."

Doug is following that example and today, six months after he first donned uniform, Lieutenant Fairbanks is gradually breaking down that early aloof air of suspicion with which his superior officers regarded this movie star turned Navy man.

How many Nazi submarines were accounted for in the "hunts" in which Doug took part will not be known until the Navy Department eventually announces the tally of the deadly game of checkers still being played out on the cold wastes of the North Atlantic.

But stripped of all heroics, all the "thrills" and the excitement of the actual adventures he has been going through, Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr. remains Hollywood's best answer to the next critic who asks, "Why don't some of those actors get into action in a uniform instead of in front of a camera?"

Soon, no doubt, there will be other faces known to millions of film fans seen aboard the line ships of our Navy. Lieutenant Robert Montgomery, back from an assignment as naval observer in London, even now is training at Newport for sea duty with the torpedo patrol boats. Ensign Wayne Morris any day now may be transferred from recruiting service to a job afloat.

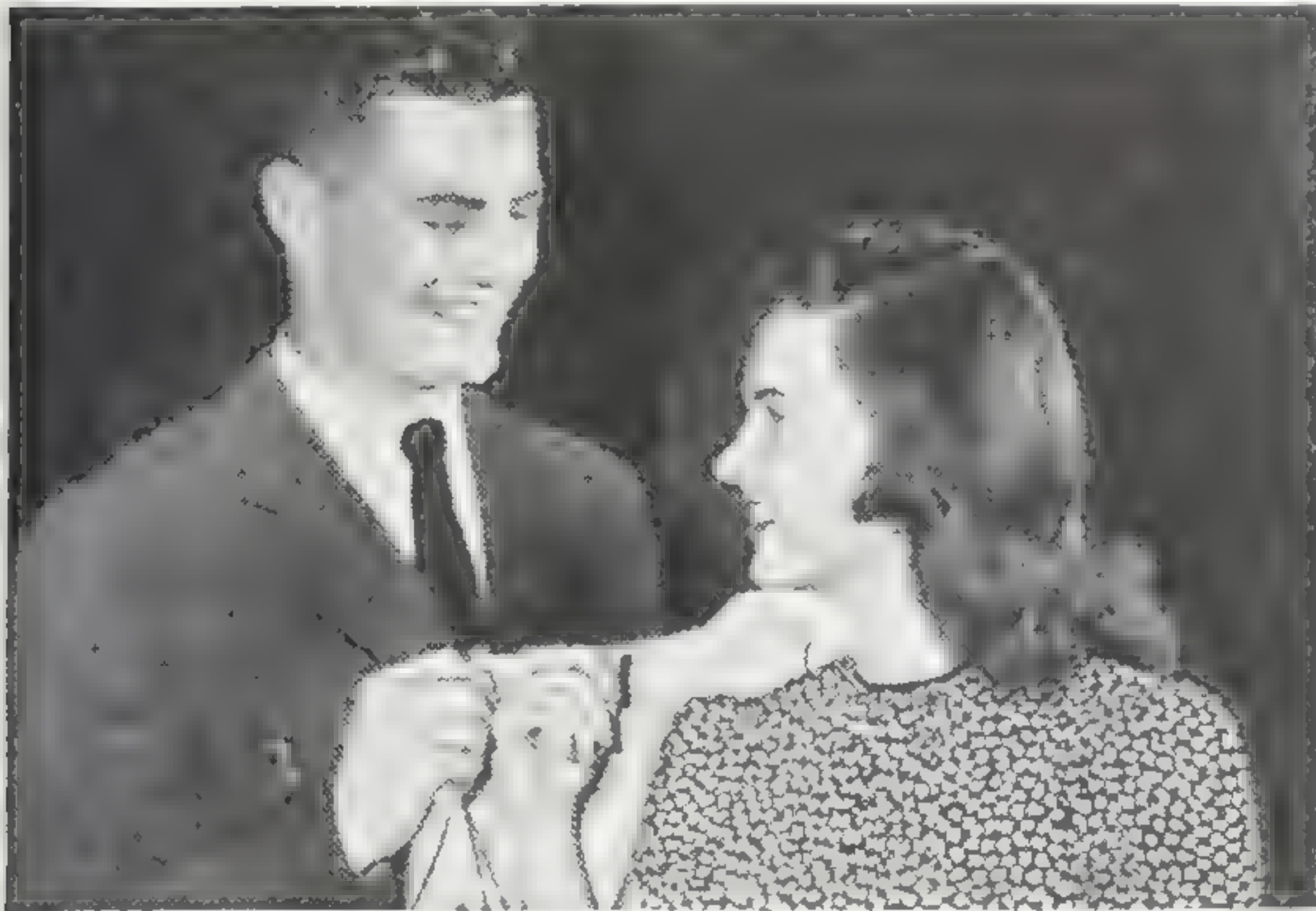
Meanwhile, somewhere out in the Atlantic, Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is proving that Hollywood, when it's called, can more than do its bit.

The End.

SHE'S

Engaged

(below) **SALLIE HAMILTON** and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.



When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring



HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.

SHE'S Lovely!

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm not going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face twice-over creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.



SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

She uses Pond's!

—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream





Left: Cute, cunning and cashing in on Hollywood—the Shirley Temple of curly-top days. Above: Miss Temple, sub-deb in chiffon and pearls, goes premiering with her mother and father

First Kiss—and Miss Temple

(Continued from page 41) silver images. And shelves of rare Copenhagen figures. And books, loads of books.

Her sitting room—done with cream walls, carpeted in wood rose and royal blue, with furnishings in wood rose and a chaise longue, if you please—is lined with books. During this past year she has read Galsworthy's "Fortitude," Churchill's "The Crisis," "Darkness At Noon," "The Keys Of The Kingdom," "Oliver Wiswell," "Berlin Diary" and "The Soong Sisters." "Most of them were required reading at school," Shirley said, "but"—with the faintest possible sigh—"I enjoyed them."

SHE uses a lipstick now, too. But just a lipstick. No compact furnishes her purse as yet. "We don't use powder or rouge or anything but lipstick," she said, "none of us do." She wears silk stockings, "sheer ones, too." The short-cut nails of the cops 'n' robber days are longer now, and shaped. She said, thoughtfully, inspecting the ten trim ovals with obvious pride and pleasure, "It's really on account of my nails that I don't play cops 'n' robbers any more. It's a rough game and I'd be sure to break them."

But some of the ways of baby days, Mrs. Temple told me, sotto voce, and gratefully, are still unchanged. "I still put her hair up every night," her mother said, "and study her script with her after she gets in bed. She still loves to help Katy in the kitchen, loves to set the table and arrange flowers. She is really quite domestic. And, of course, I still stay with her on the sets."

Shirley's friends are "mostly," as she would say, the girls in her class at the Westlake School where, this June, she

will finish her sophomore year. Shirley likes school. She is taking a First Aid course and is a sergeant in the Drill. "Our instructor in Drill," Shirley said, with proper awe, "is a regular captain in the Coast Guard." She added, "Naturally I'm interested in courses like these. Especially interested because my brother George is at Pearl Harbor, you know, and has been for some time. He was there on—on December seventh. It was almost a month before we heard from him." There was a very tender note in Shirley's voice, then, and something older and deeper and wiser than fourteen in her eyes as she added, "Poor Mom."

"Mostly," Shirley went on, "when my friends come over in the afternoons, or on week-end evenings, we dance all the time. We even do a little jitterbug, but we don't do a very good jitterbug, kind of quiet. We play badminton a lot, too, and ride our bikes. And eat. Hamburgers and spaghetti are our favorite things, and cokes, of course. And ice-cream sodas, we make them all the time at my soda fountain. Oh, no, none of us smokes cigarettes. I'm not going to smoke, either."

When the fledging sub-deb was queried as to whether she and her girl friends dance together, she regarded such naïveté with real compassion, then politely but firmly disposed of any such really too quaint notion.

Girls dancing together, no, indeed! "We all have our friends," explained Miss T., with dignity. "Some of the boys are the brothers of some of the girls. Some of them are boys we know in military and high schools."

The boys, it appears, are anywhere "from eighteen down to thirteen, all dif-

ferent ages. It really doesn't matter." What does matter is that they must be good dancers. But *must*. Clothes and manners are not particularly "vital," either. "They're adolescent, too, you know," said Shirley, tolerantly.

Unlike Miss Rooney, Shirley and her sister sub-debs show no signs as yet of getting in "a romantic mood." "No," Shirley said, "we don't have crushes. If we do," she added honestly, after a moment's reflection, "we don't talk about it."

The girls do not even have crushes on movie actors. "I used to have one on Charles Laughton," Shirley added, reminiscently, "especially in 'The Hunchback Of Notre Dame.' It was gruesome, so I loved it."

YOUNG Miss Temple goes to dances, now and again. Not on dates, as such. She will not be allowed to have dates, her mother said, until she is fifteen, possibly sixteen. "Gosh, Mom," dimpled Miss T., "fifteen would be wonderful." But she is allowed to go, with other young couples, to dances given by various groups she belongs to, dances at several military schools, and to home affairs. On such occasions Palmer, her bodyguard and chauffeur, takes her and stays with her. "And usually," Mrs. Temple smiled, "Daddy follows them in his car."

"We're all crazy about the radio, too," Shirley was saying, "we have it turned on all the time. Dance music, of course. We're all crazy about the 'Inner Sanctum Mystery,' too. I like to listen to it with the lights turned off, it's more gruesome." (To be gruesome, we gathered, whether it be man, or boy or broadcast, is to rate.) "I love the 'I Love A Mystery' program, too. I like symphonies. I like them a lot, but only when I'm alone or with the family. I have my radio going all the time, even when I'm studying. When I'm doing my algebra I usually seem to have the radio on full blast. After all, I can't miss my favorite programs. Besides, radio helps me to concentrate. Mom doesn't understand this, but it's so, it really is."

"Mom doesn't think I should listen to the 'Inner Sanctum,' either. She thinks it's too gruesome. She heard it once and remembers something about a headless man. . . ."

"... it was an armless woman, Shirley," Mrs. Temple said, and shuddered.

"Well, anyway, she said it made her feel sort of sick. That's the trouble with grownups, things stick to their minds. We," said Shirley blithely, "forget. . . ."

It is always dangerous to set up as a prophet, particularly about a business built on the shifting sands of public favor—and public favorites. But we dare to prophesy that Shirley will be again, if she wants to be, the biggest star this business has ever known.

If she wants to be . . .

In those five words lie the promise and the essence of Shirley's future and, at the same time, the only reason why she may not, when she is fully grown, continue in professional life. Because while she is without a single doubt a "born actress," she is, also, a very normal little sub-deb, fond of boys and dancing and home and good times, decidedly domestic, warmly affectionate—tendencies which may, as her mother realizes, lead her to early marriage, to a preference for firelight rather than limelight.

Because she is so real, so human, so warm of heart, eager of spirit and comprehensive of mind, she will follow her natural instincts, her star, if you like, the star of her own choosing, wherever it may lead her.

The End.

*"Want to be Attractive?
Then make Daintiness
SURE"*



IDA LUPINO

THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

"A daily Lux Soap beauty bath," she says, "makes you sure of skin that's sweet!"

You'll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You'll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Personal Conquest

(Continued from page 34) was over. I ran to get my books, then rushed up into the hills.

"That was always my escape, the hills and books. I read and read, all Shakespeare, all the great plays, every novel I could put my hands on. I still do, but on that particular day I knew romantic dreams would do me no good, that, before dark, I'd have to go home and take the punishment that was waiting for me."

THE dark fear of those continual punishments was always there to haunt Joan's childhood. It was her stepfather, whose name she bears, who administered them. "Now I understand him and know how good he was for us," Joan says. "Now we are the best of friends, but growing up I was always terrorized by him."

"What had happened was that, when I was still a baby, my mother and real father had finally separated. Mother loved the social life of the British colony in Tokio but she gave it up, for me, because of my miserable health."

"I was two and a half when we came to California and settled down in the little town of Saratoga. Mother had chosen it for its climate, but I shall never be grateful enough to her for having recognized its beauty, too. It was a wonderful thing to grow up in Santa Clara Valley, where the fruit trees seem to be always in flower. These flowering fruit trees are my first memory and, as I grew up, they were like friends to me."

The impractical Mrs. de Havilland had brought with her almost no money. She and the two little girls lived a delightful, haphazard, colorful life until a young French-Canadian named Fontaine came along and fell in love with her, and she with him.

"Immediately Liv's and my lives changed," says Joan. "Mother didn't change at all. She never does. Nothing affects her and she always does things in her own, delightful irresponsible way. But from the very day of their wedding, Liv's and my lives were relentlessly regimented. I repeat, I don't blame my stepfather now. We were completely undisciplined and, I'm sure, very difficult children. My stepfather determined to change all that. Literally every fifteen minutes of our days were planned out and we had to spend our Sundays making up those plans, writing them out on paper and submitting them to our stepfather for his approval."

"If we were an instant late, if we failed in any study, if one bureau drawer got out of order—anything, everything was punishable."

"Mother only punished us for one thing. She drilled us on diction and any sloppy speech on our part brought down her wrath upon us. But with my stepfather, all life was dark and he was determined that we should know it."

"We were not encouraged to make friends. That is still one of the great lacks in my character: I do not know how to get along with people. The people I love I adore, but there are so few I even dare approach. With one person at a time, I can get on famously, but put me in any kind of a group and I am awkward and ill at ease. I got it so drilled into me that I had to do everything perfectly that I still expect all people to be perfection in all things. I am so slowly learning tolerance."

"Liv always had spirit and would stand up to my stepfather, take her punishment and keep on talking defiantly all the while. But I was crushed by them in body and spirit."

"I remember once he pointed a woman out to us. She was some poor derelict and her clothes were ragged and her shoes had holes in them. That was the result of disobedience, our stepfather said, the result of doing things improperly and poorly. I remember crying and crying over that woman, not as I should have, with pity for her, but with pity for myself and with horror at life. It seemed to me that if life were as awful as that, I couldn't face it. I didn't want to grow up. The injustice of all existence crushed me. Now I am sure that much of my illness was caused by my constant wish to die."

SHE could eat almost nothing, this terrorized little girl, and it was a real miracle that she lived. She was eight before she ever ate fruit in its natural state; up until that time, she had subsisted merely on fruit juices. She had all the usual childhood illnesses, plus continual colds and fevers.

When she and Olivia were fourteen and fifteen respectively they went to work. Their stepfather had the idea that if they earned their own spending money they would get a sense of its value.

"I did everything," Joan says. "I waited on tables, I minded babies. I fed chickens, daily, for the sum of thirty

cents weekly, and eternally I was ill and unhappy and lonely. By the time I was seventeen I could endure it no longer. Liv was already a belle, a beauty, and a celebrity. She had gone out on the road with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and Reinhardt had discovered her. I was convinced that I was never going to be anything but unloved and ignored and I begged my mother to let me go back to Japan to visit my father. Not having ever known him, he had become a dream to me, an impossible 'ideal.'"

IT WAS a setup for Joan the moment she stepped on board that ocean liner, but she was too naïve to know that few young people ever travel. She had no comprehension of the appeal of her delicate young beauty. She only knew that suddenly she was sought after. Every man on the boat was immediately aware of her and all the unattached ones were in hot pursuit of her.

Removed from the dazzling shadow of Olivia, free of her fear of her stepfather, Joan Fontaine came into her first sweet glory.

The boat itself encountered a typhoon, stood up on end and nearly sank, but Joan never noticed that. Every other woman on board was half-dead of seasickness; but not Joan, the chronic invalid, the sensitive eater. The night of the fancy dress ball she got her first proposal. She accepted it, starry-eyed. That was no wonder, since she was devastatingly lonely. The night of the ship's concert another man proposed to her. She accepted him, too.

She arrived in Tokio doubly engaged and love kept on happening to her.

It was wonderful to meet her father. Their minds were in sympathy and they discussed the lives of dead kings and queens, of emperors and poets they had met in books.

It was only when they came to reality that they had no meeting ground whatsoever. They were father and daughter—and yet essential strangers.

Joan would have worried about it if she had had time. But besides the two young men she had agreed to marry on the way over, she had now agreed to marry three more, whom she had met in Tokio.

"I don't know why I didn't think that they must all inevitably meet in the small British social circle of Tokio," she says, "and that they would inevitably compare notes. I had my mind all made up on one of them. He was already in the American diplomatic service and I had myself wonderfully dramatized as a consul's wife. I thought it was all very well for Olivia to be getting into movies—for by this time she was in Hollywood—but that I should be so much more elegant, married and so very fashionable. But there were the other four and I was completely incapable of saying no to any of them, out of sheer infatuation for this new-found popularity of mine. I suppose. I didn't want to lose any of them. Finally, I fled from Tokio, back to Saratoga, just to escape the whole tangle of it."

SHE forgot all the five on arrival, for there, at her home, was Henry Duffy, the producer, who having seen her in some of her school productions, was offering her a role in "Call It A Day." In a frenzy of delight, she signed with him. The role was small and she wasn't at all outstanding in it, but she knew from that first night of her professional appearance



Livvie's "little sister," Joan Fontaine, and her first big Hollywood romance. She paired off with Conrad Nagel, thought it was love, found it a friendship instead

at she had found her destiny. When the play closed, she went to Hollywood. Olivia was there, a star. The two sisters, rejoiced at being united, took a house together. Joan called herself Joan St. John and went out hunting work. She took tests, tests everywhere. Nothing came of them. She tried out for this part and that, but never got them. Finally she got a chance at a Western. She was frightened of horses. She rode awkwardly, but at least it was work. She decided to change her name. So she became Joan Burfield. Under that fancy name she played at Republic and the other studios. Two years passed, two years in which she felt back in her childhood mood, neither Joan Fontaine, the devastating girl engaged to five men, nor Joan Fontaine, the promising young actress. She was merely once more Liv's younger, shy, awkward sister. She had only one ray of personal happiness, the companionship of Conrad. She had met him when she made her radio debut on the Silver Theatre. He had immediately started courting her. "I will never have a better friend than Conrad," Joan says. "We are still such good friends. I wanted to be in love with him but I wasn't. Perhaps the very lack of our mental compatibility precluded any deeper feeling. We had such quiet days together. He'd come over on Sundays and wash our cars. We'd spend hours reading together. It was sweet and comforting, but it was not romance." Finally, she went back and did another stage play and in this Jesse Lasky saw her and offered her a contract with RKO. She had a tiny bit in "Quality Street," then went into "The Man Who Found Himself," then into "Gunga Din" and finally, misery of miseries, into "Damsel in Distress," opposite Fred Astaire. This was the first picture that Fred did without his scintillating dancing partner, Ginger Rogers. Joan didn't know how to sing over a torch song or how to do a tap-dance. Hope began to die in her. She became a failure but she hung on. Olivia was an angel as she tried to look after her, but life with Olivia was so full and glorious right then. She had so many dates. She had such wonderful roles. The struggle as she would Joan's career kept deteriorating. Finally RKO loaned her to Edward Small for "The Duke of West Point." While that film was shooting her contract with RKO expired. They made no attempt to renew it. Not being at my own studio, no one even came to say good-by to me," Joan confesses. "I just was through. I came home that evening to find Olivia dancing with excitement. She was going out on some wonderful date, but she had waited to tell me that she had been signed for the role of Melanie in 'Gone With The Wind.' I couldn't even confess to her that I had tried for—and lost—the role of Scarlett. I just sat there, after she had left in that empty house and wept and wept. I wanted to be in love and wasn't. I wanted to act, and I couldn't. Liv was right but I had nothing. Liv was a star and I was a failure. I lay there and wondered if I could face the coming of another day. That night I felt sure that life was much too horrible to be endured any longer."

Things couldn't seem much blacker to a girl; things couldn't be much brighter than they were for Joan shortly after this time—a new career, a meeting with the man who would be her husband. And then it all happened! Watch for your July Photoplay-Movie Mirror



It's Junior's favorite game. He plays it every day. And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it's a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap. When these three play, *no one* gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha's gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior's game the old way any more. It's so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips... **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Isn't it time to get curious?



HANGING ON TO AN OLD HABIT, are you? Not even wondering if another, newer kind of napkin might be softer? Well—wait till you hear what happened when 12,000 women made an astonishing test—then see what happens to your habit. Just prick up your ears to this...



12,000 WOMEN HAD A HABIT of buying a certain kind of napkin. But then they compared their usual napkin with Modess.* And guess what! 3 out of every 4 of them discovered that Modess was actually *softer*! Now doesn't that start you wondering? Let go your old habit—and catch on to a new kind of comfort! So...



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*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted
Modess
softer

Regular size or Junior? Yes—
Take your pick when you buy Modess!

George Sanders Puts Women in Their Place

(Continued from page 37) ordinary effort required of you if you are offered the reward of slightly better food, clothing and shelter. If you are not offered such a reward for what you do, you do not want to do it.

"I figure things," he said, "in very basic terms. Life, work, women—to grasp the essentials and leave the rest alone seems to me to be the answer to it all."

"I was here that the question came, 'Do you hate women, too?' and he answered, 'No, I love women—in their place.' He added—and now there was focus, interest in his pale blue eyes, a rather mordant humor—"By which I mean that here, again, I am taking the basic, or perhaps one should say, the natural point of view about women."

"I emphatically believe that woman's place is, to coin a glittering new phrase, 'in the home.' In the home and nowhere else."

"I do not find intelligent women attractive. Brilliant women bore me."

"Bluntly, I do not believe that woman, as a sex, is as intelligent as man. Cover the field and one proves it. Take science: Madame Curie is the greatest woman scientist we have known, but she was not so great in her field as, for one example, Sir Isaac Newton."

"Take music: No woman has ever touched Handel, Mozart, Wagner. At this point, I can see the argument coming, the old argument which complains that, in those days, women did not have a chance, were subjugated, were not permitted equal opportunity with men. But women *could always play the piano*. No one gainsaid them that privilege. And the fact remains that no woman ever played as 'did Chopin, Liszt, Paderewski."

"Take Art: Where is the woman in all recorded history who can compare with Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian? Yet no one took the palette and brush out of a woman's hand."

"In my profession, you have to take Bernhardt and set her against Shakespeare, who considered himself an actor, you know."

"In the field of letters, women have done well, but where are the female equivalents, not to mention the superiors, of Voltaire, Chaucer, Thackeray, Emerson, Dickens? In philosophy, what woman rises above Socrates, Epictetus, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel? Is there a woman statesman to rival Lincoln, Washington, Disraeli, Thomas Jefferson?"

"Was it a woman doctor who discovered insulin for diabetes, the cure for yellow fever or childbed fever, the serums for typhus, diphtheria, scarlet fever?"

Most of the great poets of yesterday and today, Shelley, Keats, Masfield, Whitman, Poe, were and are, men.

"To men go the credit for the great inventions, the steam engines, airplanes, radio, electric light, motion picture. In the fields of engineering, physics, law, in all these things, men reign supreme. No woman has ever touched the best man. Personally, I doubt that one ever will. And devoutly hope not."

"Take the great humorists, Ade, Leacock, in our day; the cartoonists, all men. Women lack a sense of humor. Humor gives balance and perspective. Women lack balance and perspective."

"Now you take the field of athletics: I do not believe you can say that any woman has been, or is today, anywhere near so great as your American men athletes of all kinds."

"Therefore, considering the proven supremacy of man in all the arts and

crafts, I see no reason why women should presume to equality with us."

"I believe it will be a sorry day for woman if ever she becomes our equal. Because she is stepping out of her natural sphere. She must overcome a natural obstacle, one that was never intended to be overcome; whenever she wants to achieve something out of her sphere."

"Therefore, when she makes the attempt—worse, when she succeeds—Nature robs her of the things she had before, her dependence on man, her frailty which were her charms. An unnatural procedure, with monstrous results."

"The entire relationship between the sexes was founded, and built, on the premise that women are frailer than men. So they are. It is stupid, it is entirely futile to argue around that basic and irrevocable point. Being more frail it follows, naturally, that she has greater limitations."

"I AM one who believes that all things should observe the function for which they were created. Stars should remain in their orbits, not attempt to be moons. The vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms should not overlap. The seasons should perform their special duties winter should not run over into spring. Woman, too, should remain in her orbit performing her special duties, which are the bearing and rearing of children, the maintaining of a home and the inspiring of the embattled male."

"The one thing that woman does superlatively well," smiled Mr. Sanders "is to bear a child. This is her difference from, and her superiority over, man. Why can't she rest her case on this unassailable rampart?"

"Another specious argument which women frequently advance as testimony to their power is that of 'The Power Behind The Throne,' the fact that many great men would not have been so great had they not had brilliant and enterprising women back of them. Granted. But thrones are kept in throne rooms in the palaces (i.e., the homes) of kings. The women who were in back of men were just that—*back of them, where they belong*. The larger part of the influence they wielded was thanks to their charm and beauty, not brain and brawn."

"THE world is changing, no doubt about it. Women are changing. No doubt about that, either. Their clothes are becoming more masculine, their voices deeper, their handshakes harder, their conversation freer. A pity. In time women will have to wear badges and mer beards, or vice versa, in order to distinguish one sex from the other."

"There is now a new and frightening breed of men springing up among us known to the facetious as 'housewife husbands.' They—and this is totally inexplicable to me—remain at home and attend to domestic affairs while their more aggressive spouses go out into the world and earn the family living. Personally, I can't imagine what such a situation would be like. Intolerable would be my word for it."

"Personally, I cannot conceive of marrying an independently wealthy woman. I cannot conceive of marrying a successful career woman. No!"

"The point is, if a man is a masculine man and the woman is a feminine woman they keep their places."

"I am attracted only to exceedingly feminine women. I like women's clothes to be filmy and feminine. I like women

to use perfume. I like them to use make-up, wear red nail polish, all the nonsense that is completely feminine and so, the opposite of masculine.

"I like women who play the piano. I like women who flatter me. Everybody reacts to flattery, so do I. I like women to be coy, flirtatious, timid, as silly as they please. I like all the feminine wiles.

"The only thing that really irritates me about feminine women is the way they argue. The 'because' kind of argument which is essentially feminine. 'Because what?' the man bellows. 'Because no!' they say. And there you are, having advanced not one tenth of an inch from the original premise, whatever that was.

"Men are to blame for the behavior of modern women. Men, especially the very kindly American man, has spoiled women. If he had not, they would never have had the hardihood, the foolhardiness to venture beyond their appointed place in the scheme of things. They would not, now, be taking bar examinations, medical courses, drinking in public places with men and doing other preposterous things. They would have remained where they belong, in the boudoir and the parlor. Men should have kept women subjugated. When they are subjugated, they are happy.

"No, I do not spoil women. I am not what is known as 'attentive.' I do not send flowers, gifts. I do none of these things because I have found it isn't necessary. I am saving all that," Sanders smiled, his slow and lazy smile, "for when I am an old man and have to!"

GEORGE SANDERS, when he leaves a sound stage, is seen and heard no more. Few know where he lives. No one seems to know how he lives, what he does with his time or anything whatsoever about the pattern of his days.

The story is that there is a woman in his life, and only one. It is said he may be married to her. No one has seen her; no one seems to know her name. She is believed to be an Englishwoman and the rumor is that it is a romance—or marriage—of some years standing. Some say they were married before Sanders came to Hollywood. Others hazard the guess that he married recently. Still others insist that he is not married at all. And there are those who go beyond all this and say there is no such woman, that she is a figment of Sanders' imagination, a rumor he has planted for the purpose of protecting himself from other women.

Sanders himself says nothing at all.

On the RKO lot (he is making his last *Falcon* film there, having asked to be released from them) where everyone, even Ginger Rogers, walks about the lot in pairs, two by two, Sanders walks alone. Always. He never has visitors. He is never seen talking with members of the cast or crew. He lunches alone, a book or magazine (usually about aeronautics; he is now building model airplanes) propped up in front of him. He seldom speaks to anyone, looks neither to left nor right and is seldom spoken to.

On the sets, between scenes, he goes into his dressing room or finds a corner of the sound stage and continues to read. The day's work done, he vanishes. But completely.

When he is between pictures, he does not answer phone calls, wires or letters.

He is never seen at parties or night spots. If he has any friends in Hollywood or participates in any social life, no one knows who they are or what it is.

A strange individual, this Sanders.

THE END



Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

Use **FRESH #2** and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think **FRESH #2** will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find **FRESH #2** will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* **FRESH #2** is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* **FRESH #2** is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use **FRESH #2**, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that **FRESH #2** is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. **FRESH**, Louisville, Ky.



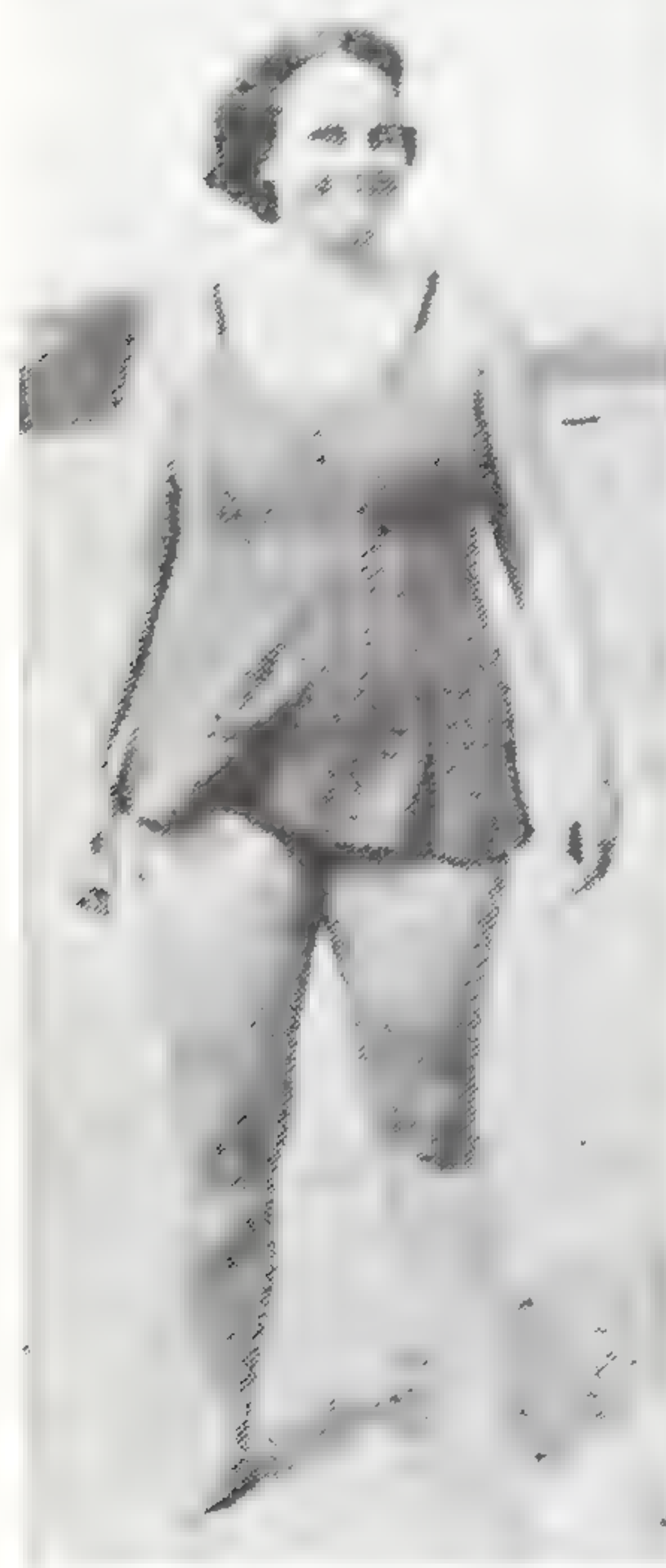
Companion of **FRESH #2** is **FRESH #1**. **FRESH #1** deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

Makes herself over—startles her friends!

"I feel as different as I look"

—says Emily Jackson

"Last June I weighed 163 and could just squeeze into a size 38," says Mrs. Emily Jackson, teacher, of Norwalk, Conn. "During summer vacation I took the DuBarry Success Course. When school opened, I had changed so much many did not recognize me."



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"Now I weigh 120, wear a size 14, my once dull skin is satiny, and I feel like an absolutely different person!"

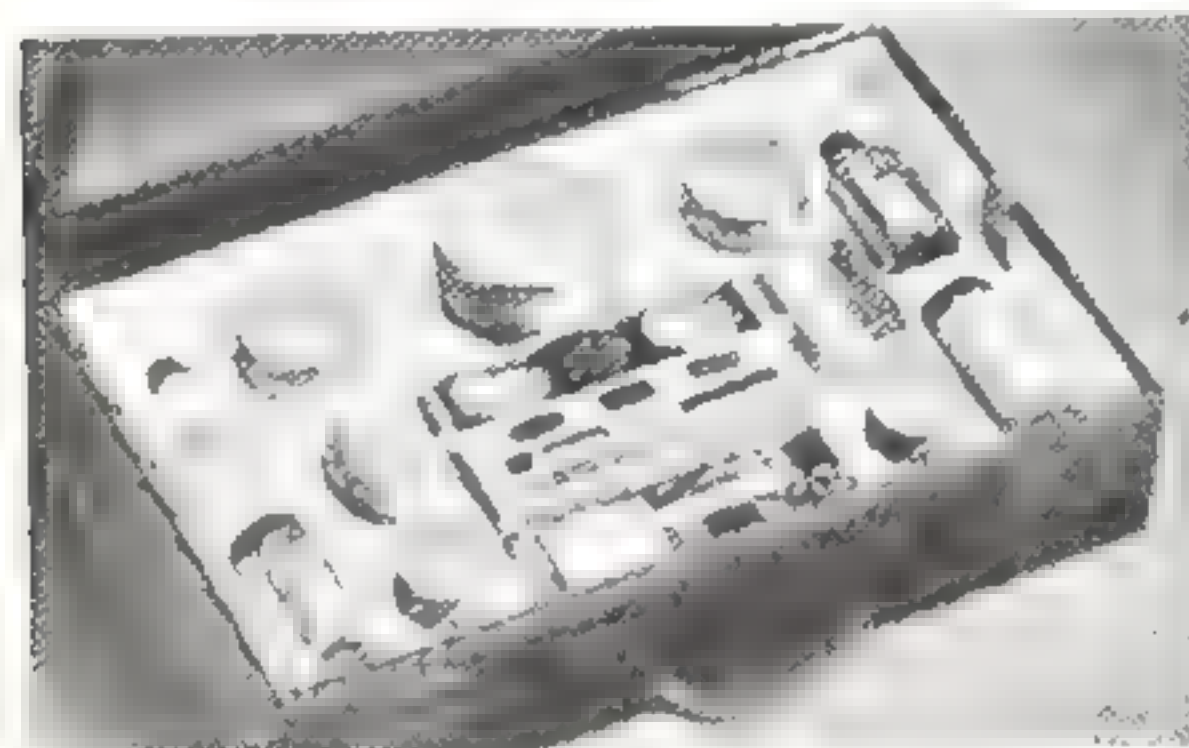


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Please send me the book, "Six Weeks From Tonight," telling all about your DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____



You Belong Together

(Continued from page 39) looked solemn, almost angry, and he said:

"That is one thing you are wrong about. There is only one woman for me and there will never be any other."

And, what is more, Anne, he meant it. I didn't contradict him as I might have another type of man. He was too upset, too sure that I must be wrong; so I let it go at that. But my letting it go didn't satisfy him.

He said firmly: "I am going to ask you not to use this in your article. I am not going to have Anne hurt and worried. Whether one believes in palmistry or not he can be hurt by such a prediction. There isn't going to be any second marriage. There is just one woman for me and I am married to her now and for always."

Well, ever since the news of your pending divorce was given out, the memory of that day has kept hammering away at me. Something kept telling me, "You must do something. Whatever the trouble is, or seems to be, John Payne loves Anne Shirley. She ought to know about that day."

MAY be one of the fools who rush in where a wise angel would fear to tread, but I have to tell you two what a terrible mistake you are making. No matter which one of you is at fault (and perhaps you both are) he or she should be forgiven. Life is made up of give and take and compromise. And your particular marriage was made in heaven.

Anne, you belong together. Your stars almost defy you to try and separate.

John Payne is now at the gravest point in his whole life. He is passing through a period which comes once in a lifetime to some of us and fortunately never to many of us. The transiting Uranus, Saturn and Mars are passing through his 12th house, house of self-undoing, secrets, imprisonment and sorrow, and these transiting planets are conjuncting Venus, Mercury and Saturn, which were in his 12th house at birth. In simple words then, these aspects warn John Payne of danger, loss, tragedy, sorrow and self-undoing. Right now he is in danger of bringing the whole world crashing down upon his head unless he and those of you who love him do all in your power to get him through this crisis. No one in the whole world knows what he has been going through by himself and no one understands.

These dynamic astrological aspects can be used for good or bad. They are dangerous as radium in the hands of a novice and beneficial as radium in the hands of an expert. They spell sensational publicity, emotionalism, temperament, excitability and foolhardiness, depending entirely upon the use they are put to, and can take the person in whose chart they appear to the heights of fame and popularity or fling him to the depths of destruction.

This danger period for John Payne continues until around the middle of June. After May fifteenth there is a lull, but June fifteenth to eighteenth marks some sort of crisis in his life and, Anne, I want you to stick to him through this period, no matter what he has said or done, or what he says and does until this crisis is past. It is a crisis and you are the one person who may be able to help him.

I can assure you you will not be happy without him, nor can you ever be happy knowing that you may have failed him when he needed you so much. You are too loyal a person and fine a friend to rest comfortably knowing that you

have failed one who needed you, no matter how black that person's moods may have appeared, or how difficult it may have been to understand some of his actions.

Your stars bring you trouble and sorrow through love; and Mars in opposition to your Venus tells you of danger of separation. Jupiter squaring Venus, planet of love, suggests the same trouble. Your stars also warn you against unscrupulous people who pose as your friends, only to take advantage of your kindness and generosity. Just to prove the similarity in your horoscope, John's chart, too, tells of secret enemies who make trouble for him and cause gossip and slander which lead to scandal and probable divorce.

BOTH of you are stubborn and somewhat secretive and inclined to keep your troubles to yourselves; and both of you are idealists who find it hard to accept life and human nature as they are.

Apart, there is unhappiness and suffering. Together, there can be happiness and understanding born from the trouble you have just been through and a willingness to compromise, tolerance for each other's weak spots and the certain knowledge that your stars favor love and marriage to one another but warn each of you against marriage to someone else.

So harmonious are your charts that they even favor success together in the entertainment world and if you make a picture or a series of public appearances together it will bring you both great popularity and acclaim.

According to your own chart, around July fifteenth of this year, you should be able to settle the problems that have been besetting you for so long a time. This aspect will cause you to face realities, to look deep within yourself and find yourself and with this discovery will come true values and the true meaning of life.

It will be a period, Anne, when you can make a fresh start and find a happiness far greater than any you have ever known.

I hope for your sake and John's that he will come safely through his crisis and that this fresh start will be together, with the past months filed away under the heading, "Experience." You belong together, not for a little while but for as long as you both live.

The End.



Fabulous film inspires some fabulous jewelry: Rosemary DeCamp, star of Korda's "Jungle Book," is the smart-set wearer of new Indian-type jewels

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) they didn't try to hide that, either . . . they did . . . a lady of lure and mystery, they made her a streetcar conductor in boots and old sweaters in "Comrade X," a girl with a "bun" on the back of her neck, her figure wrapped in the shapeless skirts of 1925 for "H. M. Pulham, Esq." . . . but the war came and our boys went to camp . . . young boys who whistled when they mentioned Hedy and who never wondered whether or not she was a Phi Beta Kappa but who wrote in letters demanding her back at the old sex-appeal stand . . . so you will see Hedy being beautiful opposite Bill Powell . . . and then being beautiful opposite Robert Taylor . . . and you may be sure you won't see any more "experiments" with her imperishable loveliness. . . .

THEN there is that little matter of the poetry of motion, which Sonja Henie understands down to the last dime . . . that's the headache . . . Sonja's whole life had been dedicated to the proposition that people will pay money to see her skate . . . on the other hand Twentieth Century-Fox has harbored the thought that the public likes drama . . . and getting those twain to meet . . . Sonja on skates and the dear old plot . . . has been a caution . . . particularly at the high prices the gay little Henie demands. . . .

The battles that went on during the making of "Sun Valley Serenade" were anything but harmonious and musical . . . Sonja wanted more ice ballets because she said they would make the picture a hit . . . the studio wanted more dramatic scenes . . . they said those were necessary but the shrewd Miss Henie was just as aware as the studio was that they were also much, much cheaper to shoot . . . finally Sonja got one more ice ballet and Twentieth got two more dramatic scenes and when the picture was finally finished everybody gave signs of relief and the insiders told one another, "That, praise be, washes up Henie". . . .

But oh, the pity of it . . . "Sun Valley Serenade" went out and refused to lay an egg . . . it prospered . . . it was a hit . . . that is, Sonja and the ice ballet were a hit. . . .

So what's the pain and the pay-off? . . . Sonja will be back again this summer . . . and undoubtedly the old arguments will go on and on and on . . . but Sonja will win . . . because you can't take her grace away from her or the art of her flying feet. . . .

IT does bother the Hollywood insiders, though . . . it bothers the deuce out of them because they can't put a "fix" on it . . . so they go back to the things easy to understand . . . as why Sam Wood is directing Gary Cooper in "The Pride Of The Yankees" . . . or didn't you know about that one?

That's so that Gary will be in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" . . . of course, they did announce that one for Stirling Hayden but Sam Wood always had the right of casting it and he insisted upon Gary . . . Sam Goldwyn swore he wouldn't let Gary go in . . . then he got up against a directing problem in "Pride Of The Yankees" . . . so Sam Wood went to Goldwyn's so that he can bring Gary back to Paramount . . . and Stirling Hayden has gone back to sea and Madeleine Carroll has gone back East . . . and love has gone all to pieces . . . and it's all very Hollywood . . . Hollywood which is still, come wars, taxes and such, a wonderfully crazy place. . . .

JUNE, 1945

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The Modess Tampon

(Continued from page 32) apparent that the foundation upon which is built absolute companionship was lacking. For there were other points of difference.

Although she worked in Hollywood, Myrna always tried desperately to keep it out of her private life. She refused to have the usual rumpus room or projection machine in her house. As she once said, "We work in Hollywood, but our home is unrelated to our work and its demands."

As a producer Myrna's husband may have thought differently, which would only add to the growing rift.

At length, there came the first separation, which ended in a patched-up reconciliation. But during the next year Myrna and Arthur realized that their unhappiness was growing more and more pronounced and finally they both knew that this second break was inevitable.

MYRNA LOY, who has always been shy and reticent—even to having all her accounts in her secretary's name—is today offering no further explanations for the failure of her marriage.

But there is no doubt that Myrna was aware of the dangers and pitfalls that lurk in marriage. She herself once said, "Whether in Hollywood or anywhere else, a wife can't escape the competition of other women. But she shares the same privilege of the beauty parlor. The battle has just begun when the altar is reached. If women put as much effort into making marriage a success as they would in a business, Reno could be given back to the Indians."

Well, they tried, the Hornblows did; they tried to keep their marriage safe and secure. But today the screen's perfect wife lives alone. Her husband has taken a bachelor apartment and has called a local employment agency for a staff of servants.

Myrna has submerged herself in war work, joined the American Women's Voluntary Services, works from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., serving coffee and doughnuts to weary soldiers on duty. Her screen career goes along at a comfortably slackened pace which seems to worry her not at all. Several years ago the name Myrna Loy was on everyone's lips, the ideal wife to thousands of movie fans. That acclaim failed to swerve her from her own true standards of life, proving ambition is only a second best to this woman's determination first to remain true to herself.

There is a peace and quiet about her that the whole town envies. There is no bitterness over a broken love and marriage.

Likewise, on Arthur's part, there will be no bitterness, for his experience in living has given him broad and tempered views. Despite the fact that now for the first time they will be working on the same lot, as a result of the producer's contract Arthur recently signed with M-G-M, there will be no embarrassment to either of them. Myrna has said so, has expressed only friendship for the man whose path now lies apart from hers.

Whether those two paths will ever meet again is problematical.

Hollywood believes they never will.
THE END

STAMP OF APPROVAL • • • at Victory House



JOIN the crowds that jam Victory House—center of bond-selling stars, center of sights of the month. Photographer Hyman Fink, minus his hat but plus his camera, managed to see the front-line treatment of the patriot-purchasers. Below: Lana Turner, a big girl, does her bit for a big soldier boy, while...



... Mickey Rooney (above), an old hand at pleasing the girls, takes over the younger set, shows two enamoured females, and an interested gentleman observer, how Defense Stamps keep America free

The Truth about Stars' Tastes

(Continued from page 65) Yank In The R.A.F.," Turner looked terrific. She wore a long, clinging, white jersey evening dress. Huge sable pockets trimmed it and a sable what-not adorned her hair.

The following morning the sable went back to the furrier, who had loaned it to Lana for the auspicious occasion!

One of her many nice qualities is Joan Blondell's honesty. In public Joan always looks her best. Yet she herself will tell you that she has poor taste. So Joan has devised a unique idea. When she dresses to go out, she puts on whatever happens to catch her eye. Then she goes into hubby Dick Powell and asks him what to take off! It simplifies everything.

Ann Sheridan's taste runs toward dressing up her bank account. Ann has exactly three dinner dresses to her name, one of them the plain black velvet she brought from Texas ten years ago. You may have noticed those magazine snapshots of Ann in her stunning new tailored suit. It was made over from a suit of George Brent's. Ann has an inexpensive tailor who has a trick way of making ladies' skirts out of mens' pants.

WOULDN'T you expect a star of Fred Astaire's money and magnitude to have a bedroom suite that looked like something out of a DeMille picture? Well, Fred's tastes are so simple they astound his intimates. Actually, Fred's bedroom is about the size of an apartment kitchenette. He sleeps on a wooden-back bed, twin size! Next to it is a radio, purchased from the cut-rate drug! Fred, who has given command performances and dined with kings, has one favorite food. Noodle soup!

They say that every person has an alter ego. The lovely, dignified Greer Garson evidently expresses hers in the taste used in furnishing her bedroom. Greer went to the M-G-M sets dressing department to enlist their aid. When they heard her ideas, they put their resources at her command. Then they quietly withdrew from the picture.

No, Greer didn't select soft pastel chintzes, as you might suspect. Her furniture is black; the carvings, gold trim. A white satin bedspread is topped by a jaguar skin. Over the headboard is a canopy of white ostrich plume!

At this stage of the success game you'd think Olivia de Havilland would have a house representative of her position, but she still lives in an inexpensive neighborhood. The house is not the showplace you'd expect. As a matter of fact, the studio had to ask Olivia to pose for pictures in another house that looked the way you'd expect her home to look.

Linda Darnell seems to enjoy her home, too. But the taste displayed by the lovely, glowing Linda in allowing a pet rooster to have free run of the living room is a little startling to say the least.

IT'S every man to his own taste in the home of Judy Garland and Dave Rose. Judy, who is little more than a child-bride herself, wears hair atop of head, low-necked, floor-length, black lace dinner dresses when she entertains. Her charming hubby, who is around ten years her senior, invites their guests to sit on the floor and play with his wonderful collection of electric trains!

Joan Crawford's taste in gifts is impulsive and lavish. Because she has more money than she ever dreamed of owning, you might expect Joan's choices to border on the showy side. This only happens occasionally, maybe when a gown

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featuring too many sequin stars is irresistible to her eyes.

Joan loves opera and has been training her voice for years. However, there is still a welcome place in her recording library for Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore.

Lupe Velez, who owns several apartment houses in Beverly Hills, also owns dresses that cost less than twenty dollars. If the material is thin, diamond bracelets worn from wrist to elbow help Lupe to keep warm!

HOLLYWOOD wouldn't be Hollywood without a few stories where discretion forbids the use of names. Especially where it concerns the finer tastes (Oh yeah?) of some of our finer ladies. There's the one about the star who always picks out presents that are suitable for herself. So you can imagine her horror when this happened. She gave a little party at Ciro's one night to honor her stand-in's birthday. For Christmas the star had given the stand-in a sequin-trimmed night gown. There was the poor girl wearing it in Ciro's. She was pleased as punch in what she *thought* was a dinner dress!

There was the star whose mother once cooked for a living. The star herself was overcome with elegance. Usually at Christmas time it's the custom to give Scotch to the crew on the set. This particular star wouldn't dream of being so uncouth. Her gift had to be inspiring

and appeal to their finer tastes. Each electrician, prop man and grip was presented with a leather-bound dictionary. On the flyleaf the star wrote: "Thank you for your kindness to me."

Last, but far from being least, is the merry little tale of the star who got a taste of his own medicine. Out of the east he came to Hollywood. Slowly he climbed the ladder of success. His plain little mother at home was rewarded with weekly letters describing the splendor that was Hollywood. Finally, came the day when son sent for Mama to come out and see what a big man he had become.

Mama arrived. On a personally conducted tour of his vast home and estate, son pointed out Wedgwoods and Chippendales, Degas and Gobelins. Over each he'd recite its long history. Casually he'd tell Mama the purchase price. The poor little woman would shrug her shoulders and look bewildered.

They finally stopped in front of a great Grecian urn.

Up to this point Mama hadn't been able to say a word.

"Look, Mama," exclaimed her son. "This urn is *hundreds* of years old. It's the *only* one of its kind in America. It cost me \$5,000 to bring it here. Don't you think it's a magnificent thing to have?"

Mama gazed at the urn intently. Then back at her son. "Full of pickles—yes," was the only answer she had to give.

The End.

You've Got to Believe Me!

(Continued from page 61) said. "And a fellow named Sam knows you. Remembers when you were a cheap racketeer back East. Remembers you as Blackie—"

"Very good. And somehow, you have to have the money to pay off."

"And a kidnapping—"

"Not an ordinary kidnapping. Something with class. Something like—a movie star. A star in the midst of making a picture. Think what the studio would pay—to get her back."

HIS foot jammed on the brake. Bill could hear the close lapping of water against the more remote sound of surf. Close by some kind of harbor. Near them, he could see a small frame boathouse. Beyond that, he made out a dock and a launch tied alongside.

"She isn't a bad boat. Use her for pleasure cruising, you know."

"The idea's almost brilliant," Bill spoke through a dry throat.

"Thought you'd get it. Someone like you barges in, makes a few unhappy discoveries. Not much, but enough to jeopardize my future."

He said it slowly. Turned as he spoke. For the first time, Bill saw his face.

Bill gasped. The whole thing clear. The man said. "Don't be alarmed."

Death in his eyes. The plan was smart. Two men go for a boat ride—only one comes back.

And then—suddenly—it was Bill who laughed.

"Glad you find it amusing." But the man's tone was puzzled.

"More amusing than you think. You see we guessed. Caryl and I."

"Just what does that mean?"

"Caryl's—smart. She knew that crowd of crooks couldn't work out the thing themselves. Had to be someone on the inside. The only person it could possibly be was—you."

"Bluff," he said angrily. "Think I'm stupid enough to fall for that?"

"I don't much care. You can get rid

of me. But the cops are another matter. As a matter of fact, they're probably on their way here now. You see, Caryl even guessed you'd try to make a getaway in your boat."

"You're lying your head off. She isn't smart enough."

"Remember that girl we saw going into the police station? That was Caryl. She's telling them now. Telling them who's the real brains."

The man sat there, lips twisted in a snarl. "I know it was Caryl going in," he said finally. "Saw her. I wonder. If she's sending them—"

"Might be," Bill agreed, lightly. "She had it figured out. And I don't think she'd waste much time."

"They wouldn't believe her."

He sat there a while, musing. "The trouble is—it's the kind of thing she'd do. That way she had of guessing. Woman's intuition, she calls it. She'd—"

For some time he was silent. The quiet was ominous. Then he turned and faced Bill, his eyes like narrow slits. "I know what we're going to do. You're going to call that police station. Now get out."

The night air was cold. Bill started to turn up his coat collar. The gun jammed into his back. "Put up your hands."

Bill marched forward, the muzzle of the revolver against him. Kicked open the door of the boathouse. Inside, the man drew out a flashlight. The beam cast jagged shadows over the room, small and bare and smelling of sand and rope.

As the light struck the wall, Bill saw something else. Startling and almost grotesque. The bulky outline of a pay telephone. It seemed out of place.

"Had it put in last summer. For my guests. Now it's going to come in rather handy. You're going to call her. Pleading for help. Telling her you're out in the San Jose hills, behind Hollywood."

A little smile fringed his lips. Bill said, "Miles from here, isn't it?"

The man nodded. Bill shook his head. "Sorry. It's no go. It's more pleasant to

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

know you'll hang."

"You're a fool!" the man muttered. "You might save your life one way. If you don't—I can make it somewhat more unpleasant."

"What do you mean—you might save my life?"

"We can see what arrangement we might make. After. But if the cops come—"

The man was flipping through the pages of the phone book. Found his number, ordered Bill to call it.

"You're to tell her you escaped. You're in a farmhouse in the hills. Don't know the exact location. But you want the police—"

Bill was staring at him. The scheme of a desperate man, gambling everything, with the chips down.

"You'll talk fast. They can only trace the call while you're speaking. You'll hang up before they have time. If you make any misstep, I'll be right here."

"Think of all the angles, don't you?"

The man struck him across the face with the butt of the revolver.

"Get going."

Bill picked up the receiver. . . .

It was moments after she was in the car before Caryl Winslow realized what had happened. The others were talking in hushed tones. Getting her to a hospital.

She sat up. She'd only been stunned. No reason for a doctor. She had to get to the police. Now. No time to lose.

The others tried to argue. But she cried them down and finally—somewhat awed by realization of who she was—they had to give in.

Confusion in the police station. The two truckmen, trying to explain what had happened to their prisoner. And Caryl listening, knowing what must have happened. His life in danger.

The police sending out radio calls. Squad cars roared out to pick up the trail. But the fugitive machine had apparently escaped.

Caryl in the Captain's office, with the Captain himself and the G-men and police detectives. Trying to convince them that Bill hadn't been rescued by other members of the gang. Trying to show them he'd been kidnapped, that he was in danger.

They sat there with blank faces and listened and shook their heads. The Captain knew all about it. He'd seen too many cases like this one before.

"Can't see why you defend him, Miss Winslow." His eyebrows puckered. "Fellow like that—he's no good."

They brought in Clip. His head bandaged, face white and scared. He listened as Caryl argued with the Captain. Demanding they try to save Bill.

"We must be realistic, Miss Winslow. Can't be sentimental with criminals."

She pointed to Clip. "He can tell you. He knows who was in the gang."

Clip stepped forward. His face was pale and discouraged. Knowing the police had him. The others were looking at him. Clip said, "She's right."

"You mean—you didn't know this fellow?" It was one of the G-men, young and lean and intelligent-looking.

"Never saw the guy before. He didn't work with us. I had my doubts about him from the start. Only the boss works in my mind."

"The boss!" Caryl was excited. "What's his name? He's the one we have to find. Who?"

"I don't know." Clip spoke slowly, looking around him. "Never met him. Sam was really running the show. Sam knew this fellow—we called him Blackie. But we never met him. They'd been sort

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of in the rackets back East. Blackie got to owing Sam dough at the gambling house here. Sam threatened to expose his past life if he didn't pay up. So this Blackie doped out the kidnap—"

The Captain leaned forward. "All right. You just said Sam was running the show. How does that square with your telling us Blackie was the boss?"

"The kidnap was Blackie's idea, see? So after they got going he figured Sam and the others had to have him to pull the job. Guess he thought he was going to take over the whole mob."

THE door of the office opened. A uniformed patrolman came in to tell them there was a phone call for Miss Winslow.

The hush in the room as she lifted the receiver.

Bill's voice. Cool and quiet. Telling her he'd escaped. That he didn't know where he was. Somewhere in the San Jose hills—

"We were wrong. Dead wrong, the way we figured it out."

"Wrong? I don't understand. How—"

"There wasn't any boat. And your—the luncheon friend. You can forget it—there wasn't anything in it. You've got to get the police out here. The men aren't far—"

"Boat? Luncheon—"

"No, it isn't. I know we thought we had the thing figured, but we were way off. You—you've got to believe me."

The click of the receiver.

"Hello! Hello!" But there was only silence.

The Captain, ordering a tracer put on the call. Caryl hanging up bewildered. Telling them what he had said.

"Probably calling from some pay phone," the Captain grumbled. "Means we can't trace it—"

"Only it doesn't make sense," Caryl said. "We never spoke of any boat or any friend. He kept talking about the San Jose hills—"

The young G-man was puzzled. "I don't believe that San Jose part. Sounds like a blind. He was trying to get over some message."

He made her repeat the conversation as closely as she could.

"That boat. Luncheon friend. And you never talked about either one. Did you have lunch with—"

Her hands at her lips, eyes wide. "He saw us at lunch yesterday. Mr. Pierce, my director. He was there. And Mr. Summers, my leading man."

"Either of them have a boat?"

BUT she didn't believe it. It didn't seem possible. And yet it had to be so. It was the only answer, after that phone call. The thing he had been trying to tell her.

"It doesn't seem right," she told them. "It sounds mad. But that was what he was trying to tell us."

"You know where the boat is?" The G-man asked.

"I know where he keeps it."

The others were standing. A tension in the air. A kind of zero hour. And each of them knowing it, each realizing what it meant if he was right.

"We'd better hurry," Caryl said.

"Go in the front car," the G-man said tersely. "You know the way. The others—"

The Captain was barking orders. Police rushing out to the cars. Holsters and guns and bullets. The G-man leading her by the arm out to the car. The chill of the early morning.

It seemed hours. Riding over those dark, deserted roads. No one speaking, except when Caryl gave a direction. The speedometer quivering in the sixties.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

But at last they saw it. Ahead of them, in the beam of the headlights. The car. "That's his," she cried out.

The machine screeched to a stop. Caryl leaped out, ran toward the dock. She saw the dim light in the cabin. Heard the spluttering of an engine.

Hurriedly, she climbed onto the deck, rushed to the small hatchway. The detectives close behind her.

Looking down into the cabin. Bill there. She could see him on the floor. Bound and gagged. And the man bent over him. He looked up as he heard her. Face creased with desperation. Lifted his hand and pointed the revolver.

Larry Pierce. Pierce, the director. The suave, smooth-spoken man who was making her picture. The man Hollywood said was on the way down—

Bill saw her. Saw her at the same instant Pierce lifted his gun. With a tremendous effort, he brought up his bound feet, sent them crashing into the man.

The director staggered. Glass shattering as he smashed into the light. The place plunged into utter dark. The thud of his body against the wall.

Splurting flames as guns roared in the cabin. The thudding feet of police forcing their way into the place. Pierce, cursing in the darkness.

Then silence. Sudden and startling. Someone found a light.

Pierce on the floor. Blood staining his coat from a wound in his shoulder.

"All right," he gasped. "I engineered it. The whole thing. Sam—Sam knew me back East. Threatened to expose me if I—didn't pay up my debts. I didn't have any more money."

"That's why you got the idea?"

"It would have worked only this fellow—"

He looked at Bill. Caryl bending over

him, trying to untie the rope. Bill was watching her. Their eyes meeting. For Bill, the terror of the night vanished. There was only Caryl and himself.

His hand freed, he drew her toward him. She leaned forward and their lips met. A brief, trembling instant.

Pierce still talking. He'd gone to the hideaway, learned what had happened, set out in pursuit. The ransom? He hadn't collected. He'd gone to the spot where it was to be paid. But he had been suspicious that police were watching and hadn't waited. The radio report about the payment had been premature.

The director laughed sullenly. No, his real name wasn't Pierce. But he wouldn't tell them—

CARYL and Bill weren't listening. Bill was standing now. Groggy. But it didn't matter.

"Knew there'd be trouble," he said. And he told her about the slip of paper with the crayon cross. The one he saw on the steps when he first went into the studio.

Caryl said, "But that wasn't anything. They put those crayon crosses on studio passes when they cancel them. Probably someone tore the cancelled pass up—"

The slip of paper that had given him his first idea that something was wrong. Only—it hadn't meant a thing!

Hard to comprehend the excitement within him. Because it was no longer excitement of terror. "Let's get out of here."

She nodded, lips smiling only a little. It was growing light. They stood there—looking at each other.

"You made them do it," he told her. "The police—you brought them out here. But—what made you so sure? I mean about me?"

"You said I had to believe you." Standing close to him. "You mean," he said, "you mean—something like lightning—"

But she didn't answer. He took her hands. For a moment he couldn't speak. Then he said, "You know why I came to Hollywood, don't you?"

She shook her head.

"To get a testimonial. From you."

She turned away quickly. "Of course—that note you sent. A testimonial. I'll be—happy to sign it."

But her tone was hurt. He drew her closer to him.

"That takes care of business." He was grinning. "The rest—" His words seemed to stumble. "That's really the—the difficult part—more personal—more—"

"Yes?"

"If we had a moon. Or music. Or—"

Her eyes wide. "But we don't need a moon or anything, really. We—"

His arms around her, holding her close. "Caryl. It sounds silly. Awful short notice. But I'm in love. Hopelessly. Completely. You've got—to believe me."

"I do. Really. But—but oughtn't I to know your name?"

"What?"

"I think a girl ought to know the name of the man she's going to—"

Dawn like a housewife chasing shadows out of corners. But they didn't see it. Because their lips met in a long kiss and reality fell away and they were locked in a world all their own.

Two patrolmen across the deck stared in amazement.

"Like a movie," one whispered hoarsely. "Just like a movie."

"Wouldn't believe it," said the other, "if I didn't see it with my own eyes."

But Caryl and Bill didn't hear.

The End.



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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 19) part of that life—and we remember it.

"Sergeant York" certainly made us think. But it happened before I was born! "Underground" was a thought provoker—but it dealt with the problems of Germany! "A Yank In The R. A. F." was serious in parts—but did not show us how the English people really exist now!

Now give us pictures that are sincere in their efforts to show us what to expect!

Let them continue making laugh-provoking pictures, too—I love them. But I am twenty-four years old and don't know how to live in war time. We will learn, I know; but the movies will get our everlasting gratitude if they will prepare us for what must come.

ELEANOR WHITEHURST,
Tifton, Ga.

\$1.00 PRIZE

These Your Ideas, Too?

WHAT was the outstanding scene in the picture to you? Of course, each person has his own opinion. What's yours? Here's mine:

In "H. M. Pulham Esq.": Ruth Hussey in the boat saying, "Time never heals anything, it only puts it in the right place."

In "Johnny Eager": At the end when Robert Taylor hit Lana Turner just before he put her in the car. Neat bit of real acting by Taylor.

In "Blossoms In The Dust": When Greer Garson, in the Senate, said, "Bad girls don't have babies!"

In "Kitty Foyle": The irony of Kitty's buying a bunch of violets only to find Wyn had filled the room with flowers.

In "Wild Geese Calling": When Henry Fonda watched the geese go by. He had at last found his place.

In "Gone With The Wind": Scarlett praying to God that she would never be hungry again.

Think about the pictures and in each one you'll find a scene that will stay with you. Regular picture-stealers, I call 'em.

MARY LOU PHIPPS,
Miami, Fla.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"The Boys'" Own Opinions

LIFE is pretty grim for service men these days and we surely appreciate a picture that makes us laugh a little.

We just smiled at the antics of "Dumbo," but we felt better for a long time after we saw it.

We liked the unusual combination of romance and fun in "Ball Of Fire," besides liking Gary Cooper who is fine anywhere in anything.

"Babes On Broadway" had a lot of laughs in it. Mickey Rooney would make any picture good, while Judy Garland's singing is a treat in any language.

Some laughing and romance in "They Died With Their Boots On," and we learn history in a pleasant way at the same time.

The wisecracks in "Louisiana Purchase" brighten another day. We could stand Bob Hope again in "Caught In The Draft." Bob is an inspiration to us all.

Of course, these are not the newest pictures, but they show just what we service men like.

JAMES C. NEGLEY, JR.
Aviation Division, Coast Guard,
West Coast.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Open Letter to Mrs. Temple:

RECENTLY, you shuddered at Shirley's first screen, boy-girl kiss. I sympathize with you. You are acting just like any American mother; but you mustn't.

In 1934 we, the movie public all over the world, received Shirley into our hearts. We bowed to her; we grew up with her. Shirley is not just a movie kid who loves to exhibit herself in satin bows—rather, she is a born actress who acts to live and lives to act.

Mamma, let Shirley come to us a young lady as she did a lovable child.

Mamma, don't let well-meant love hinder Shirley—she isn't yours; she belongs to us.

VICTOR KENNETH ANDRZEJEWSKI,
Detroit, Mich.

For the up-to-the-minute facts about the Mother Temple-daughter Shirley changed situation see page 41.

HONORABLE MENTION

I THINK it is about time we girls who wear glasses put our foot down!!! Yes, we go to the movies just as much as those who don't happen to wear glasses, but only to see a girl in glasses when it is supposed to picture some "ugly duckling." So, in the future movies, please try and do something else than just put glasses on a person to make her look anything but glamorous.

I'm not only speaking for myself because I know that a lot of other girls who do and do not wear glasses agree with me.

IRENE PERRAULT,
Houghton, Mich.

NOW that a million or so persons all over the country have had First Aid training, I'd like to bet that the next film hero who dashes out into the street to scoop up an injured person will be met with a resounding boo!

We have learned, if he has not, that a victim is not to be moved until all injuries have been investigated!

M. L. HANSEN,
South Orange, N. J.

THREE cheers for Joan Fontaine for her great performance in "Suspicion" and three cheers for the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for rewarding her with this year's "Oscar." It is good to know that in Hollywood a newcomer may, through ability and sincere effort, crash the gates of success and take her place with the greatest.

FRANCES G. SIMON,
Washington, D. C.

I SAW "How Green Was My Valley" without knowing who were the cast, and wondered where an all-Welsh cast had been secured. Upon learning that Dai Bando's was the only part played by a Welshman, I marveled at these actors' ability to bring these characters so close to us who are Welsh.

Let's have more of these movies that are worth seeing again and again; and more of Roddy MacDowall's acting!

PRISCILLA DAVIES,
Denver, Col.

My Pals, Brenda and Bill

(Continued from page 52) finger, the sun caroming off the facets and Brenda smiling through a couple of unashamed tears.

After their marriage they moved to a small hacienda in the Valley. Knowing Bill and Brenda, you could have almost described it sight unseen. The house is more charming than imposing and is the hub of an acre of land that girds it in a rough circle, a huge acre dotted with nineteen walnut trees and six citrus trees. One acre or not, Bill figures he is a bona-fide landowner with bona-fide problems. Taxes, for instance, will be met by marketing the walnut crop. This crop, by the way, will not be picked. When the time comes, Bill, Brenda and I will shoot the walnuts off the stems during our regular Saturday afternoon target practice.

MANOR HOLDEN is a far cry from the North Hollywood bachelor quarters Bill used to occupy, quarters which some of his friends insist resembled nothing so much as they did a glorified stable, even to the tooled-leather saddle which used to clutter up the so-called living room. Nevertheless, one of the eight rooms of Manor Holden remains inviolable; it is Bill's den.

A gun cabinet dominates the den, a cabinet housing eleven rifles and nine pistols. There are flashier gun collections all over town but none is kept in better condition. Bill looks after them himself, dismantling them at regular intervals and giving them a going-over. He treats them as if they were rare and precious emeralds. His favorite gun is a 348 Winchester.

A he-man from the word go, he has a soft side to him that I reveal at my peril. Actually you can't blame him, because it has to do with a pretty wonderful person—his wife, Brenda.

He calls her Ardis which, come to think of it, is her real name. In the presence of close friends, he calls her "the queen."

Matter of fact, ever since their marriage, Brenda's been "the queen" to me, too. Bill and I used to be pals from the word go before he turned benedict—and the gal who married him was smart enough to take on his best friend, too. Which means that our twosome has turned into a threesome.

Bill and I used to dine at Brittingham's, the restaurant across the street from Columbia, when he was a bachelor, especially if he and I were working together. We still dine together, only now it's out at Bill's and Brenda's. Brenda is a breakfast specialist, I'd say. Or maybe I'm just a bit hep on her breakfasts—scrambled eggs, hotcakes, sausages, homemade jams and wonderful coffee.

What do we do together? Well, we ride a good deal, for one thing. Brenda's an good. And quite daring in the bargain. I used to think I was quite handy on a horse until I got a look at Bill's riding. The guy's an Indian.

And we go to movies, just any old movie that happens to be playing in the nearest neighborhood movie palace. All three of us will go inside as spectators and the first thing you know we're looking at the picture as actors.

We've never gone night-clubbing together and I doubt if we ever will. None of us cares a whoop about the cafes as much, although we're all strong on music. We sit on the floor out at Bill's and listen to his nine yards of albums for hours at a end, with Brenda glancing over now and then to see if I've lit my pipe, the one she doesn't like because of alleged fumes.



Which Face Powder GIVES YOUR SKIN COLOR-HARMONY?

THE TEST OF A FACE POWDER, my dear lady, is how its color blends with your skin; but woe betide you if the blending is imperfect, because that means garish streaks and noticeable blotches.

TRY THIS TEST. With the tip of your finger press out a bit of your present face powder against the hard surface of your mirror. Now can you see little streaks of raw color? Don't trust that kind of face powder to blend harmoniously with your skin.

FOR NATURAL, GIRL-LIKE COLOR HARMONY in your complexion, switch to Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. So perfectly is the color blended into Cashmere Bouquet it gives your complexion an all-over veil of delicate beauty . . . a color harmony so natural you can detect no flaws. Scented too, with the "fragrance men love" . . . exclusive with Cashmere Bouquet.

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Bill has a pretty soft side when it comes to Brenda. It burst forth with a vengeance last summer. All of a sudden he was stricken with an attack of appendicitis, was removed to the hospital, operated upon and on his way home when Brenda had an identical attack.

Poor Bill! He was no sooner back home before he began fretting. Fretting gave way to worry, groundless worry for the most part. Two weeks before she left the hospital he was making his plans. When he wasn't planning, he was going around muttering "Gotta look after the queen. Gotta look after the queen."

This little chant always managed to induce a buying spree. First it was a reading lamp, de-luxe model. After that it was a crate of books that she will be reading for the next five years. Then it was extra blankets. After that it was a bed jacket. He tried twenty shops before he found the one he liked. The touch too much came when he bought her one of those outlandish motorized wheelchairs, the kind that jerks forward when you press the right button. I have it on fairly reliable information that Brenda took only one ride on the contraption—mostly to humor Bill.

MARRIAGE has changed Bill very little. True, he did buy under protest a couple of \$75 suits. But he rebelled at buying the shawl-collar dinner jacket Brenda hoped he would acquire, if only for her sake.

"I'm not myself in those contrivances," he keeps telling her, gently but emphatically.

As a married couple they behave pretty much as they did when they were merely what Walter Winchell calls "an item." They, with me—when I get time off from "He's My Old Man" and Bill's not busy on "Meet The Stewarts"—chase off to concerts when a pianist or a good symphony comes to town. They avoid grand opera, chiefly because Bill despises grand opera for its pretentiousness, its overornamentation and, of course, its lack of directness and simplicity. When they're not chasing down concerts, they're combing the terrain for ballet companies that might be billeted near by.

One novelty of being married Bill hasn't quite got used to yet. It's this business of being a parent to Virginia, four going on five, his wife's child by a former marriage. She calls him "Daddy" and he calls her "Ginger." The two are inseparable. He takes her riding and swimming. She is very good at both.

Essentially, though, Bill Holden is the same guy I met that very first morning at the top of the stairs leading to Make-up at Columbia, when we'd both been clapped into "Texas." We stopped dead in our tracks, looked one another in the eye by way of an attempt at mutual intimidation and wound up launching a series of playful (???) shoves which ended when the five-gallon bottle toppled off the water-cooler with a wet crash. That made the Holden-Ford "feud" official.

The "feud" turned out to be pretty much of a bust, although it did beget a game of cops and robbers that lasted almost halfway through the picture. I don't know how we got started, but first thing I knew we were prowling around the Western Street set between takes with our guns loaded with No. 1 blanks. The first one to fire was the winner—the same as kids play it, only instead of saying "Bang!" we shot a blank.

One day, as luck would have it, we both came around opposite corners, drew, and shot. It would have been called a draw if only George Marshall, the director of the picture, hadn't popped from out of nowhere right into the

middle of this tong war. Naturally, Mr. Marshall demanded an explanation which I assured him Bill could give him, except that when I looked in his direction he had discreetly disappeared leaving me to mumble something about innocent fun and cops and robbers, etc.

"At your age?" Mr. Marshall observed with a tolerant—and yet withering—smile.

I got even with Bill for this treachery. It happened as follows: Three days later, bright and early, we reported on location for the shots of the cattle stampede. Bill was in fine fettle, much too fine for seven in the morning. It seems that Brenda was driving out for lunch and was bringing a delectable cold chicken lunch—just for the two of them.

Exit Holden on horseback smacking his chops. Exit Ford on horseback with black thoughts.

It must have been 11:45 by the time we had finished the morning's scenes. And it hadn't been any lark. Bill was sitting on a little hummock taking his ease for a few minutes before galloping away to his rendezvous with Brenda. He was wearing, I could see, the look of a man thinking of cold chicken when all of a sudden a bit of maneuvering on my part sent one of the more ferocious bulls charging in his direction.

"Hey, Bill!" I yelled at him in ample time. "Look what's coming."

Bill looked and did a double-take. After that he scrambled to his feet and shot up into the branches of the nearest tree, three paces ahead of the snorting bull.

Bull and Bill maintained the status quo all during lunch while I kept the rendezvous with Brenda, after explaining that Bill, the ingrate, had decided to ride into town for lunch. The cold chicken was everything Bill claimed for it. After all, Brenda had to share it with somebody.

YOU couldn't tell it from observing him off the set, but the fact remains that Bill Holden is one of Hollywood's most serious young actors with all manner of bright dreams for the future. I don't want to leave the impression that he's at all arty. I do want to leave the impression that he is passionately sincere, uncommonly hard-working and incredibly self-critical. Bill is not given to talking about his performances, but on those occasions when a compliment forces him into a comment of some sort, he is certain to give forth with something like this: "I should have been more direct. I'm afraid I was guilty of overplaying."

This devotion to directness and contempt for overplaying accounts, no doubt, for the fact that his favorite actor is Gary Cooper whose genius, to quote Bill, is underplaying. For his money Coop is in a class by himself.

Among actresses Barbara Stanwyck comes first. Bill's admiration for Miss Stanwyck goes back to his first picture, "Golden Boy," in which he played the lead opposite her. How much she contributed to the success of his first picture cannot be overestimated, in his opinion.

It was Barbara Stanwyck who, instead of going to her dressing room for the usual rest, would stay with Bill, rehearsing the action and going over the lines—time and time again, at Bill's earnest request.

Possibly it was this same serious attitude toward their work that brought Bill Holden and Brenda closer together, a guy and his wife who, from where I'm standing, look like pretty fine people. I hope everyone I meet in Hollywood is as real, human and genuine.

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Right-About Love

(Continued from page 31) each other, the longer the moments seemed when we were separated from one another. We do such silly things together, we go for walks and we eat in drive-ins and we go to cheap movies and we lie out in the sunshine. Jimmy, my adopted baby, is so crazy about him. Oh, it is all so wonderful!"

George leaned forward and for the first time he, too, was serious. "I've been in love with her ever since I saw 'Algiers,'" he said. "I kept trying to meet her but I never did. I knew the road she used to take to the studio and I'd park along it, just to watch her drive by, but she never noticed me."

Hedy grinned. "Oh, I saw you all right," she said.

THE way they actually did meet, it seems, was one afternoon just before Christmas when Hedy was out on one of those walks of hers. It is no secret now that Hedy was wretched last winter. After a long struggle, she had managed to get her mother out of Europe to live with her here. She had managed to forget two unsuccessful marriages—one to Fritz Mandl in Europe and one to Gene Markey in Hollywood. She had finally been awarded the undisputed custody of small adopted Jimmy. But those struggles had wearied her. She was not interested in Hollywood's "wolf pack" no matter how keenly and persistently they were interested in her and she wasn't any too happy over her career. She went out mostly with John Howard and occasionally with one or two others, but she wasn't in love.

George Montgomery, meanwhile, was right in the thick of one of those success stories that makes Hollywood so continuously exciting.

He was a young cow hand from Brady, Montana, having been born there, the last of a tidy little family of fifteen children, of which thirteen are still living. He had attended various Montana grade schools and high school and had gone to the University of Montana where he enrolled in—of all things—a class on interior decorating. Fortunately, before he got involved in too much brocade, the family ran out of ready cash at the end of his first year and George decided to come to Hollywood and try his luck. Arriving in town, he got a job doing the real thing for the *Lone Ranger* over at Republic, but never got within close-up range, until finally he rode a horse up a flight of stairs and right into the camera as "Balalaika." He's handsomer off screen than on but even then, unknown and unannounced, he registered. Twentieth Century-Fox put him under contract; Ginger Rogers observed him, they dated and it was all very elegant and publicity-making.

"I had it all worked out that I wouldn't marry for ten years, however," George said.

Perhaps it was that resolution which broke off the Rogers-Montgomery dating, or perhaps it was that they were both very busy, but probably it was that they weren't, after all, so very compatible. Ginger isn't any simple girl of the soil for her recent purchase of a ranch. She's bookish, symphonic - music - loving, hard-driving career girl, is Ginger.

At any rate, on that fateful day in late December, George was attending a party at the Fred MacMurrays'. As he opened the door to exit, he thought it was still Christmas and he was swimming around in eggnog. Outside that door, all alone, dressed in a peasant dress and skirt,

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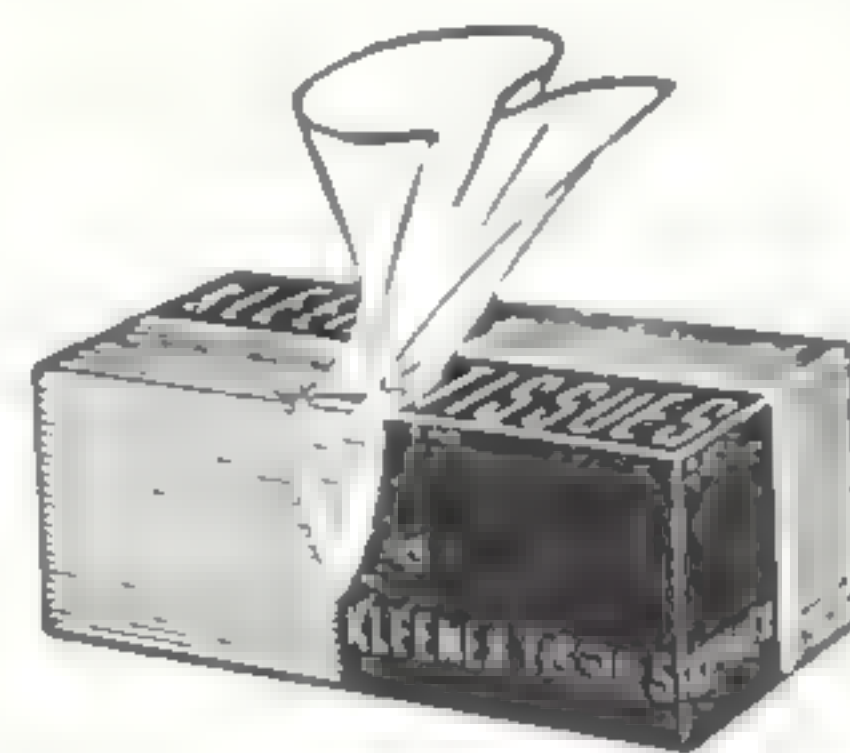
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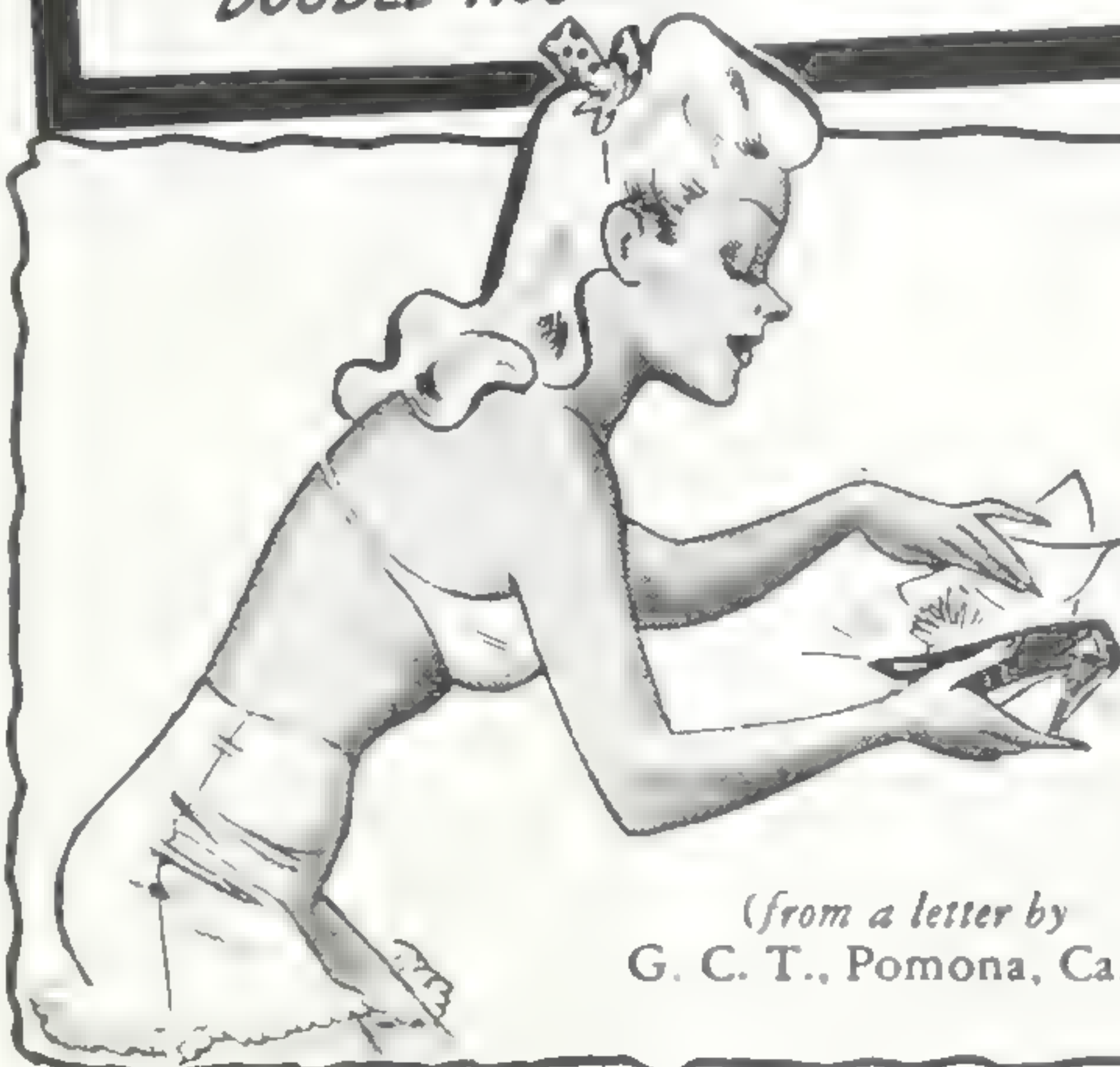
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(from a letter by
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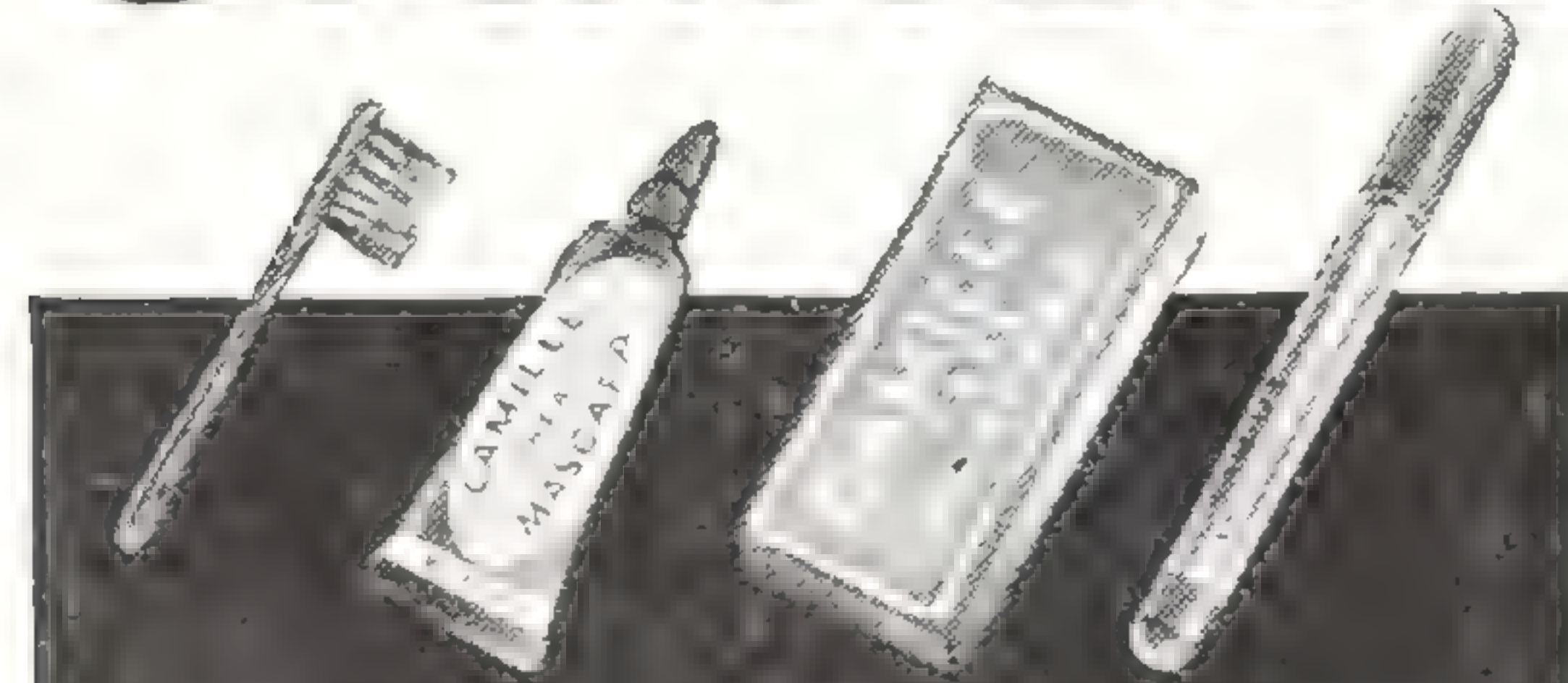
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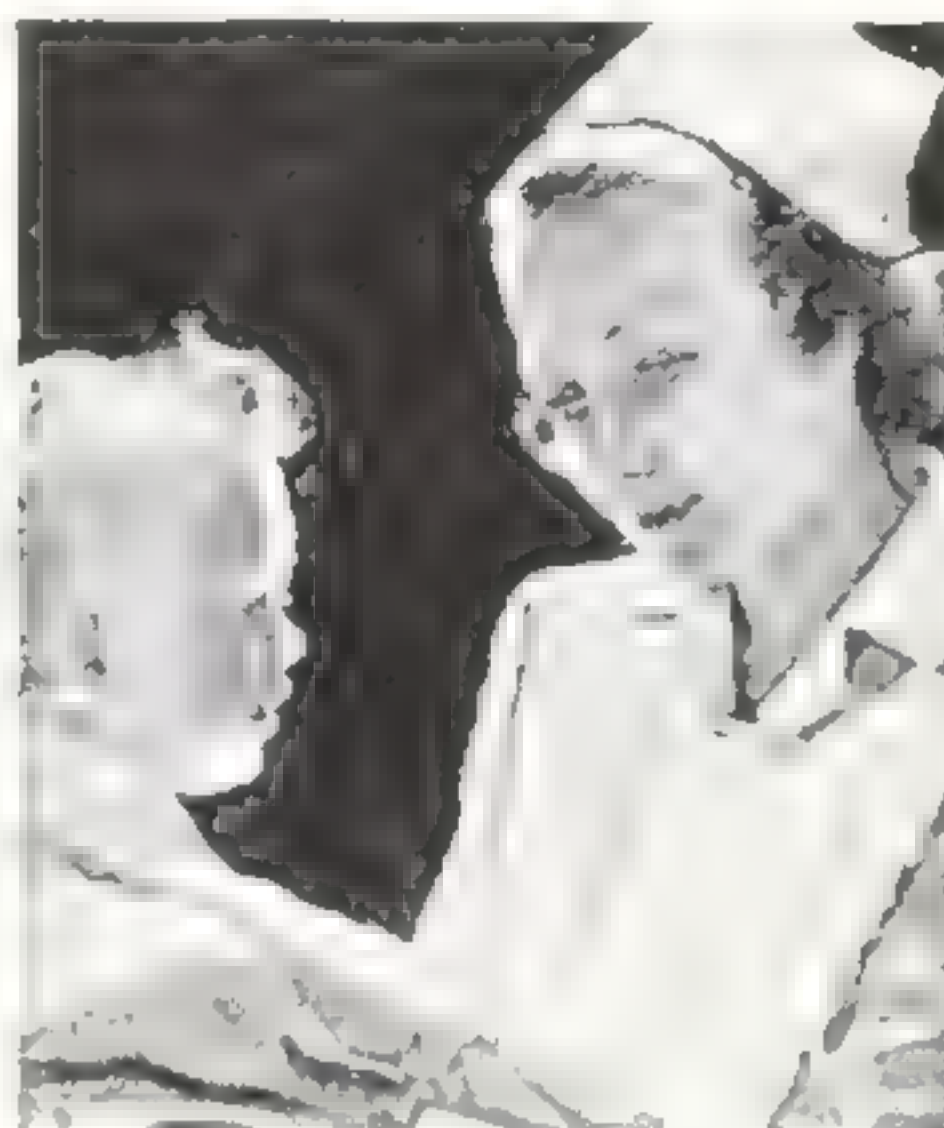
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walking, and looking as only Hedy can and does, was Hedy herself. George quickly hissed to Mrs. Henry Fonda, who was also leaving, that he wanted to meet Miss Lamarr. Mrs. Fonda did the honors, doubtlessly aware that it was history in the making, Hollywood version.

"I called Hedy steadily, every hour for four solid days after that," George said, "but she was never at home. Finally, in desperation, I again thought of that road she took to the studio. I drove out on it, waited and, when she did come along, I followed her straight to Metro before she would stop and let me ask her for a date."

THEY set the date for a week later and it was really a thing. They went to the Mocambo, to Little Hungary, to the Bublichi. "I spent every dollar my brother loaned me," George said. They danced every dance and they talked and talked. They drove around for miles even if the war was on and the tire shortage. The moon got bored and sank and the sun blazed up, so that they simply had to face the fact it was a new day. George took Hedy home and by that time he knew she didn't actually like night clubs or evening clothes or formal parties any better than he did. And that, of course, was that moment, that lovers know, that ravishing, mystical moment when one realizes that there can actually be another being in all the world so wonderful as to see everything exactly from the same point of view.

"The next day George sent flowers," Hedy said, interrupting him, her hand clasped tight in his and her head back against his lips. "Every day he sent flowers and he phoned and phoned and sent presents and presents and presents."

"And she sent me radish seeds," George said. "Metro radish seeds, at that, left over from a portrait sitting in which she was being the girl farmer."

"Well, you planted them, silly." "And ate the radishes they produced, just because those seeds had co-starred with you in a set of stills."

Hedy said, "He made me feel little and that was so wonderful, for I'm five feet seven, but he's six feet three and he just picks me up and moves me around as though I were a kitten. He called me 'Penny' because I used to sit brooding and he'd say, 'A penny for your thoughts' and he gave me a chair for the set, with pennies all over it. At first, when I knew him I couldn't think of him without crying and yet that was because I was so happy over him. We never once went out with anyone else after that first meeting."

The first month neither of them was working but when Hedy was cast in "Crossroads" at M-G-M and George in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" the crisis came. For Hedy was working all day and George was working all night. They wondered for all of five minutes how they'd ever sleep and then they just left that dull stuff to people who weren't in love. So George sat on the set of Hedy's picture till she was free and then they would dash for a hamburger and go to Twentieth and Hedy would wait all night on the set of his picture.

When George formally proposed he was working in a mudhole. He came across the set to Hedy, dirty from head to foot. He opened the jeweler's box. He put the square diamond on her finger and said, "We're getting married, darling."

"It was an awful proposal," Hedy said, "but all I could say was yes, because George is the boss." Their glances and their gestures held excitingly for a good five minutes after she said that.

Remembering those glances, it really wouldn't surprise me at all if they are married by the time these immortal words are in print, though at this writing they have no plans. They rather expect to elope to some little town, to avoid all the fuss and photographers of a Hollywood wedding, but they don't know where they will live after the ceremony, or what they will wear to it, or any of those minor details. They do know they want to live in the country and they know that they both want to go on with their individual careers.

"I couldn't stand him thinking of me at home waiting, just for him, while he was at a studio having a wonderful time working," Hedy said.

"Imagine trying to keep her beauty from the world," George said. "That would be barbaric, but I'd like us to co-star in a picture called 'Forever'."

"Because that's us," said Hedy. "Forever together. I'm glad I had one Hollywood marriage for now I know what they can do to you, how they can break you up. But they won't break us up. I know the pitfalls to avoid and besides George is so level-headed and so sensible and I love him for his looks."

That was where I came in, so I decided I might as well leave. Not that they noticed. For at that point George was whispering something special to Hedy and her raven's wing hair was against his blond hair and her arms were around his neck as he swung her carelessly up to take her out into the sunshine again.

BUT I really do think they will live happily for as long ahead as any of us can foresee these days, for they have many a thing to share with one another. They have their youth—and Hedy has never been married to a young man before. They have their careers and their lush incomes and their genuine wish of simplicity and their keen sense of fun. They are facing the fact that the draft may take George any day now, even though he has several dependents. Meanwhile, they have each other and romance and laughter and excitement and glamour, and they're taking it all in high. To see the sight of them together, to see a girl who looks like Hedy in love with a man who looks like George, to see the height and the slimness and the contrasting male and female beauty of them, to see . . . but I forgot. That's where you came in.

The End.



The cowboy and the lady's engagement picture—Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery look happy for the press on the set of Hedy's film, "Tortilla Flat"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

What Makes Betty Run?

(Continued from page 49) the pinball games."

"Okay," Betty said. She thought, *Poor guy, he just doesn't realize . . .* So she did her hair up in a bandanna, slipped into a slack suit and went with him to the malt shop. The finance company repossessed the car a few weeks later, hub caps and all. He recounted the gory details while he drove her home from the studio in his new Mercury convertible, purchased that afternoon. "So that's what I told them," he said, "but it didn't do any good. Did you ever hear of such a tough break?" He wound the Mercury expertly into the drive and skidded to a halt.

"I never did," agreed Betty, unlocking the front door. She pushed it open. "I—"

Her voice trailed off and she stood very still in the doorway, looking thoughtfully at her living room.

"Where," she asked at last, "is the furniture? Or would you know?"

"Sure I know," he said. "I got a swell deal on it, considering the time I had. It was a choice," he added reasonably, "between the furniture and walking. I mean there was no choice at all, was there?"

"I suppose not." She went over to the fireplace and, sitting on the bare floor in front of it, stretched out her beautiful legs and regarded them. After a moment she picked up the poker, began dabbing idly at the ashes of bills that filled the grate.

WHEN she told him she wanted a divorce he wouldn't believe her. Even after she had finally persuaded him that she was in earnest he looked at her with stricken eyes, full of genuine bewilderment. "But *why?*" he wanted to know.

As a matter of fact she couldn't tell him, then. It would have been too brutal, coming on top of his discovery that the heritage he had believed was his was locked in his mother's safe and that the check for \$1000 on his twenty-first birthday was all he was to have of the \$4,000,-000 "The Kid" had made.

Betty knew now that she had never been in love with Jackie, that she had mistaken a half-dozen lesser reactions for one real emotion; he had been a great companion and someday he would be an adult, too, a good husband for a girl.

A girl other than Betty—

Jackie had decided to sue for his inheritance. She knew what it would mean if, during a period when his mother and stepfather were trying to discount him as "a bad boy," she should divorce him. It would give them the case and she wanted everything for Jackie, every shred and remnant of his fortune that he could get. For him, you understand, not for herself.

Betty Grable could take care of Betty Grable, always had and always would. She told him that. "I don't want a red cent of whatever you win out of this fight," she said. "I'll stick until you get it, we'll put up a front—then we'll call it quits."

"If you still want to, then," he agreed. And she still wanted to.

It took only a day or two after she announced their separation for the thunderbolt to hit. Funny, knowing as she was about that town, used as she was to its ruthless side, remembering as she did the poison it had ready to spew unexpectedly at any yesterday's favorite, that the distorted view of her position had never occurred to her. After she had read the gossip columns and heard the indictment repeated by well-meaning friends enough times, she saw that it



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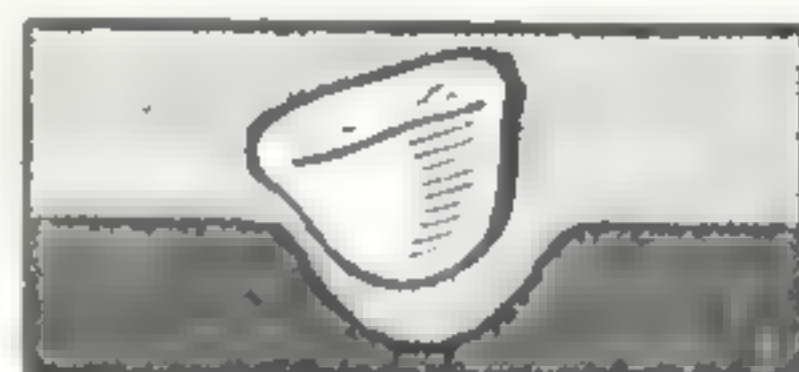
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might have looked that way to people who didn't know the circumstances, who didn't know her. Yes, it could look as if she had married Jackie for a fortune she thought he had; started to leave him when he was denied it; agreed to wait until the outcome of the suit was known; and then had run out, clutching a whopping settlement, after he had got his money.

THOSE are the prize bad months in her memory book, now in these days when she has time to remember. A career girl born, happy with her career but finding it only half-sufficient, she had grabbed at marriage. Not thoughtlessly, like a greedy chorus girl after a bracelet or a bored child after a new toy, but simply and sincerely. Witness her sincerity: She joined the Catholic Church, because Jackie was a Catholic.

Then, having found her marriage worthless, she went back to career and discovered that in a way she had sacrificed it. Paramount had had enough of the Betty Co-ed cycle, and therefore of Betty Grable. The trade papers remarked simply that Paramount and Grable had agreed to disagree, that Grable was considering offers. She had a better word for it, when she told her mother, Lillian.

"I'm fired."

Lillian whistled. "Here we go again, baby," she said. She looked closely at Betty. "Or, rather, you'd better go to Palm Springs for a few weeks. What do you weigh, these days?"

"Oh, I don't know," Betty said irritably. "What does that matter? We're broke, you know that. Jack Haley's offered me a job playing straight to his comedy stuff up at the Fair in San Francisco. I'm going to do it."

"You wouldn't!"

The girl raised both her eyebrows and her voice was quietly questioning when she spoke. "Why not?"

"But—hoofing at a fair, after what you've been doing—"

"I haven't been doing anything as honest as hoofing for years. Anyway, it's money. It'll see us through until that three months P.A. tour comes along. After that—Oh well, anything can happen. We've been in worse spots." At the door she turned, grinning wanly. "But I can't remember when."

Some minutes later she came in again, dressed for bed. "About my weight," she said. "Your bathroom scales say ninety-seven for me. Are they broken?"

"Elizabeth Grable," shouted Lillian furiously, "you listen to me!" . . .

BUT Elizabeth didn't. She went, ninety-seven pounds, nerves and depression and smashed ego and all, to San Francisco on schedule; and she danced with Haley's act and—in her own words—she stank. Jack admitted it when she asked him, but he was nice about it. "You'll snap out of it, honey," he said, putting his arm around her in that nice, friendly way he had. "Any day now."

She snapped out of it eight days later, to be exact, when Buddy De Sylva's wire arrived. He was opening a stage show, a musical comedy called "Du Barry Was A Lady," and he needed a dancer, and he was flying to San Francisco on the off chance that Betty Grable was it.

She didn't believe it. It was too big a break, just now when everything had gone to pod. Still, it was only playing fair to herself to give the thing a chance. Desperately she worked, polishing her technique, plotting new routines, forcing herself to produce through all the layers of fatigue and unhappiness a certain extra sparkle, a kind of more-for-your-

money quality—in case De Sylva really showed up and the spot turned out to be an important one.

He did, and it was. Providence, having snubbed her so long, laughed quite suddenly and turned fullface in her direction. On a Thursday evening a representative from Twentieth Century-Fox knocked on her dressing-room door, handed her a contract, announced that Darryl Zanuck had seen (and approved) her picture in a newspaper, and proceeded to shake drops of ink onto the floor.

"Here," he said, satisfied that the pen would fulfill its purpose. "Sign."

That is why she had to ask Zanuck's permission, the next day, before she could agree to De Sylva's terms on the "Du Barry" contract.

ALMOST, as it stands, there is Betty's story. The climax of it came, as it should, during the next month when she went to New York, took her place in the show, danced for a few nights during its tryout on the road, and then looked up De Sylva. "I'm better than this," she said. "Better than the spot I have. Why don't you feature me?"

He asked a very natural question. "Why should I?"

"Because I'll quit if you don't."

So he featured her. And she was wonderful—she was a sensation, to understate; she was even so good that, besides drawing record crowds to the theater on Broadway, the story of her ability and her success reached the august ears of Mr. Zanuck in faraway West Los Angeles; so that Zanuck said, "If this be so, let Grable be a Star. . . ."

And it was so, even as Zanuck said.

And it is so today—Betty Grable, who climaxes a string of successes with "Song Of The Islands."

Hollywood said, collectively: "Dahling! Where've you been?"

Instead of saying what she might have said, Betty told them—being Grable, the kid who started at twelve to whip the town; being, indeed, more essentially a royal Hollywoodian than any of the others. She expected that reaction, and she expected the press to have fun with her romances now, too. Not the kind of fun, if you can call it that, that was had when she left Jackie—but good speculation, chatter, suggestion; the inevitables which go with stardom.

There was the Alexis Thompson thing, for example. The papers couldn't seem to discard him, even after she had. He was perfect column material; rich, and a playboy; and he sent great daily batches of orchids to her, as if they were weeds. To reporters Betty said, in her best star manner, "Mr. Thompson has been extremely considerate to my mother, and we both think he's grand!"

She still does, for all we know. She is also still fond of Desi Arnaz, Artie Shaw, Ken Murray, and a dozen other gentlemen with whom she has gone to dinner and to night clubs after asking her studio's permission. But there is another man—the dark, sleek-haired man with whom at last she has found the meaning of love. His name is George Raft.

WHEN one of her friends rang up and said, "You know George Raft? What would you say if he asked you for a date?" Betty remembered . . . Nine years ago, it had been, while she was still on the Paramount contract list and George was a top Paramount star. Another friend had asked her the same question, then, and Betty had said he'd have to ask Lillian. Lillian had said it would be all right, if George would take her sister and bring them home by eleven.

George brought them home by eleven. The bicycle races had been fun, thought Betty, but George had seemed to grow more and more restless as the evening wore on. At the door he said, "D'y' know, I've decided I'm too old for you. I'm going to let you grow up before I ring your number again."

The rest of the night had been given over to tears. She must have done something, said some foolish thing that had offended him—because his reason for not dating her again was obviously crazy. After all, she was a ripe old fifteen and had worked in Hollywood for four years. And she could have fallen for a guy like that—

Now, while the friend waited at the other end of the line, Betty remembered and grinned.

"Tell him 'Sure,'" she said.

He phoned that afternoon. She could afford to be amused this time, to make a gag or two; but she said Sunday afternoon would be okay.

It was not until Saturday night, when she realized that her headache and sniffles were, in sum, a nasty case of flu that she knew how important seeing George again was to her. "He'll think I'b just breakig the date because I dode wad to bother," she wailed at Lillian, between sneezes.

"Nonsense," Lillian said. "I'll tell him myself."

"Tell hib I'b dyig!" shouted Betty, "but that I'll be okay agaid id about a week"

IN about a week she was well enough to fall in love with George Raft, once and for all, irrevocably: on a Sunday afternoon, it was, in the midst of a gin-rummy game.

During dinner at Chasen's, and the inevitable interlude at Ciro's afterward, she found in each small movement of his head, every way he moved, each shading of his voice, the perfect image of the love she had imagined for herself through the years.

She knew, of course, that George was married, that he had never been able to persuade his wife to divorce him. The memory of her own marriage to Jackie, which she had expected to prove a kind of vaccine against romance for a long time, faded against the impact of an emotion she had never known before. As the weeks passed she found that instead of diminishing, her love for George grew, basically and in little ways. She understood and pampered his shyness about the presents he gave her, remembering to take his gift into another room before unwrapping it and never, never to thank him for it, because gratitude embarrassed him.

She learned to help him spot mutual friends at night clubs so he could send them bottles of champagne—not as a spendthrift gesture, but to create a bill large enough to warrant the floor table they had, because neither of them ever drank.

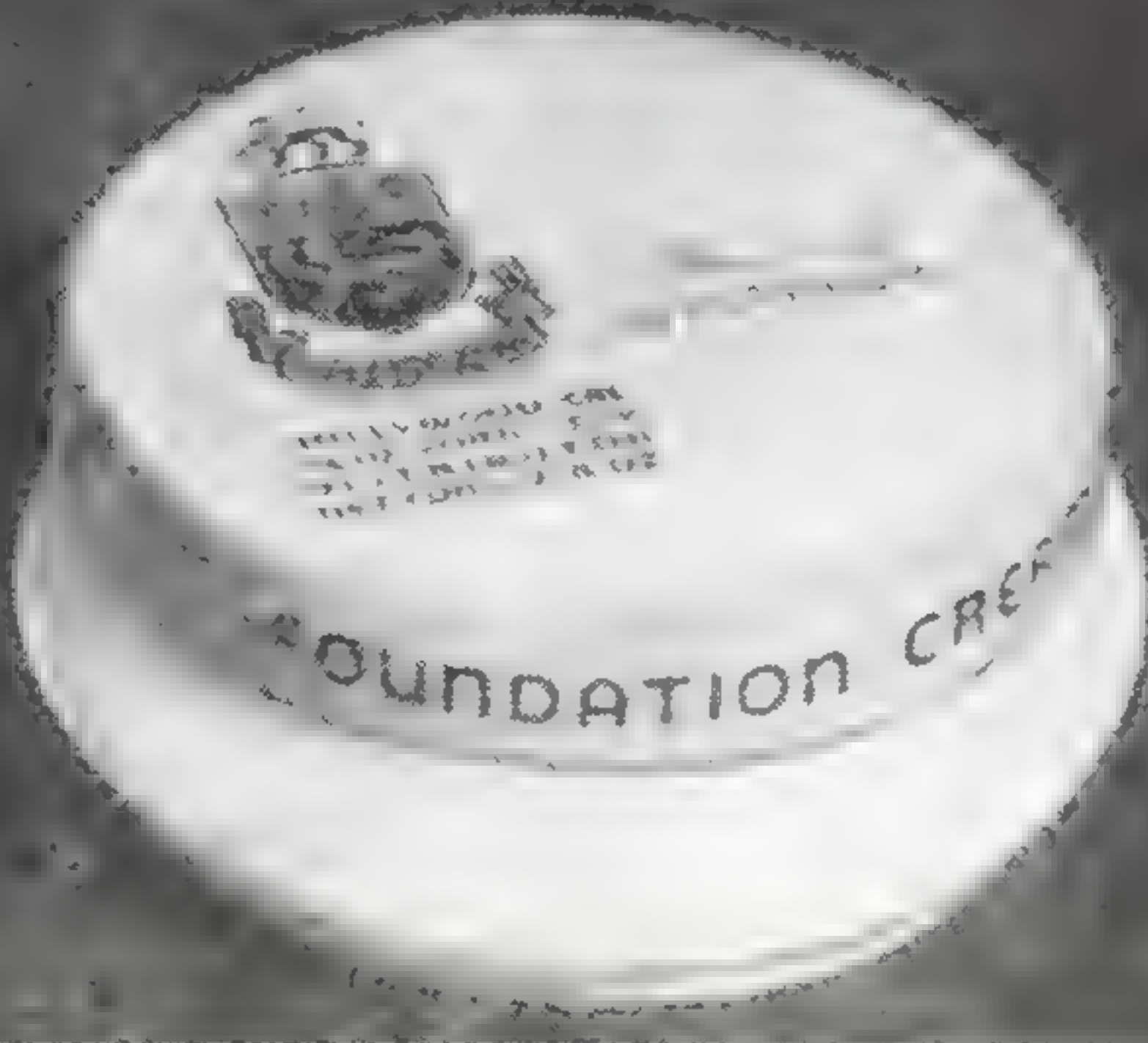
And she learned that, as opposed to the roles he played, he was gentle and sincere and thoughtful, with an inherent kindness.

It was hard, sometimes, to remember that he wasn't free, to remember that the plans they made together might never work out.

But they say, those Hollywood and New York people who know Betty and George intimately, that once again he has reopened his eighteen-year-old fight for his personal liberty. If he gets it, this time, the story of Betty Grable can have, as every true and typical Hollywood story must have, a happy ending.

THE END

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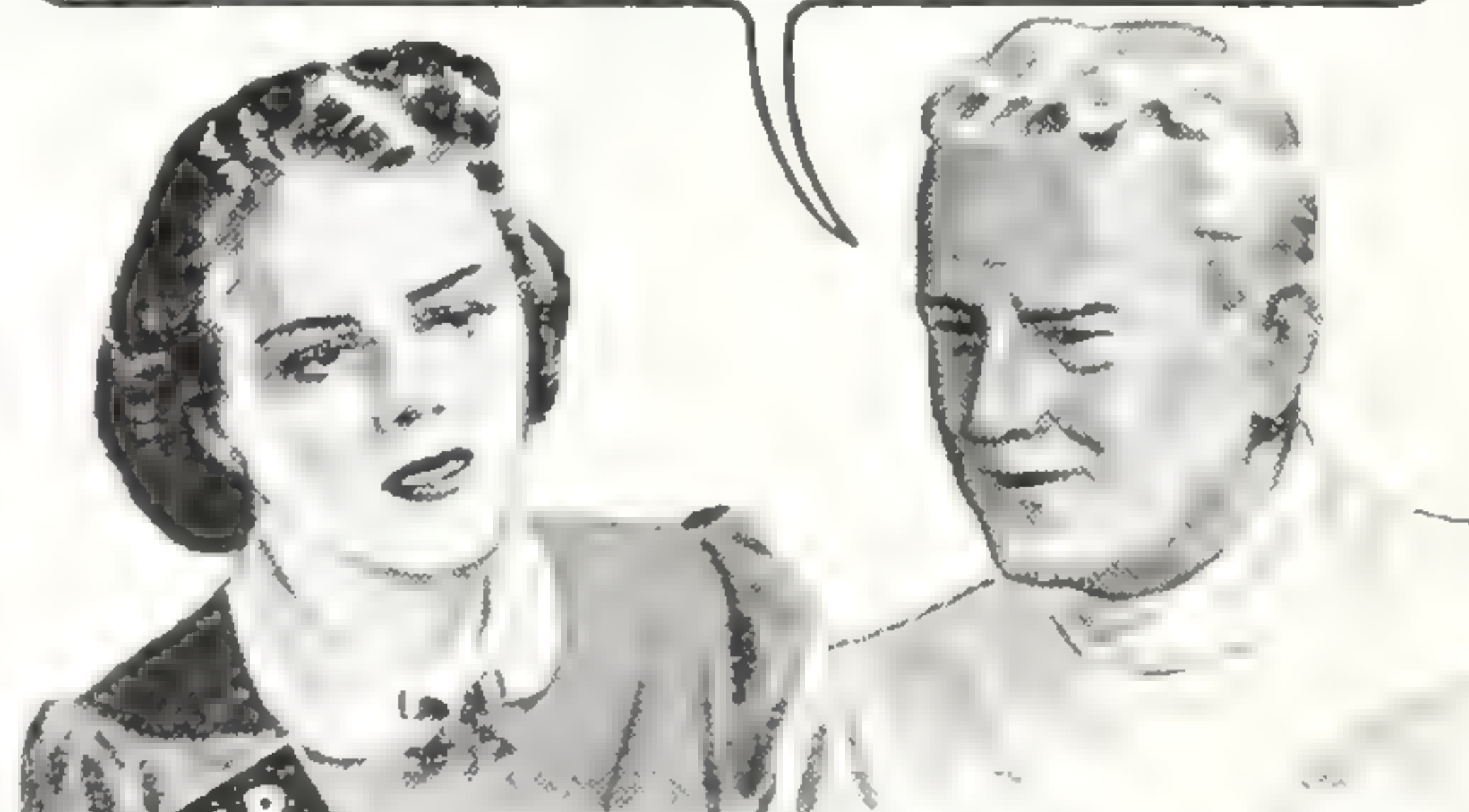
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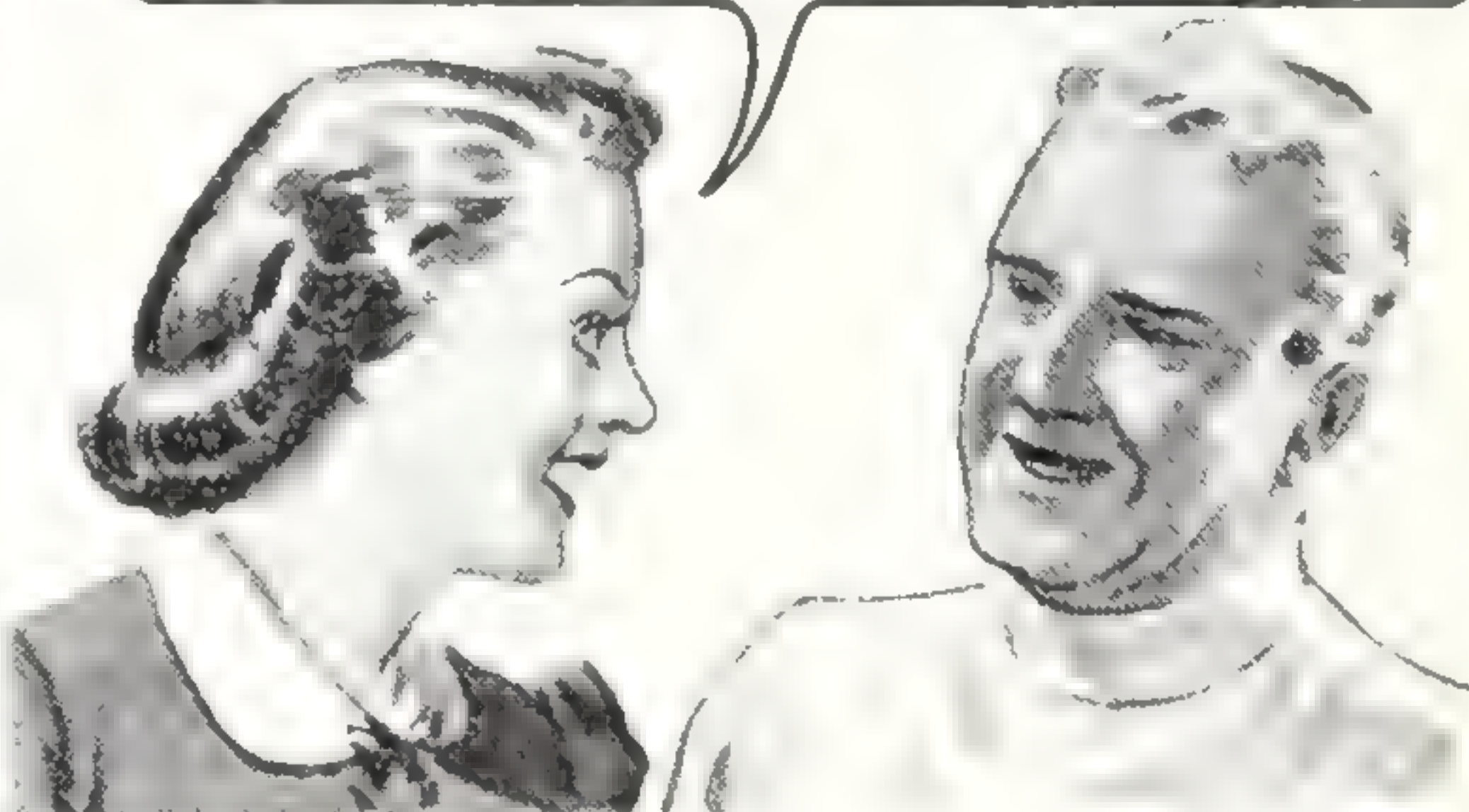
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Jeanette Sends Her Man to War

(Continued from page 62) were more settled.

Then one night they sat down and talked about the defense job. He said he'd decided to turn it down and told her why. She said that in the final analysis it was up to him. At the end of January he went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball. War was in the air of Washington. Activity that simmered elsewhere boiled in Washington. Uniforms were the rule, civvies the exception. Gene came home and told her that he'd entered his application for the service.

"That's swell," she said, while something inside turned over and plummeted to the pit of her stomach. Yet even as that happened, she found herself swept by a wave of intense admiration. "What branch?" she asked.

He grinned. "Air Force, Navy, Signal Corps. They can't all turn me down."

She knew that he hoped and prayed it would be the Air Force. She hoped and prayed it would be anything but the air force, and kept her hopes and prayers to herself.

One Sunday morning Gene was called to the phone. The operator read him a wire, addressed to First Lieutenant Gene Raymond: "You will proceed to _____ Field and report on March 14th to _____."

He came back beaming. Never had his wife seen him look so pleased with himself. "First Lieutenant Raymond of the Air Force reporting—" For the life of her she couldn't say a word.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. After a moment, he said gently: "Well, what do you think?"

By that time she had herself under control. "I think it's all right. Well, I do. It's just exactly what you wanted, isn't it? Well then, it's just exactly what you should do."

She gave a fairly good performance, not a hundred percent, not good enough to fool him, but adequate.

HE had less than two weeks, and wanted to spend most of it in Phoenix, getting extra flying hours. They did all the necessary things at home before leaving. What Jeanette found hardest to take was packing his clothes away. After all, she'd been telling herself, this wasn't their first separation. He'd gone east on trips she couldn't take with him. She'd gone off alone on concert tours. The trick was to treat this like any other casual good-by.

Very brisk and businesslike, she attacked his closet with Rose, her maid. This suit goes in that bag, that suit goes in that bag. There was a sense of finality about it. For a moment she rebelled. Why couldn't she just let them hang there, as if he were coming back tomorrow. Don't be a jerk, Mrs. Raymond, she upbraided herself. Gene wants it that way and it doesn't mean a thing.

She knows now what Thornton Wilder meant when he wrote "Our Town"—how the commonplaces of life can be threaded with wonder if we don't take them for granted, if we make ourselves realize the miracle of everyday living, which we don't, till it's threatened. In Arizona, Gene rose at the crack of dawn to be gone all day. At six he'd return, exhausted by hours of flying. Yet they never had quite so perfect a time together, making the most of every occasion for fun and laughter, wringing every moment dry and refusing to live

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

beyond it, resolved that nothing should mar this interlude.

After dinner they'd go for a walk, talk things out that might have gone forever untalked of, settle all the problems of the world, to say nothing of their own. Back at the bungalow, Gene would sit down at the piano to play, always his greatest relaxation. Even a less perceptive woman would have thought twice before clouding his radiance with any misgivings of her own. From the day his commission came through, he'd been bubbling. Jeanette might have suspected his good spirits as partly an act, put on to cheer her, if they hadn't rung clear as good coin.

THE one suggestion that made him bare his teeth was publicity. "I'm not doing this for a stunt," he growled to the studio's proposal of pictures in uniform. So Jeanette wondered if he'd think it was showy to have some people in before he left. "Just a few? Just to wish you happy landings?"

Yes, he thought he'd kind of like that. So back in Hollywood, she asked the few who meant something real to him, to whom he meant something real. Since he'd taken that hurdle nicely, she tried him with another. Would he wear his uniform? He would not.

Then it was Friday, the thirteenth, and no one felt badly about that either. Gene was born on the thirteenth, it's his lucky number. Jeanette still melts, recalling her first sight of him in uniform. "Gosh, he looked wonderful. And I saw no reason why I shouldn't tell him so."

Then suddenly there was no time left and he hadn't packed and she ran upstairs to help sort out his meagre wardrobe, since he was taking just a little army kit. There was something special she wanted to tuck inside, something which is none of your business or mine. It had to go in last, so he'd see it first when he opened the kit, and she'd given it to Rose to stick in her pocket for safekeeping. Gene popped in and out, carrying shaving stuff and such from the bathroom. Each time he vanished, Rose would whisper: "Now? Now?"

"Not yet. I don't know what else he's going to bring."

At last he called, "Everything in?" Rose slipped her the package and the blasted zipper wouldn't zip. Considerate Gene started to help. A final desperate shove, another tug, and the deed was done before he got there. "You should've let me—"

"It was a pleasure," she murmured.

EN route to the airport, they stopped off at her mother's to say good-bye to the family and to Tray, their Irish setter. Tray was a house guest at her mother's. He needed fattening and Jeanette's sister had volunteered to do the job while they were in Arizona.

Tray adores Gene. When Gene appears, the rest of the world can go fly a kite. But that day of all days Tray had met up for the first time with a cat. The cat had whisked over the fence and back, since when Tray's nose had been glued with fanatical passion to one spot. He didn't give Gene a tumble. Called, whistled to, coaxed, pressed, he finally loped over for a second, dropped a pre-occupied hello-there-dad sort of greeting and raced back to the fence.

Jeanette loves her dog, but could cheerfully have kicked him in the teeth. For the first time that day she felt tears stinging her throat. She knew it was silly, she knew it didn't really matter, but she knew too that Gene was disap-

pointed because Tray hadn't made a fuss over him and she fiercely resented Gene's being hurt. Preposterous though it was, she found herself making apologies for the creature. "He's probably like me, doesn't believe in good-bys."

He grinned. "Don't worry, darling. The scar won't show."

She blames Tray's deplorable conduct for a certain shakiness of her own while they drove to the airport. She kept her face carefully turned from Gene's, lest he see the tears. She wanted to pour her heart out and squelched the impulse by jabbering whatever nonsense entered her head. He held her hand and let her jabber. "If you want to be technical about it, she no more said good-bye than Tray did—not the actual word. That, she thinks, would have undone her."

And she's glad to remember that chance, or whatever governs such things, gave them a laugh at the end to part on.

With others in uniform, Gene had boarded the plane that would fly them all to Washington, then found a window to wave from. Jeanette stood at the rail, waving back. But the ship didn't take off. They were holding it for a Mr. Sutton, who was being paged by the loudspeaker. Gene was delighted. Bursting with information, he came down the runway and over to the rail.

"Cast an eye at our husband. First day in uniform and he meets up with ranking officers on the same ship—"

"Who are they?"

"Haven't introduced themselves yet. But there's one major, one lieutenant-colonel and—hold tight now!—one brigadier general—"

"Gene! How wonderful!"

"But don't breathe a word of it to the Japs!" and with a chuckle he was gone again.

SHE watched the big ship till it was a speck in the sky, then there was only sky, so she drove to her mother's and had dinner with the family and thanked heaven, never more fervently, that it's a gay family. She startled them all after dinner by grabbing her chest and announcing, "I've swallowed my lump."

The lump had come that Sunday, pat with Gene's commission. They'd kidded about it. "Can it be indigestion?" she'd wondered. "Or stomach ulcers?"

"Have you any idea where the human stomach's located?"

"Maybe mine's not human."

They both knew it was nervous tension. Now, "I've swallowed my lump," she crowed. "My, won't Gene be thrilled!"

She had her own quiet thrill from the scribbled note he wrote on the plane. He'd never told her in so many words that she'd been a good sport. He didn't tell her so now. But the last line of his note read: "Thank you, darling, for being you." And she knew what he meant.

When he was on movie actor's salary and either was away, he'd phone her often and lengthily. He can't do that now on a lieutenant's pay. If he hasn't been sent overseas before then, she hopes to go to him when "Shadow Of A Lady," her current picture, is finished. Meantime, she continues alone the date-leave parties for soldiers that she started with Gene. And, like others who have their own private stake in this war added to the larger stake we all have, she scans the headlines and dials the radio with a new and more tremulous attention. She's in the army now—in an army of women, standing shoulder to shoulder, scorning to show less courage than their men.

THE END

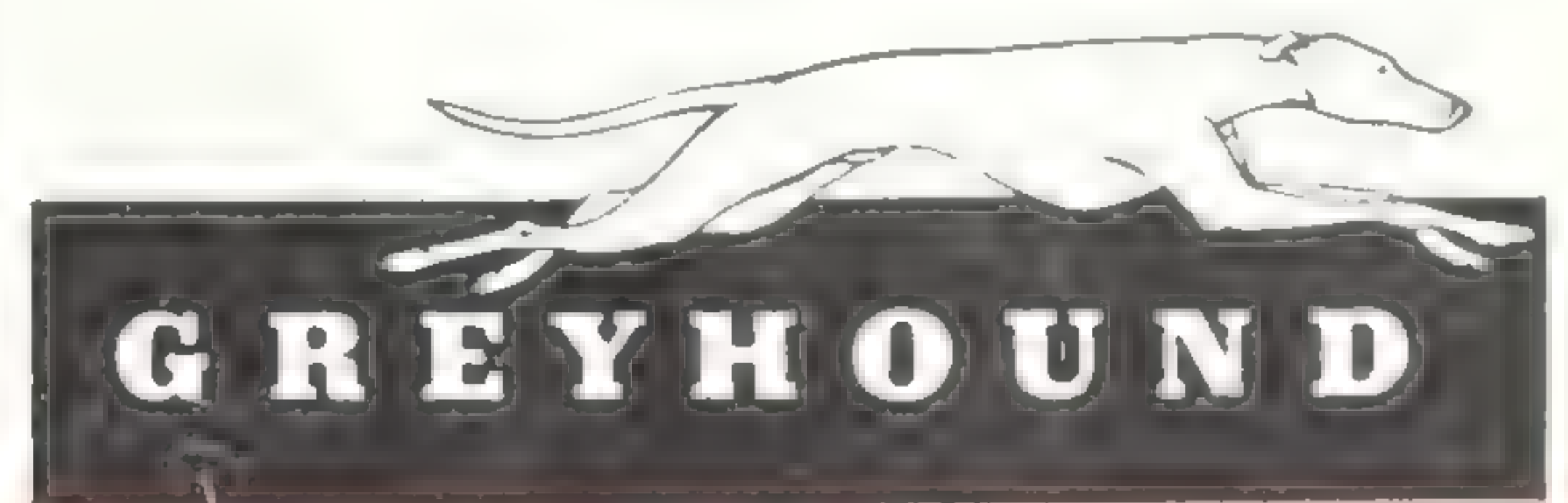
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Eagle Squadron

(Continued from page 44) have to bail out. He spoke into the radio telephone: "Hello, April . . . Am bailing out . . . May Day." He had a momentary vision of the Operations Room. Both the Controller and Anne would hear his code message, but it would be Anne's job to relay it to other units so that when Chuck landed in the Channel there would be a boat waiting to pick him up.

With a prayer that every link in this ship-to-station chain would function smoothly, Chuck opened the glass cover of the cockpit and stepped out into space.

At dusk, his uniform still damp from his ducking in the Channel, Chuck returned to his station, eager to talk over with Johnny the afternoon's experiences. But Johnny had not come back; he and two other pilots had been shot down. At first Chuck couldn't believe it, but soon there was proof, for a Nazi plane flew over Eagle headquarters and dropped a small parachute to which the kitten, Little Blitz, was attached. Around her neck were three metal discs and attached to them was an insolent, boastful note: "To prove to you the superiority of the Luftwaffe we are returning to you the little cat and the identification tags of your three officers, Coe and Bell and Meeker. They were brave men, but they are dead as all who defy us must die."

Chuck was half stunned with grief, but the other pilots seemed much more concerned about the superior qualities of the Leopard planes than about the death of their comrades. Sickened at their callousness, Chuck lashed out at them.

"What do you birds use for hearts—carburetors?" he demanded. "I don't expect you to cry over Johnny. You didn't know him—didn't know that he was the swellest guy in the world. But the other two—Bell and Meeker. They were your friends."

Hank Starr laid his hand on Chuck's arm. "Take it easy, Chuck," he advised. "You don't understand. It's just—"

"Understand!" Chuck shouted hysterically. "I understand when your friends get killed you're supposed to act as if it means something to you. But you—all of you—with your cheap cynical chins-up, old-school-tie stuff—" Savagely he threw himself out of the room.

MILE after mile he walked along the twisted, hedge-bordered roads that circled the camp and at last, exhausted and heartsick, he returned to headquarters. The first person he saw was Anne Partridge, but instead of the polite aloofness with which she had treated him the night before, she smiled gaily and said, "Hello. You were in that sweep this afternoon, weren't you?" Chuck nodded. "I was in the Operations Room," Anne went on. "I heard it."

Bitterness flooded him again. Last night he'd tried to be friendly and Anne had ignored him. And now—now she had the nerve to talk about the "sweep" as she called it, as casually as though it hadn't cost him his best friend.

"Oh, you heard it, did you," he sneered. "Is that supposed to make us pals?"

Anne drew back as if he had slapped her. "Not if I can help it!" she blazed.

Chuck shrugged, indifferent to the anger in her voice, and stalked away. He found a vacant table near the dance floor and sat down, lonely and miserable. He had smoked a dozen cigarettes when to his amazement Anne sank into the chair opposite him.

"I didn't understand before," she said. "I've been talking to Hank Starr. He

told me about your friend. I know," her eyes darkened, "what it means to lose someone—someone you love."

Unaccountably Chuck felt his bitterness melting away. Anne did understand; she knew the meaning of unhappiness—her voice, her hands clenched as though she were fighting for self-control, told Chuck as plainly as her words that this was so. He remembered that last night Johnny had said something about reserve and now he realized that that was what it was. Anne—Hank Starr and the other pilots as well—they were all building up a wall of reserve to hide emotions too deep to talk about.

DURING the days that followed Chuck unexpectedly found himself with a lot of free time on his hands, for the Air Ministry had ordered that all combat flights be discontinued until something more could be learned about the Leopard planes. As a result, Anne's duties, too, became less exacting and she and Chuck

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spent many hours together.

One day they went on a picnic, taking with them the crowd of scarecrow waifs who had been evacuated from London and were billeted with Anne and her aunt.

They were about to leave for home when there came the sound of the air-raid signal. Hastily they herded the children under the bus, then crawled in after them. Chuck threw a protecting arm around Anne's shoulders.

"Look, Anne," he said awkwardly, "maybe we'll get out of this, but just in case one of those pellets has our name on it I want you to know I love you."

"Chuck!" Anne's voice was a faint whisper but Chuck's heart leaped exultantly. His arm tightened around her and for a tingling moment he felt her lips on his. It was only the all clear that brought them back to reality.

THEY were halfway home when Paddy Carson, driving a small battered car, caught up with them. He and Anne whispered together for a moment, then Paddy called to Chuck, "Miss Partridge will go on with me. You drive the children home, then report to the C.O."

"Yes, sir." Chuck's voice was steady but inside he was seething with rage.

He'd been a fool, he told himself, to think Anne loved him. Why the first time he had seen her she had been with Paddy!

There was a trace of excitement in Anne's manner. "Thank you, Chuck," she said softly. "I—that is, Paddy—"

"Don't bother to explain," Chuck interrupted icily. "Better hurry." He nodded toward Paddy, leaning against the car door. "Mustn't keep your boy friend waiting," he finished sarcastically.

"Chuck!" Anne cried in protest. "You don't—" but Chuck had thrown the bus into gear and the noise of its ancient engine drowned her voice.

When Chuck had delivered the children to Anne's aunt he hurried to the office of Commanding Officer Grenfall where he found Wadislav Borowsky standing at attention. Grenfall informed the pair that they were to report, with Paddy Carson, for a special and hazardous assignment with a commando unit, and within the hour the three young pilots had flown to a secret Commando base where they began a two weeks' course of gruelling training.

During those weeks the irony of the situation often struck Chuck with grim amusement. He had always resented Paddy's cold-blooded, machinelike attitude, although admitting that those very qualities were what made him such an able officer. Now jealousy over Anne fanned that resentment into hatred. Yet here he was, forced to hold his hatred in check while he worked under Paddy's orders.

The Commandos were given a two-day furlough when their training was over. As soon as he was free, Chuck telephoned Anne. But when at last the call was put through, it was Anne's aunt who answered. Anne was not at home, the old lady told him; she was in London, at St. Chad's Hospital.

"Hospital!" Chuck burst out frantically. "What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing's the matter with her," the old lady answered. "She drove down this morning with Paddy Carson."

At that information Chuck's hatred of Paddy, so long controlled, boiled over. In a rage he hurled himself out of the phone booth and caught the next train to London. He was going to find Paddy and when he finished with him St. Chad's would have a new patient—Paddy Carson.

LONDON had suffered its most severe air raid that day. Countless fires, large and small, swept the city and by the time Chuck reached St. Chad's nothing remained but charred and crumbling walls. In the courtyard rows of stretchers were placed, some filled with pain-wracked patients, others bearing lifeless forms, sheet-covered. Chuck's frenzied eyes lighted at last on Anne. She was kneeling beside the body of an elderly man which had just been removed from the wreckage and near by stood Paddy Carson.

Chuck ran toward Anne, but Paddy stepped in front of him.

"Chuck!" he exclaimed fervently. "Thank the Lord you're here."

Chuck halted, bewildered. Incredible as it seemed Paddy was glad to see him. "Anne's had just about all she can take," he rushed on before Chuck could speak. "First Eric and now—her father."

Chuck hesitated. "Eric?" "Anne's brother," Paddy explained. "He was my best friend."

Chuck's eyes traveled to Anne's bowed figure, then back to Paddy. "But—I

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

thought—" he stammered awkwardly.

Paddy sensed the questions Chuck couldn't put into words. "That," he said pointedly, "is the reason I've been trying to stand by Anne—because Eric would have wanted me to."

Slowly the meaning of his words sank into Chuck's mind and as if by magic all his jealousy disappeared. Impulsively he held out his hand and Paddy, with a smile of understanding, extended his own.

Anne stood up then and turned toward them. Her face was drawn and white with suffering and her eyes blank.

"I'll stay here and take care of things," Paddy whispered. "You get Anne away."

Chuck nodded. "Anne," he called. "Anne, dear." Slowly her eyes came to life and with a choked little cry she threw herself into his arms.

CHUCK led her to a little park a few squares away and there, while his arms held her safe, she told him all the pain and suspense she had endured. The dead man was her father, Sir John Partridge. He had been a member of Parliament and being an idealist who hated war he had fought against rearmament. Her brother Eric had shared his father's loathing for war but he had believed that it was inescapable and that England should prepare for it. Their bitter quarrels led to their complete estrangement. When war came Eric was one of the first to lose his life. Sir John bitterly renounced his former beliefs which he felt made him morally responsible for his son's death and in an effort to atone he tried to enlist in the army, only to be turned down because of his age. Then he had disappeared. Believing that he had enlisted under an assumed name and by lying about his age, Anne, with Paddy's aid, had tried

to find him. They had had his description posted in hospitals and whenever a patient answering that description was reported to Paddy he would take Anne to see him, but each visit had ended in disappointment. Today St. Chad's had reported that a patient there, —an aircraft gunner, wounded in a raid—might be the man they were looking for, but by the time Anne and Paddy had reached the hospital the fire was well under way and many patients had been removed from the wards, only to be crushed under the crumbling walls. They had searched frantically but had not found Sir John until a few minutes before he died, although ironically enough while looking for him Anne had helped many other wounded patients to safety.

"You poor darling," Chuck said compassionately. He meant to be very gentle, very protective and comforting in a big-brother, unemotional way, but with Anne so close he couldn't go on with it. "Maybe it's the wrong time to say this, but—" he hesitated, then said tensely, "why can't we get married, Anne?"

"We just can't," the girl answered in a lifeless voice. "We're not important now, Chuck. Love isn't important. Nothing's important but doing our jobs, trying to make the world decent again."

"But we could still do that, dear," Chuck said urgently.

Anne wheeled on him. "Oh, Chuck," she cried and now her voice was ragged with emotion. "Can't you see? If you leave me—now—I can go on fighting alone. But if I married you and you were killed I'd have nothing left—not even the will to go on." Chuck tried to take her in his arms but she held him off. "Please, Chuck," she said steadily. "If you really love me—please go away—now."

After a long moment of silence Chuck slowly took her face between his hands, kissed her gently, then stood up and walked away.

THE Commando raid took place the following night. Three barges, painted black and filled with black-uniformed men, with tanks and guns and armored trucks, sailed from England and landed at a point on the coast of France near an airdrome which housed the Leopard planes. British Intelligence officers, disguised as French peasants, met the invaders and reported that they had done the preliminary work of mapping the camp, capturing the outlying guards and cutting off communications. Paddy Carson, Chuck and Borowsky went ashore, Paddy carrying a light machine gun. As soon as the barges were completely unloaded the Commandos were to surround the airdrome. Under the protection of their guns each of the flyers would seize a Leopard plane and head for England, where aviation mechanics would dismantle the planes to learn the secret of their construction. Meantime, there was nothing for the three to do but wait.

It was Borowsky who ruined the plan. Ever since he had seen his parents slaughtered he had lived for one thing only—to kill Nazis. His hatred had affected his mind and now with a Nazi camp close at hand he went berserk. Disregarding all his instructions, he started running toward the airdrome, firing his revolver and screaming maniacally. The noise brought the silent camp into action. The battle was bitter, vicious, but it was soon over, for the Commandos, greatly outnumbered, were forced to withdraw to their barges.

Borowsky was killed in the first burst of shellfire and Paddy, who had sprung



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IN the Operations Room of the 71st Eagle Squadron Anne sat at her desk, her face an expressionless mask. While the Controller, from his desk near by, watched her anxiously she read again the report which had just been received from the commanding officer of the Commando raiding squad announcing the failure of the raid and the loss of flyers Paddy Carson, Chuck Brewer and Wadislaw Borowsky. The words danced be-

"Yes!" Anne shouted wildly. "I'll marry you! I'll marry your whole family if you will just come in!"

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

My Most Embarrassing Moments in Hollywood

(Continued from page 29) moment of embarrassment was when I wrote about the "caste system" in Hollywood and started out thus: "People tear their hair over the shame of Mother India and the cruelty of her caste system, but it would take a better man than Mahatma Gandhi to bridge the chasm between a \$200-a-week actor and the one who earns \$2,000"—and went on from there!

When it appeared in print, I heard that one of our leading producers had gone to the L. A. Times, my local outlet, and tried to have me fired. The managing editor of the paper called me and said: "Write more stuff like that, Hedda, it's good for circulation," and then told me what had happened.

The following day I happened to meet Joe Schenck at the races and asked him what was the big idea, trying to get me fired. Poor Joe began to stammer and I said: "Well—did you or didn't you?" "Not exactly, Hedda, but I don't think a story like that did the industry any good." "Listen," I said, "the truth never hurt anybody—and if we'd tell the truth a bit more frequently the country would have a lot more confidence in us."

Connie Bennett was seated beside him. She said, "Hedda and I aren't particularly good friends, Joe, but, by golly, she's honest and if you'd listen to her once in a while you wouldn't be embarrassed so often!"

At which my face turned perfectly scarlet because I wanted, the worst way, to thank Connie and I didn't know how!

ANOTHER time, after I'd been under contract at Metro for about four years, the producers and directors got tired of seeing my face in their pictures and suddenly no one on the lot would give me a job. Now I knew that to stay under contract to a studio you have to give the company a profit on your services and having a son to bring up I couldn't afford to lose that contract. Anyhow, I've never been able to sit down and accept money that I didn't earn, so I had to go around town to the other studios and rustle up my own pictures.

Twentieth Century-Fox was then borrowing Metro's greatest stars, like Clark Gable to build up their prestige. Irving Thalberg saw no reason for another company to cash in on his assets and made a rule that no players could be loaned off the M-G-M lot. When the news leaked out, I made tracks with the speed of an antelope for Irving's office because a fairer little man never lived than Thalberg. I said, "Surely, Irving, this doesn't apply to me? You know that most of my work is on other lots—" but he told me that he could not start making exceptions and he knew that I would be fair enough to realize that. Well, I was—and the first six months that I didn't earn my dividend for the company, my contract was dropped.

So that's when I went into the real-estate business. And it was my most embarrassing moment in real estate that proved my salvation.

When I introduced myself to realtor Frank Meline in his handsome office and told him I'd like to go to work for him, I explained that I knew a great many people in Hollywood, knew the kind of houses they were looking for and thought they'd just as soon buy from me as from anybody else. Within the first ten days I had a customer, a director ready to sign on the dotted line for a forty-thousand-dollar Colonial house. The deal was all

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Charles Atlas winner of title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

ready for escrow when his business manager (still a prominent business manager in our fair city) appeared and said, "Unless I get a third commission, I'll kill the sale." Knowing that he was ready to go through with his threat, we let him have it—and that was my first taste of blackmail in Hollywood. But he's had plenty of embarrassing moments himself, since then, when I run into him accidentally and his face turns every color of the rainbow as he wonders if and when I'm going to spill the story—and his name!

BUT the thing that embarrassed me right out of the real-estate business was a new Spanish house that I was commissioned to sit in until it was sold. Have you ever tried taking your lunch and sitting all day in a house without one stick of furniture in it, except the empty cracker box you're sitting on? I stuck it out for four days and, on the fourth afternoon, a large limousine rolled to a stop and disgorged an Eastern woman—a social climber whom I'd given the polite brush-off in New York in happier days. That was too much. Humble pie is not my favorite dessert. After I'd got rid of her, I sat down on my cracker box once more and that dizzy organ that I laughingly call my brain started working. I started giving myself a sales talk—"You call yourself an actress," I said. "Then what are you wasting your time, sitting here for?" 'Twas then I gathered myself together, bought a ticket for New York, started rehearsing a new play, within five days and began a whole new career for myself!

My most recent embarrassing moment happened on the day after my party for Wendell Willkie. I ran into Mary Pick-

ford at the Derby. "So!" I said. "A fine friend you turned out to be! I give a party for your pal, ask all of your many intimate buddies and you have to pick that time to bustle off to Chicago!"

To my dismay, Mary gave me the old raised-eyebrow routine. "I got back from Chicago yesterday morning, Hedda. I'd have loved to come to your party—only I wasn't invited!"

And blest if she hadn't come home unexpectedly, several days earlier than planned. Her secretary was week-ending in Palm Springs and no one had given her my message. But it ended up with Mary's begging my pardon, 'cause, as I told her, as long as the two of us have been friends, if she didn't have sense enough to come ahead anyway, she deserved to miss it.

Whew! That should be about enough—don't you think? Oh well, I'll tell one more, then, because way down in my heart it's my favorite one. It's about the time that Adrian came to my house and told me that he and Janet Gaynor were madly in love with each other and were engaged to be married. They wanted me to know it, but they wanted no mention made of it in my column, for fear it might spoil something.

I promised to keep their secret—and I did. But a week later, with my morning coffee, came the news that I'd been scooped by another columnist; the whole story'd been published and not even a hint for my own paper. Maybe you can imagine the ribbing I had to take on that one! But in a place of honor in my house is the beautiful present that Adrian sent me—because I'd kept my word.

THE END

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

The Ghost Of Frankenstein (Universal)

It's About: The monster, still alive, receives a new brain.

FRANKENSTEIN'S monster (he's played by Lon Chaney this time, and yoi, what make-up) is very much alive, so much so the townsfolk rise up in arms. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a second son of Dr. Frankenstein, decides since "Franky" won't die the next best thing is to give him a new brain, a nice kind of old lady's brain. But Sir Cedric is double-crossed by nasty Lionel Atwill and into the monster goes the sly cunning brain of old broken-necked Ygor, played by Bela Lugosi. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic even with all this going on.

Your Reviewer Says: Hold on to your hair.

Almost Married (Universal)

It's About: A mix-up in baggage that leads to a mix-up in hearts.

BY mistake Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's New York address and his to hers. When Jane goes in search of her trunks, she discovers Paige has unpacked her things in an attempt to convince his rich aunt, Elizabeth Patterson, he's married the society girl of her choice. Miss Frazee, a Vermont miss in search of a job as a night-club singer, agrees to help out and ends up as—but you know, don't you? Eugene Pallette is around, too, as Jane's dad.

Your Reviewer Says: Kind of cute.

✓ To The Shores Of Tripoli (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The regeneration of a young know-it-all in the Marines.

FLAGS fly, bands play, soldiers march, hearts beat high in this whooper-doooper service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans, proud of their "United States Marines."

The story, however, is the old familiar one of all service pictures. We have John Payne, a smart aleck from Culver Military Academy who earns the antagonism of his fellow soldiers, rescues officer Randy Scott from a sea target while guns blast around him, renounces the service for a desk job in Washington and, upon the announcement of the Pearl Harbor attack, leaps back into the Marines. Payne is very good in his role.

Maureen O'Hara as the Army nurse who loves Payne is a good actress and very beautiful. Nancy Kelly, the wealthy girl who succeeds in luring him from active service, is most believable. We liked, too, William Tracy as the little fellow who just couldn't make the grade.

There's a spirit to the picture that will carry it along to success.

Your Reviewer Says: Bravo!

Fingers At The Window (M-G-M)

It's About: A cold, ruthless killer who directs a murder ring.

WE knew it! We knew it! The minute his name flashed on the screen we knew Basil Rathbone was at the bottom

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JUNE, 1942

of the whole dastardly business of hypnotizing psychopaths into killing the victims of Basil's choosing.

Nice to see Laraine Day and Lew Ayres together again. Laraine is about to be victim number six (or was it seven?) when Lew, a young actor out of work, happens along in time to save her.

It's kind of interesting and scary, but if this is what Laraine Day sacrificed the Kildare series for, she lost in the deal.

Your Reviewer Says: More killing than a good-sized battle.

A Gentleman After Dark (Small-U.A.)

It's About: A thief who sacrifices his freedom for his child.

IN this corner—Brian Donlevy, gentleman crook. In that one—Preston Foster, handsome officer. The story—another remake of "A Whiff Of Heliotrope" with Brian Donlevy the thief who offers surrender if Foster will adopt his baby. Later, when the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the happiness of the girl, Donlevy breaks prison and with the aid of his pal, Harold Huber, fixes them good.

In fact, everybody is good in a story that really doesn't matter very much.

Your Reviewer Says: A whiff of ether, please.

The Bashful Bachelor (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old bachelor who tries to be a hero to his lady love.

LUM and Abner, those beloved old codgers of the airways who are in reality both young men, come to the screen in a movie written by themselves and in keeping with their radio roles.

Chester Lauck (Lum) is sweet on Zazu Pitts and almost succeeds in exterminating his pal Norris Goff (Abner) when he tries to impress his hand-waving sweetie pie with his heroism. A horse race and fire-engine ride climax the doings of this droll pair. Grady Sutton is the dimwitted Cedric, and Oscar O'Shea the scheming Squire Skimp.

Your Reviewer Says: Why, shure!

✓✓ The Male Animal (Warners)

It's About: An innocent interloper that almost wrecks a professor's home.

INTO the English professor Henry Fonda's home simultaneously are injected two problems: The return for the big game of former football star, Jack Carson, who was an ardent beau of his wife's, Olivia de Havilland; and the magnifying of a class assignment into a socially significant problem that threatens his dismissal.

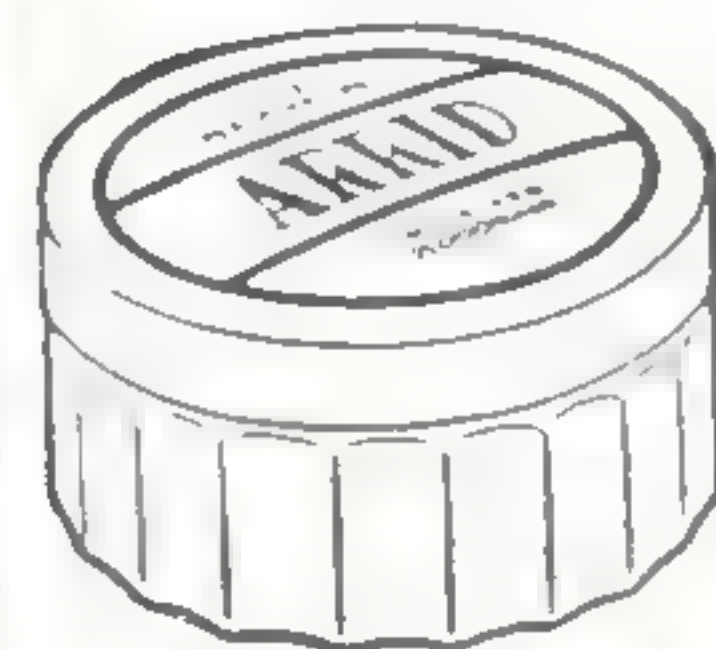
What a refreshingly different husband and wife story this makes! Elliott Nugent, who wrote and acted in the stage play, directs this one. Olivia de Havilland is beautiful and Joan Leslie cute as her sister, but it's the male animals who take over. Jack Carson as the former

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football star is excellent and Don DeFore, the pigskin wacky, is a riot

Your Reviewer Says: A panic—man-sized

✓ The Great Man's Lady (Paramount)

It's About: The revealing of an unknown story concerning the woman behind the hero.

BARBARA STANWYCK does a perfectly wonderful job of portraying a very old lady of a hundred years who reveals to a young biographer, for the first time, the story of her part in the life history of a great senator, Joel McCrea. The story takes Barbara back to her young girlhood in a prominent Philadelphia family, her elopement with the visionary young Westerner, McCrea, her pioneer life and efforts to keep the man's idealism ever bright. The unveiling of the story will bring tears to sympathetic eyes.

McCrea is very good as the weakling molded and formed into a great man by a greater woman. Brian Donlevy isn't given much chance to emote but reflects accurately the strong man in Barbara's life. Katharine Stevens seems a bit awkward as the young writer.

Your Reviewer Says: "If you have tears..."

Larceny, Inc. (Warners)

It's About: Bank robbers who go legitimate

It's kind of cute. You see Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy decide to rob a bank. As a front, they open up a leather-goods store next to the bank and start tunnelling under to the vaults. But business is so brisk in the store, the customers being so intrigued at the indifference of the boys to sales, they have no time to dig. In fact, they become so fascinated with their success as legitimate businessmen, they decide to give up robbing the bank until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. Then the boys are put to it to think and think fast. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are good.

Your Reviewer Says: Could have been so funny.

Secret Agent Of Japan (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Secret agents in Shanghai.

BOY, does Preston Foster, as an American owner of a Shanghai night spot, make those Japs look silly! Preston gets into the intriguing goings on when Lynn Bari, a British agent, calls at his place for a mysterious letter. Foster, who thinks Miss Bari is employed by the Japs in espionage work, gets into the fray, loses his place to the yellow menaces, finally discovers the head man of the he-devils. Noel Madison is terrific all made up as a Jap. Sen Yung, a Chinese anxious to aid for a fee, Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell.

Your Reviewer Says: Goody, we won this time, anyway.

Bullet Scars (Warners)

It's About: A doctor who outwits a gang

REGIS TOOMEY is a doctor called upon to treat a wounded gangster. He conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard da Sylva. Dr. Toomey's prescription for the wounded man, written in Latin, of course, brings help pell-mell and you never saw such shooting in all your life.

You never saw such a picture, either

Your Reviewer Says: Need we say any more?

✓ The Tuttles Of Tahiti (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An irresponsible family of the South Seas.

QUITE a cinematic experience is this novel and refreshingly different story of the lackadaisical good-time-Charlie clan of Tuttles on the island of Tahiti.

Charles Laughton is head of the enormous family that numbers among its group Jon Hall, the sailor son who returns home after three years of wandering, brother Gene Reynolds, Mala and Leonard Sues. Always in a financial mix-up, the Tuttles finally run into a bit of luck when the brothers discover an abandoned ship and sell it for 400,000 francs.

Curt Bois, the stuffy little businessman; Victor Francen, the bewildered but kindly doctor; Florence Bates as Emily; and Peggy Drake, her beautiful daughter, fit their roles like gloves. Laughton is at his best in this type of thing. Adeline de Walt Reynolds, his octogenarian mother, is very good.

It's quaint and amusing and beautifully done.

Your Reviewer Says: A spring shower.

Klondike Fury (Monogram)

It's About: A doctor who finds renewed confidence in the backwoods.

HOW many times, approximately, have you seen the story of the strong medico who loses a patient while operating, is blamed for carelessness, flees the whole mess like a weakling, is faced with exactly the same operation in his new environment and makes good, thus fitting himself for a renewed career in his old environment? Familiar, isn't it?

The only thing that gives this carbon copy a different twist is the psychological tussle among the humans with whom Dr. Edmund Lowe finds himself.

Bill Henry, as the embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks, as his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan, as the backwoods M.D., do the best they can. Altogether it's a heavy but not a badly done story.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, it's fair!

Black Dragons (Monogram)

It's About: Plastic surgery among the Japs.

OH, lookee, they got Japs in the movies! They got saps in the audience, too, if they sit through this ridiculous pot-pourri of nonsense about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon who makes over six Japa-

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Dear Readers:

With pride and pleasure we present in June *True Story Magazine* a truly great personal history—magnificent, delightful, unforgettable!

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Wait until you start re-reading some of its breath-taking passages. I am certain you will agree, too, that this is one tale you *cannot* forget!

THE EDITOR

BY ALL MEANS READ "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

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LET'S ESCAPE TO PARADISE

Matt just wanted to marry Donna, not her whole bigoted family! But he didn't count on the schemes of her Sister Eve, Brother Ernest and Sister Josie. . . . Don't miss this fascinating *book-length* true novel, complete in this issue!

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Even on their wedding night the ghost of an old love, a former yearning returned to haunt this sacred union!

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JUNE, 1942

nese members of the Black Dragon Association to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans.

Bela Lugosi does the dirty work. Shame on you, Bela.

Your Reviewer Says: My Mama done told me

✓✓ The Gold Rush (Chaplin)

It's About: *The trials of a gold seeker.*

THOSE who laughed and wept at the silent version of this Chaplin film will find its emotion-stirring qualities as lively as ever in this release which is highlighted by a musical score and narrated by Mr. Chaplin himself. Referring always to himself as "The little fellow," Chaplin explains the adventures of the little tramp through the gold-mad Klondike, his hunger and dilemma when his starving cabin partner mistakes him for a chicken, their feast of a boiled shoe, his love for the dance-hall girl, his famous dance of the rolls, his heartaches and disappointments.

Here is a perfect gold rush to any box office.

Your Reviewer Says: A must for everyone.

Sleepytime Gal (Republic)

It's About: *A radio contest, bandits, cooks, bellhops and women.*

BROTHER, you'll come out of this one dizzier than a waltzing mouse!

Everybody tries hard, at least we'll say that. Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld and Jay Novello are three hotel chefs persuaded by bellhop captain Tom Brown to help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinnay Ennis's band. Harold Huber, gangster promoter of the real night-club singer, Ruth Terry, kind of messes up the plans and, well, you take it up from there.

Jerry Lester has what is meant to be a comedy role. Skinnay Ennis and his band furnish the music.

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey to such hooley!

Man With Two Lives (Monogram)

It's About: *A man who awakens from apparent death with another man's soul.*

REALLY this is too much. We refuse to believe a young man, Edward Norris in this case, can awaken from a deathlike stupor following an accident to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the exact moment of Norris' lapse into unconsciousness.

Anyway, Norris, a hitherto nice lad, takes over the gangster's activities and his girl, Marlo Dwyer, to the horror of his father, Frederick Burton, and fiancée Eleanor Lawson.

We were surprised to see Norris dead or alive, villain or hero. We thought he'd gone to the army ages ago.

Your Reviewer Says: Make them stop scaring us.

Who Is Hope Schuyler? (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: *A search for a woman mystery leader of a political ring.*



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Margaret Hayes in Paramount's "The Glass Key"

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FIVE women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and mystic spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and needed as a witness in a bribery trial. Who is she? Is she Mary Howard, the judge's daughter in pursuit of special prosecutor Joseph Allen Jr.? Is she newspaper woman Sheila Ryan? No, she couldn't be. Sheila's John Payne's girl. Well, then, is she Janis Carter, girl friend of old baddie Ricardo Cortez, or Rose Hobart, his attractive wife? Or maybe it's Joan Valerie. It couldn't be us, could it?

Anyway, you'll find out when pretty nearly everybody in sight has been killed and you're dying yourself of curiosity.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't send in any box-tops.

Always In My Heart (Warners)

It's About: A paroled father who comes to the aid of his family.

THE names Kay Francis and Walter Huston lend dignity to any film and assurance of two roles well played. Their roles in this picture, that of a wife and her prison-paroled husband, despite the rather hackneyed story, carry conviction.

Kay, hoping to improve the opportunities of her two children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas, decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer after discussing it with her husband, Walter Huston, about to be paroled from prison. After his parole Huston goes incognito to the small town of his family and is able to straighten out his son who gets into a brawl over a girl and to save his daughter from drowning.

Fifteen-year-old Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice and the makings of a fine actress.

Your Reviewer Says: Warmth and friendliness are here.

✓ Rio Rita (M-G-M)

It's About: A pair of comics and a nest of Nazis.

THIS isn't the old "Rio Rita" by a long shot, but it has the public's number one favorites, Abbott and Costello, which makes up for nearly everything. The two have never been funnier and provide a laugh a minute with their blundering into a sabotage plot.

Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll are quite a pair, musically and romantically.

Pat Dane, Tom Conway, brother of George Sanders, and Peter Whitney are clever spies who roam through an incredibly confused job of story writing. But the laughs and the music balance the right side of the ledger, so who cares?

Your Reviewer Says: A laugh - and - listen treat.

Yokel Boy (Republic)

It's About: A movie fan takes over a Hollywood studio.

WELL, lookie, if you want to believe people behave this way in Hollywood, go right ahead.

They have, for example, Alan Mowbray, "producer in charge of all produc-

tions" of Mammoth Studios, listening to a wild invention of his studio publicist, Roscoe Karns, to bring on the Nation's Number One Movie Fan Eddie Foy Jr. to advise on stories. Net result—Public Enemy Number One and his muscle men take over, create havoc and eventually save the studio from financial ruin.

Lynne Carver's kinda cute as the studio's Wow girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Corn, canned.

Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)

It's About: Racketeers who continue their friendly (?) feuding in the Army.

PAT O'BRIEN has fooled his racketeering pal Brian Donlevy for years with the old odd or even dollar bill gag, but once Donlevy catches on, he's madder than a wet hen and sets out to "get" O'Brien, even to following him into the Army. Here the boys keep up their constant bedlaming.

Sergeant Donald MacBride, tough as all movie sergeants, more or less puts the crimp on our naughty boys' activities, which makes for a lot of laughs. Of course, like all army enemies, the boys compete for the attentions of one lady fair, this time Janet Blair, singer.

Men will enjoy the gusty rowdiness of the story. We think even the women will laugh, for that matter.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad boys make good soldiers and funny pictures.

Fly By Night (Paramount)

It's About: An innocent fugitive who must remain free to prove his innocence.

RICHARD CARLSON has to scam, see, because he's accused of murdering a man he helped flee a private asylum, see. So, forcing artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police, he gets into more deep mud and cold water than Hitler's Russian division, see.

Carlson is nice and Miss Kelly seems natural and easy.

Your Reviewer Says: Quit following us, see

✓ Butch Minds The Baby (Universal)

It's About: A convict who falls in love with a baby—a real one.

IF Damon Runyon had anyone else in mind but Broderick Crawford when he wrote the story of Butch, don't tell me. Crawford is Butch, the paroled convict who saves a young widow, Virginia Bruce, from suicide, and falls, all in a heap, for her baby, little Michael Barnitz. Brod, working as a janitor, even gets the mother a job in a night club run by Porter Hall, a crook, and agrees to mind the baby while the mother is at work. What's more, he agrees to crack open a safe for Porter if the latter will promise that Michael wins the annual Easter baby contest with a scholarship to college as prize.

What happens to Brod is for you to find out.

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

It's typical Runyon, amusing and completely in character.

Your Reviewer Says: Gosh, it's funny.

✓ Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)

It's About: A scientific crime detector.

NOW here is a B to shout about. Van Heflin, who made such a hit in "Johnny Eager," proves his worth. As the scientific crime detective, Van Heflin is smooth and easy. Lee Bowman is logical, slick and reasonable. Marsha Hunt, as the girl who almost marries Bowman before he is found out, is an actress of intelligence and ability.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is a pleasure to recommend this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

No Hands On The Clock (Paramount)

It's About: A private detective whose honeymoon is interrupted by a mystery.

CHESTER MORRIS is on his honeymoon with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears and Chester is egged on to take the case.

It's kind of scary and certainly keeps one guessing right up to the end, we'll say that for it.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALMOST MARRIED"—Universal: Gloria Dobson, Jane Frazee; James Manning III, Robert Paige; Dr. Dobson, Eugene Pallette; Michael, Charles Coleman; Aunt Matilda, Elizabeth Patterson; Mrs. Clayton, Maude Eburne; Musicians, Slim and Slam; Swanson, Ferris Taylor; Bright, Olin Howland; Hurley, Will Lee; Louella, Jan Wiley; Perkins, Herbert Haywood; Marvin, Lionel Pape; Mrs. Marvin, Mary Forbes.

"ALWAYS IN MY HEART"—Warners: Marjorie Scott, Kay Francis; MacKenzie Scott, Walter Huston; Victoria Scott, Gloria Warren; Booley, Patty Hale; Martin Scott, Frankie Thomas; Angie, Una O'Connor; Philip Ames, Sidney Blackner; Lolita, Armida; Joe Borelli, Frank Puglia; Red, Russell Arms; Frank, Anthony Caruso; Rosita, Elvira Curci; Warden, John Hamilton; Steve, Harry Lewis; Dick, Herbert Gunn, and Borra Minnevitich and His Rascals.

"BASHFUL BACHELOR, THE"—RKO Radio: Lum, Chester Lauck; Abner, Norris Goff; Geraldine, Zasu Pitts; Cedric, Grady Sutton; Squire Skimp, Oscar O'Shea; Marjorie, Louise Currie; Widder Abernathy, Constance Purdy; Sheriff, Irving Bacon; Joe, Earle Hodgings; Pitch Man, Benny Rubin.

"BLACK DRAGON"—Monogram: Dr. Melcher, Bela Lugosi; Colomb, Bela Lugosi; Alice, Joan Barclay; Don Martin, Clayton Moore; Saunders, George Pembroke; Hanlin, Robert Frazer; The Dragon, Stanford Jolley; Kearney, Max Hoffman, Jr.; Van Dyke, Irving Mitchell; Wallace, Edward Piel, Sr.; Ryder, Bob Fiske; Colton, Kenneth Harlan; Stevens Joe Eggenton; Cabby, Bernard Gorcey.

"BULLET SCARS"—Warners: Dr. Steven Bishop, Regis Toomey; Nora Madison, Adele Longmire; Frank Dillon, Howard da Silva; Pills Davis, Ben Welden; Hank O'Connor, John Ridgely; Mike, Frank Wilcox; Joe Madison, Michael Ames; Dr. Carter, Hobart Bosworth; Jake, Roland Drew; Leary, Walter Brooke; Jess, Creighton Hale; Gilly, Hank Mann; Dude, Sol Gorss; Mitch, Don Turner.

"BUTCH MINDS THE BABY"—Universal: Susie O'Neill, Virginia Bruce; Butch, Broderick Crawford; Dennis Devlin, Dick Foran; Brandy Smith, Porter Hall; Harry the Horse, Richard Lane; Blinky Sweeney, Shemp Howard; Mrs. Tolucci, Rosina Galli; Wyoming Bill, Fuzzy Knight; Cactus Pete, Grant Withers; J. Wads

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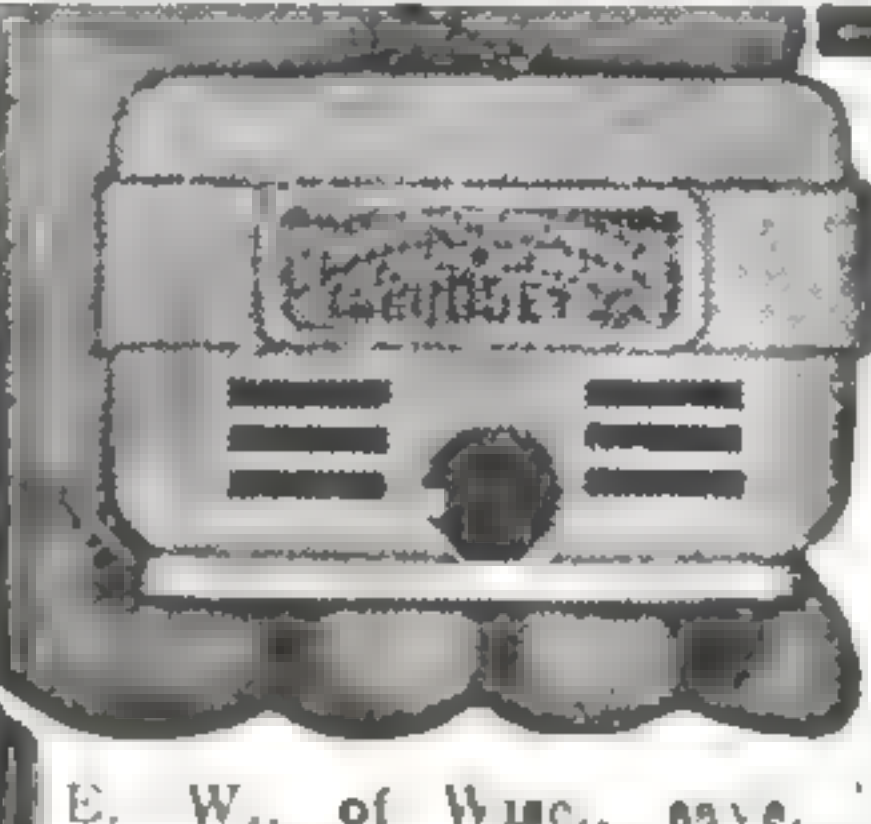
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worth Carrington, Russell Hicks; Michael Terrence O'Neill, Baby Michael Barnitz.

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"FLY BY NIGHT"—Paramount: Pat Lindsey, Nancy Kelly; Jeff Burton, Richard Carlson; Dr. Storm, Albert Basserman; Professor Langner, Miles Mander; Heydt, Walter Kingsford; Grube, Nestor Paiva; George Taylor, Martin Kosleck; Nurse, Marion Martin; Pa Prescott, Oscar O'Shea; Ma Prescott, Mary Gordon; Charlie Prescott, Edward Gargan; Station Guard, Clem Bevans; Gas Station Proprietor, Leon Belasco; Inspector Karns, Arthur Loft; John Prescott, Michael Morris.

"GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A"—Small-U. A.: Harry Melton, Brian Donlevy; Flo Melton, Miriam Hopkins; Tom Gaynor, Preston Foster; Stubby, Harold Huber; Eddie, Philip Reed; Miss Clark, Gloria Holden; Enzo Calibra, Douglas Dumbrille; Diana, Sharon Douglas; Paul Rutherford, Bill Henry.

"GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE"—Universal: Dr. Frankenstein, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Dr. Bohmer, Lionel Atwill; Erik Ernst, Ralph Bellamy; Ygor, Bela Lugosi; Elsa, Evelyn Ankers; Cloestine, Janet Ann Gallow; The Monster, Lon Chaney.

"GOLD RUSH, THE"—U. A.: The Lone Prospector, Charlie Chaplin; Big Jim, Mack Swan; Black Larson, Tom Murray; Hank Curtis, Henry Bergman; Jack, Malcolm Waite; Georgia, Georgia Hale.

"GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE"—Paramount: Hannah Sempler, Barbara Stanwyck; Ethan Hoyt, Joel McCrea; Steely Edwards, Brian Donlevy; Girl Biographer, Katharine Stevens; Mr. Sempler, Thurston Hall; Mr. Cadwallader, Lloyd Corrigan; Delilah, Etta McDaniel; Frisbee, Frank M. Thomas; Senator Knobs, William B. Davidson; Mandy, Lillian Yarbo; Bettina, Helen Lynd; Persis, Mary Treen; City Editor, Lucien Littlefield; Senator Grant, John Hamilton; Pogeey, Snowflake (Fred Toons).

"JUNGLE BOOK"—Alexander Korda—U. A.: Mowgli, Sabu; Buldeo, Joseph Calleia; The Barber, John Qualen; The Pundit, Frank Puglia; Messua, Rosemary de Camp; Mahala, Patricia O'Rourke; Durga, Ralph Byrd; Rao, John Mather; English Girl, Faith Brook; Sikh, Nobel Johnson.

"KID GLOVE KILLER"—M-G-M.: Gordon McKay, Van Heflin; Jane Mitchell, Marsha Hunt; Gerald I. Ladimer, Lee Bowman; Mayor Daniels, Samuel S. Hinds; Captain Lynch, Cliff Clark; Eddie Wright, Eddie Quillan; Matty, John Litel; Bessie Wright, Catherine Lewis; Mrs. Daniels, Nella Walker.

"KLONDIKE FURY"—Monogram: Dr. John Mandre, Edmund Lowe; Peg Campbell, Lucile Fairbanks; Jim Armstrong, Bill Henry; Dr. Brady, Ralph Morgan; Mrs. Langton, Mary Forbes; Ray Langton, Jean Brook; Alaska, Vince Barnett; Yukon, Clyde Cook; Sam Armstrong, Robert Middlemass; Flight Dispatcher, Monte Blue; Flight Dispatcher, Kenneth Harlan; Brad Rogers, John Roche.

"LARCENY, INC."—Warners: "Pressure" Maxwell, Edward G. Robinson; Denny Costello, Jane Wyman; Jug Martin, Broderick Crawford; Jeff Randolph, Jack Carson; Loe Dexter, Anthony Quinn; Weepy Davis, Edward Brophy; Homer Bigelow, Harry Davenport; Sam Backrach, John Qualen; Mademoiselle Gloria, Barbara Jo Allen; Mr. Aspinwall, Grant Mitchell; Hobart, Jackie C. Gleason; Oscar Engelhart, Andrew Tombes; Smitty, Joseph Downing; Mr. Jackson, George Meeker; Anton Coulos, Fortunio Bonanova; Warden, Joseph Crehan; Florence, Jean Ames; McCarthy, William B. Davidson; Mr. Buchanan, Chester Clute; Mr. Carmichael, Creighton Hale.

"MALE ANIMAL, THE"—Warners: Tommy Turner, Henry Fonda; Ellen Turner, Olivia de Havilland; Patricia Stanley, Joan Leslie; Joe Ferguson, Jack Carson; Ed Keller, Eugene Pallette; Michael Barnes, Herbert Anderson; Cleota, Hattie McDaniel; Dean Frederick Damon, Ivan Simpson; Wally Myers, Don DeFore; "Hot Garters" Gardner, Jean Ames; Mrs. Blanche Damon, Minna Phillips; Mrs. Myrtle Keller, Regina Wallace; Coach Sprague, Frank Mayo; Alumnus, William B. Davidson; Nutsy Miller, Bobby Barnes.

"MAN WITH TWO LIVES"—Monogram: Phillip Bennett, Edward Norris; Hobart Bennett, Frederick Burton; Lt. Bradley, Addison Richards; Dr. Clarke, Edward Keane; Prof. Toller, Hugh

Southern; Luise Hammond, Eleanor Lawson; Helen Lengel, Wilma Francis; Reginald Bennett, Tom Seidel; Eric, Elliott Sullivan; Hugo, Anthony Warde; Gimpy, Ernie Adams; Jess, Kenneth Duncan.

"MY FAVORITE BLONDE"—Paramount: Larry Haines, Bob Hope; Karen Bentley, Madeleine Carroll; Mme. Stephanie Runick, Gale Sondergaard; Dr. Hugo Streger, George Zocco; Karl, Lionel Royce; Dr. Faber, Walter Kingsford; Miller, Victor Varconi; Lanz, Otto Reichow; Mrs. Topley, Esther Howard; Mulrooney, Edward Gargan; Union Secretary, James Burke; Turk O'Flaherty, Charles Cane; Ulrich, Crane Whitley; Porter, Dooley Wilson; Mortician, Milton Parsons; Sheriff, Erville Alderson; Tom Douglas, Tom Fadden; Sam, Fred Kelsey; Joe, Edgar Dearing; Elvan, Leslie Dennison; Burton, Robert Emmett Keene; Herbert Wilson, Addison Richards; Colonial Ashmont, Matthew Boulton.

"NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK"—Paramount: Humphrey Campbell, Chester Morris; Louise Campbell, Jean Parker; Mrs. West, Rose Hobart; Red Harris, Dick Purcell; Gypsy Toland, Astrid Allwyn; Tom Reed, Rod Cameron; Copley, Loren Raker; Rose Madden, Billie Seward; Oscar Mulden, George Watts; Warren Belding, James Kirkwood; Chief of Police Bates, Robert Middlemass.

"RIO RITA"—M-G-M.: "Doc," Bud Abbott; "Wishy," Lou Costello; Rita Winslow, Kathryn Grayson; Ricardo Montero, John Carroll; Lucette Brunswick, Patricia Dane; Maurice Crandall, Tom Conway; Jake, Peter Whitney; Harry Gantley, Barry Nelson; Trask, Arthur Space; Gus, Dick Rich; Marianna, Eva Puig; Dotty, Joan Valerie; Julio, Mitchell Lewis, and Ers Volusia.

"SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN"—20th Century-Fox: Roy Bonnell, Preston Foster; Kay Murdock, Lynn Bari; Saito, Noel Madison; Fu Yen, Sen Yung; Doris Poole, Janis Carter; Alecsandri, Steve Geray; Traeger, Kurt Katch; Remsen, Addison Richards; Captain Larsen, Ian Wolfe; Mrs. Alecsandri, Hermine Sterler; American Naval Captain, Selmer Jackson; Eminescu, Frank Puglia; English Secret Service, Leyland Hodgeson, Leslie Denison; Solaire, Jean Del Val.

"SLEEPYTIME GAL"—Republic: Bessie Cobb, Judy Canova; Chick Patterson, Tom Brown; Connie, Mildred Coles; Joe Kincaid, Harold Huber; Sugar Gaston, Ruth Terry; Danny Marlowe, Skinnay Ennis; Downbeat, Jerry Lester; Chef Popadopolis, Billy Gilbert; Asst. Chef Burzumium, Jay Novello; Asst. Asst. Chef Petorvitch, Fritz Feld; Gus, Jimmy Ames; Ernie, Elisha Cook, Jr.

"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"—20th Century-Fox: Chris Winters, John Payne; Mary Carter, Maureen O'Hara; Sergeant Dixie Smith, Randolph Scott; Helene Hunt, Nancy Kelly; Johnny Dent, William Tracy; Okay Jones, Maxie Rosenbloom; Mouthy, Henry Morgan; Butch, Edmund MacDonald; Major Wilson, Russell Hicks; Captain Winters, Minor Watson; Bill, Ted North; Joe Sutton, Basil Walker; Swiftly, Charles Tannen; Tom Hall, Alan Hale, Jr.; Susie, Margaret Early; Barber, Frank Orth; Blonde, Iris Adrian; Uncle Bob, Joseph Crehan; General Gordon, John Hamilton; Doctor, Stanley Andrews; Lieutenant, Richard Lane; Corporal, Gordon Jones.

"TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE"—RKO-Radio: Jonas, Charles Laughton; Chester, Jon Hall; Tamara, Peggy Drake; Dr. Blondin, Victor Francen; Ru, Gene Reynolds; Emily, Florence Bates; Jensen, Curt Bois; Mama Ruau, Adeline de Walt Reynolds; Nat, Mala; Fana, Leonard Sues; Effie, Jody Gilbert; Riki, Tommy Cook; Rapoti, Jack Carr; Manu, Jimmy Ames; Paki, Ernie Adams; Tupa, Jim Spencer; Hiv, Alma Ross; Ala, Teddy Infuhr.

"TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD"—Columbia: Tim Reardon, Pat O'Brien; Vince Barrows, Brian Donlevy; Patricia Dare, Janet Blair; James W. Buckingham III, Roger Clark; Sergeant Valentine, Donald MacBride; Chicago Hagen, John Emery; Joe Scavenger, Frank Jenks; Mike Paradise, Frank Sully; Bubbles, Veda Ann Borg; Colonel Powers, Clyde Fillmore; Sea Captain, Dick Curtis; Maitre D', Sig Arno.

"WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?"—20th Century-Fox: Tom Mason, Joseph Allen, Jr.; Diane Rossiter, Mary Howard; Lee Dale, Sheila Ryan; Anthony Pearce, Ricardo Cortez; Vesta Hadden, Janis Carter; Phyllis Guernsey, Joan Valerie; Robert Scott, Robert Lowery; Alma Pearce, Rose Hobart; Carl Spence, Paul Guilfoyle; Perley Seymour, William Newell; Nash, Pat Flaherty; Rossiter, Charles Trowbridge; Baggott, Frank Puglia; Stafford, Ed Stanley; Judge, Edward Keane; Lieutenant Palmer, Cliff Clark.

"YOKEL BOY"—Republic: Buggsy Malone, Albert Dekker; Molly Malone, Joan Davis; Joe Ruddy, Eddie Foy, Jr.; R. B. Harris, Alan Mowbray; Al Devers, Roscoe Karns; Amatoff, Mikhail Rasumny; Vera Valaine, Lynne Carver; Trigger, Marc Lawrence; Professor, Tom Dugan; Johnson, Pierre Watkin; Painter, James C. Morton; Stenographer, Marilyn Hare.

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We can—and *we will!*

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PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR publishes this message in the belief that the vital war-time role of the Motion Picture Industry is of public interest.



Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 21)

✓✓ **JOAN OF PARIS**—RKO-Radio: Dealing with the attempts of five British fliers to get out of France and back to England, this is a thrilling, suspenseful movie that provides fine entertainment. Paul Henreid takes refuge in the room of Michele Morgan, a young barmaid, and she, with the aid of Thomas Mitchell, helps the fliers escape. Both stars give superb performances. (March)

✓ **JOE SMITH, AMERICAN**—M-G-M: Robert Young, an average American working in a defense plant, is kidnapped by enemy agents and tortured to reveal details of a bomb sight. How he lives up to his patriotic ideals makes a fine, convincing film. Marsha Hunt as his wife, and Darryl Hickman as their son, are very good. (April)

✓✓ **JOHNNY EAGER**—M-G-M: Bob Taylor scores a knockout performance as the conscienceless killer who, after framing society girl Lana Turner into believing she has killed a man, falls in love with her. Van Heflin as his only true friend almost steals the show. It's tremendous. (March)

✓✓ **KINGS ROW**—Warners: Here is a superb drama, telling the story of five children from their schooldays to adulthood. Ronald Reagan is the town sport who loves Nancy Coleman, daughter of sadistic doctor Charles Coburn. Ann Sheridan is the girl who loves Reagan and Robert Cummings is the psychiatrist who is Reagan's friend. All performances are terrific. (May)

LADY FOR A NIGHT—Republic: Above all else, Joan Blondell, who runs a gambling boat, wants to become a lady of Southern gentility, so she forces Ray Middleton to marry her and steps right into unhappiness. John Wayne as the real hero, Middleton, Blanche Yurka and Edith Barrett are very good, but the picture isn't. (April)

LADY HAS PLANS, THE—Paramount: Comedy, drama and romance, with Paulette Goddard as an American radio war correspondent who is mistaken for a spy who has secret plans tattooed on her back. Ray Milland is a news correspondent. Hilariously funny. (April)

LADY IS WILLING, THE—Columbia: A tired story of an actress, Marlene Dietrich, who finds a baby and subsequently marries a baby specialist, Fred MacMurray, for two reasons; in order to have the husband required by law for legal adoption, and because a doctor will be handy. (April)

✓✓ **MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, THE**—Warners: An eight-course banquet of delight is this rowdy, rollicking satire of a world-renowned sophisticate who takes over a Midwest household. Bette Davis is splendid as Monty Woolley's secretary, Ann Sheridan does a grand job as the actress; the whole cast is outstanding. (March)

MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE, THE—Columbia: John Howard is the high-minded hero who after escaping a murder charge by fleeing to California, learns that the man who sought his life is now himself accused of murdering Howard and treks all the way back to aid his enemy. It's all pretty boring. (May)

MAYOR OF 44th STREET, THE—RKO-Radio: In order to aid former racketeer Richard Barthelmess, George Murphy takes him into his business as agent for dance bands. Anne Shirley looks lovely but she's not at home in her role as hooper assistant to Mr. Murphy. (May)

MELODY LANE—Universal: An orchestra lands a radio job, but their sponsor is whacky Leon Errol who wants to play with the band. The Merry Macs harmonize and Robert Paige warbles. Baby Sandy gathers in chuckles. (March)

✓✓ **MISTER V**—Edward Small-U.A.: Leslie Howard plays the modern *Pimpernel*, who liberates artists, scientists and great men held in Nazi power. The story has a tendency to lag in spots but it's an interesting and thrilling picture. Mr. Howard and Francis Sullivan, as head of the Gestapo, give brilliant performances. (May)

MR. AND MRS. NORTH—M-G-M: Gracie Allen is cast as Mrs. North who has a flair for amateur detecting, and the film is packed with typical Allen zaniness. (March)

✓ **MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN**—Paramount: For sheer delightful novelty, this story of insect life takes the prize. There's *Hoppity*, the hero grasshopper, his girl friend, *Honey*, plus many other beautiful characters. (May)

NIGHT BEFORE THE DIVORCE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Joseph Allen Jr. grows tired of his superior wife, Lynn Bari, so turns for comfort to blonde charmer Mary Beth Hughes. Then Nils Asther steps in to the fray only to get killed. What a waste of a fine actor like Asther! (May)

✓ **NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH, THE**—Paramount: Secretary Ellen Drew is accused of murdering her boss, Nils Asther, until Robert Preston comes to her rescue. Well acted, directed and written, it's a good movie.

NORTH OF THE KLONDIKE—Universal: Here is the best screen fight you've seen in many

a day. It takes place between Brod Crawford, hero mining engineer who invades a community in Alaska, and Lon Chaney Jr., the villain of the place. Comedy honors are stolen by Willie Fung and Keye Luke. (April)

PACIFIC BLACKOUT—Paramount: Robert Preston, inventor of an aircraft rangefinder, is framed by secret Nazi official Philip Merivale and Eva Gabor and convicted on a murder charge. But he escapes and Martha O'Driscoll helps him locate saboteurs. Lots of get-up-and-go about it. (April)

PARDON MY STRIPES—Republic: Newspaper reporter Sheila Ryan so befuddles football player Bill Henry who is now working for gangster Harold Huber that he accidentally loses a bag of money out of a train window and it falls into a prison yard. When prosecuted, he goes to prison and tries to find the money.

✓✓ **REAP THE WILD WIND**—Paramount: Another Cecil B. DeMille thrill-packed, rip-snorting adventure story of ships and men and women of the 1840's. In Key West, Paulette Goddard meets John Wayne, captain of a wrecked vessel, and falls in love with him. In Charleston she meets Ray Milland, attorney for Wayne's shipping company. The rivalry between the two men results in a thrilling climax. (May)

✓ **REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE**—Paramount: William Holden is the small-town boy who fights the town's politicians. When his predicament becomes too involved, the ghost of his hero, Andrew Jackson, comes to his rescue and summons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other heroes to assist him. Ellen Drew is the girl who stands by Holden. (April)

✓ **REMEMBER THE DAY**—20th Century-Fox: Claudette Colbert is at her best in this delightful, nostalgic story of the schoolteacher who looks back over her life to the time when she was a young teacher and youngster Douglas Croft played a part in her true love. John Payne is superb. (March)

✓ **RIDE 'EM COWBOY**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, peanut vendors from a New York rodeo, land on a dude ranch out West at the same time as would-be Western hero Dick Foran and meet Anne Gwynne. There are several hilarious moments. (May)

RIGHT TO THE HEART—20th Century-Fox: The mixture of life at a fighters' training camp with romance provides good entertainment in this little picture, with Joseph Allen Jr. as a wealthy playboy. Brenda Joyce is the owner's daughter, and Cobina Wright Jr. the socialite. It's human and amusing.

RIOT SQUAD—Monogram: Richard Cromwell, ambulance doctor, works secretly with a band of gangsters in order to trap them but this action leads to an open break with his sweetheart, Rita Quigley. There's a lot of commotion. (March)

ROAD AGENT—Universal: The three Musketeers on horses again—Dick Foran, Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo—out looking for dirty work in order to clean it up. This time they take over a frontier town. (March)

ROAD TO HAPPINESS—Monogram: John Boles is back again, handsomer than ever, in this heart-warming story that has John returning from Europe to find his wife, Mona Barrie, has divorced him. He takes son Billy Lee out of school and brings him home to a furnished room. Mr. Boles sings delightfully and Billy does a fine job. (April)

✓ **ROXIE HART**—20th Century-Fox: Ginger Rogers plays the brazen, tawdry *Roxie* who agrees to take a murder rap for the resultant publicity. Adolphe Menjou, the theatrical defense attorney; George Montgomery, reporter; William Frawley and Lynne Overman add up to a strong cast. (April)

SALUTE TO COURAGE—M-G-M: Conrad Veidt expertly handles a dual role in this melodrama, that of twin brothers, one a loyal American and the other a Nazi. Ann Ayars is very good as the spy caught in the intrigue, but it's Veidt's picture. (April)

SHANGHAI GESTURE—Arnold Pressburger-U.A.: A strange procession of characters moves against lavish backgrounds, but the scenes are too loosely threaded together. Gene Tierney is the beautiful daughter of Walter Huston, ex-husband of Ona Munson, owner of the gambling house; Victor Mature is the evil Oriental with whom Gene falls violently in love. (March)

SHUT MY BIG MOUTH—Columbia: Joe E. Brown gives you plenty of laughs as the wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert. (May)

SNUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD—Monogram: *Snuffy Smith*, played by Bud Duncan, a moonshiner who escapes revenuers, finds himself in an Army camp, Snuffy has to pull some tricks before the Army will let him stay. (April)

✓ **SON OF FURY**—20th Century-Fox: A rip-snorter movie, with George Sanders as the cruel baronet who abuses his nephew, Tyrone Power, until Tyrone assaults him and must flee England.

With John Carradine, he goes to a tropical island where he finds a fortune in pearls and lovely Gene Tierney, and then returns to England. Roddy McDowall is the young Tyrone. (April)

✓ **SONG OF THE ISLANDS**—20th Century-Fox: We can hand this story very little, but the picture has sex, music, comedy, Betty Grable in a grass skirt, Victor Mature in a sarong, Technicolor scenery, the clowning of Jack Oakie and Hilo Hattie and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier. What else would you want? (May)

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—M-G-M: Ann Ruth-erford and Robert Sterling find their first year of marriage pretty shaky going. It doesn't help any when Sterling goes to work for his father-in-law, Guy Kibbee. It's a nice little film. (May)

✓✓ **TO BE OR NOT TO BE**—Korda-U.A.: Carole Lombard's last picture remains a fitting tribute to her beauty and personality. She plays the wife of Jack Benny, both stars, who along with their troupe are caught in Poland by the Nazi invasion but manage to upset the Gestapo. (May)

TORPEDO BOAT—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier in this timely and exciting picture. Jean Parker and Cecelia Parker are very good. (May)

TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT, A—Republic: A too-anaemic *Thin Man* is this mystery story about a radio detective, John Howard, who, with his wife Margaret Lindsay, moves into an apartment vacated by Miles Mander and Mona Barrie and run smack into a little murder mystery. (May)

TREAT 'EM ROUGH—Universal: Smartly paced yarn about a prize fighter, Eddie Albert, who, with Peggy Moran, helps clear his father, whose books show a shortage. (April)

✓ **VALLEY OF THE SUN**—RKO-Radio: Picturesque and romantic is this light-hearted Western, with James Craig preventing the marriage of Lucille Ball to Dean Jagger, a crooked Indian agent. Craig's fight for Jagger's life with the Indian, *Geronimo*, played by Tom Tyler, is terrifically suspenseful. An escapist piece. (April)

✓ **VANISHING VIRGINIAN, THE**—M-G-M: A tender, warm, appealing, little movie, this, dealing with the daily life of a charming Virginia family. Frank Morgan, successful attorney, and Spring Byington are the parents of five children, Kathryn Grayson, Natalie Thompson, Juanita Quigley, Dickie Jones and Scotty Beckett. (March)

WEEKEND FOR THREE—RKO: Dennis O'Keefe is the young husband who neglects his wife, Jane Wyatt, until Philip Reed comes to visit them for the week end. Edward Everett Horton, Zasu Pitts and Franklin Pangborn competently support.

✓ **WE WERE DANCING**—M-G-M: Melvyn Douglas, a Viennese baron, and Norma Shearer, a Polish countess, elope on the eve of Norma's wedding to wealthy Lee Bowman, and the penniless pair make a profession of being house guests of the rich, which works splendidly until Melvyn meets Gail Patrick. It's all too, too gay. (April)

WHAT'S COOKIN'?—Universal: Music from first to last, with the Jivin' Jacks and Jills trying to get on the radio. Charlie Butterworth and Billie Burke are the sponsors, and Jane Frazee and Robert Paige provide the love interest. With Gloria Jean, the Andrews Sisters and Woody Herman's band.

WILD BILL HICKOK RIDES—Warners: This is the same Western you've seen before, only this time Constance Bennett is the shady-lady heroine and Bruce Cabot is the noble hero, and Warren William is the villainous bad man. (May)

WOLF MAN, THE—Universal: The setup is that Lon Chaney returns to his ancestral home in England, where ancient superstitions abound through the community, especially about werewolves. Lon gets changed into a werewolf himself. (March)

✓✓ **WOMAN OF THE YEAR**—M-G-M: Katharine Hepburn plays a famous columnist who falls in love with and marries sports writer Spencer Tracy but is so wrapped up in her career that her marriage takes second place, which doesn't suit Tracy at all. It's gay, smart, funny. (April)

YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD, A—M-G-M: Barry Nelson is a taxicab hero who is offered the job of piloting trucks over the Burma Road. There he meets Laraine Day. Timely. (April)

YOUNG AMERICA—20th Century-Fox: If you're a Jane Withers loyalist, then see this last picture of hers for 20th Century-Fox. After a story like this, no wonder she wants to leave. It's all about how Jane, a snooty city girl, gets herself straightened out by the ideals of the 4-H Clubs. (May)

✓ **YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW**—Warners: Packed with gags is this comedy of two vacuum cleaner salesmen, Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers, who find themselves in the Army. Donald MacBride is the colonel, and Jane Wyman his daughter, who shares the romantic interest with Regis Toomey.

“You’re going to be a Beauty!”

said Doctor, advising **IVORY**



1 SO BIG! ME AT 10 MONTHS . . .

wearing a rose-petal complexion, if I *do* say so myself. 'Course, Doctor *insisted* on Ivory for my sensitive skin—and Mommy's, too. He explained how Ivory Soap is *pure* and *gentle*, without any dye or strong perfume that might be irritating.

2 BIGGER YET— 18 MONTHS OLD

Ah me . . . the good times I've had in my Ivory bath! How could they *ever* make a soap any milder, any sudsier than this scrumptious big white floating Ivory cake of mine?



3 PRACTICLY GROWN UP--

2½ years next week! And guess what . . . they've actually made a *milder* Ivory (with LOTS more SUDS) for Mommy's complexion and mine! Mommy says our New “Velvet-Suds” Ivory gives us *safe* beauty-care. You oughta see her cream New Ivory lather all over her face! And afterwards she looks so pink-and-white! Better be like me and Mommy—give *your* face a velvet sudsing every night!



P. S. In a nation-wide survey, more doctors said they recommended Ivory for both babies and grown-ups than any other toilet soap. And doctors now recommend *New Ivory*—which is even *milder*!

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is Beauty-care

... use

New Velvet-suds **IVORY**



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"One of the many reasons I enjoy
Camel cigarettes is that there's less nicotine
in the smoke. Milder by far!"

● Muted pink crêpe electrified with panels of black—romantic dinner dress from the spring collection of Mabel McIlvain Downs. One of the gifted few who are making America the source of fashion for years to come, she says: "I'm working hard these days—everybody is! And I know it's no time for nerves; so I'm smoking Camels. They're milder . . . and so good-tasting!"

● Mabel Downs designs only dinner, evening, and wedding clothes . . . forecasts a return to the simple, the unadorned. At right, her off-the-shoulder interpretation of the stark black motif—tiny waist, full-skirted flattery.



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